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EUGENE PICKERING.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

MADAME BLUMENTHAL seemed, for the time, to have abjured the Kursaal, and I never caught a glimpse of her. Her young friend, apparently, was an interesting study; she wished to pursue it undiverted.

She reappeared, however, at last, one evening at the opera, where from my chair I perceived her in a box, looking extremely pretty. Adelina Patti was singing, and after the rising of the curtain I was occupied with the stage; but on looking round when it fell for the *entr'acte*, I saw that the authoress of *Cleopatra* had been joined by her young admirer. He was sitting a little behind her, leaning forward, looking over her shoulder and listening, while she, slowly moving her fan to and fro and letting her eye wander over the house, was apparently talking of this person and that. No doubt she was saying sharp things; but Pickering was not laughing; his eyes were following her covert indications; his mouth was half open, as it always was when he was interested; he looked intensely serious. I was glad that, having her back to him, she was unable to see how he looked. It seemed the proper moment to present myself and make her my bow; but just as I was about to

leave my place, a gentleman, whom in a moment I perceived to be an old acquaintance, came to occupy the next chair. Recognition and mutual greetings followed, and I was forced to postpone my visit to Madame Blumenthal. I was not sorry, for it very soon occurred to me that Niedermeyer would be just the man to give me a fair prose version of Pickering's lyrical tributes to his friend. He was an Austrian by birth, and had formerly lived about Europe a great deal, in a series of small diplomatic posts. England especially he had often visited, and he spoke the language almost without accent. I had once spent three rainy days with him in the house of an English friend, in the country. He was a sharp observer and a good deal of a gossip; he knew a little something about every one, and about some people everything. His knowledge on social matters generally had the flavor of all German science; it was copious, minute, exhaustive. "Do tell me," I said, as we stood looking round the house, "who and what is the lady in white, with the young man sitting behind her."

"Who?" he answered, dropping his glass. "Madame Blumenthal! What? It would take long to say. Be intro-

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duced; it's easily done; you'll find her charming. Then, after a week, you'll tell me what she is."

"Perhaps I should n't. My friend there has known her a week, and I don't think he is yet able to give an accurate account of her."

He raised his glass again, and after looking awhile, "I'm afraid your friend is a little — what do you call it? — a little 'soft.' Poor fellow! he's not the first. I've never known this lady that she had not some eligible youth hovering about in some such attitude as that, undergoing the softening process. She looks wonderfully well, from here. It's extraordinary how those women last!"

"You don't mean, I take it, when you talk about 'those women,' that Madame Blumenthal is not embalmed, for duration, in a certain dilution of respectability?"

"Yes and no. The sort of atmosphere that surrounds her is entirely of her own making. There is no reason, in her antecedents, that people should lower their voice when they speak of her. But some women are never at their ease till they have given some odd twist or other to their position before the world. The attitude of upright virtue is unbecoming, like sitting too straight in a *fauteuil*. Don't ask me for opinions, however; content yourself with a few facts, and an anecdote. Madame Blumenthal is Prussian, and very well born. I remember her mother, an old Westphalian Gräfin, with principles marshaled out like Frederick the Great's grenadiers. She was poor, however, and her principles were an insufficient dowry for Anastasia, who was married very young to a shabby Jew, twice her own age. He was supposed to have money, but I'm afraid he had less than was nominated in the bond, or else that his pretty young wife spent it very fast. She has been a widow these six or eight years, and living, I imagine, in rather a hand to mouth fashion. I suppose she is some thirty four or five years old. In winter one hears of her in Berlin, giving little suppers to the artistic rabble there; in summer one often sees her across the

green table at Ems and Wiesbaden. She's very clever, and her cleverness has spoiled her. A year after her marriage she published a novel, with her views on matrimony, in the George Sand manner, but really out-Heroding Herod. No doubt she was very unhappy; Blumenthal was an old beast. Since then she has published a lot of stuff — novels and poems and pamphlets on every conceivable theme, from the conversion of Lola Montez, to the Hegelian philosophy. Her talk is much better than her writing. Her radical theories on matrimony made people think lightly of her at a time when her rebellion against it was probably theoretic. She had a taste for spinning fine phrases, she drove her shuttle, and when she came to the end of her yarn, she found that society had turned its back. She tossed her head, declared that at last she could breathe the air of freedom, and formally announced her adhesion to an 'intellectual' life. This meant unlimited *camaraderie* with scribblers and daubers, Hegelian philosophers, and Hungarian pianists waiting for engagements. But she has been admired also by a great many really clever men; there was a time, in fact, when she turned a head as well set on its shoulders as this one!" And Niedermeyer tapped his forehead. "She has a great charm, and, literally, I know no harm of her. Yet for all that, I'm not going to speak to her; I'm not going near her box. I'm going to leave her to say, if she does me the honor to observe the omission, that I too have gone over to the Philistines. 'Tis not that; it is that there is something sinister about the woman. I'm too old to have it frighten me, but I'm good-natured enough to have it pain me. Her quarrel with society has brought her no happiness, and her outward charm is only the mask of a dangerous discontent. Her imagination is lodged where her heart should be! So long as you amuse it, well and good; she's radiant. But the moment you let it flag, she's capable of dropping you without a pang. If you land on your feet, you're so much the

wiser, simply; but there have been two or three, I believe, who have almost broken their necks in the fall."

"You're reversing your promise," I said, "and giving me an opinion, but not an anecdote."

"This is my anecdote. A year ago a friend of mine made her acquaintance in Berlin, and though he was no longer a young man and had never been what's called a susceptible one, he took a great fancy to Madame Blumenthal. He's a major in the Prussian artillery—grizzled, grave, a trifle severe, a man every way firm in the faith of his fathers. It's a proof of Anastasia's charm that such a man should have got into the way of calling on her every day for a month. But the major was in love, or next door to it! Every day that he called he found her scribbling away at a little ormolu table on a lot of half-sheets of note paper. She used to bid him sit down and hold his tongue for a quarter of an hour, till she had finished her chapter; she was writing a novel, and it was promised to a publisher. Clorinda, she confided to him, was the name of the injured heroine. The major, I imagine, had never read a work of fiction in his life, but he knew by hearsay that Madame Blumenthal's literature, when put forth in pink covers, was subversive of several respectable institutions. Besides, he did n't believe in women knowing how to write at all, and it irritated him to see this prolific being scribbling away under his nose for the press; irritated him the more that, as I say, he was in love with her and that he ventured to believe she had a kindness for his years and his honors. And yet she was not such a woman as he could easily ask to marry him. The result of all this was that he fell into the way of railing at her intellectual pursuits and saying he should like to run his sword through her pile of papers. A woman was clever enough when she could guess her husband's wishes, and learned enough when she could spell out her prayer-book. At last, one day, Madame Blumenthal flung down her pen and announced in triumph that she had fin-

ished her novel. Clorinda had danced her dance. The major, by way of congratulating her, declared that her novel was coquetry and vanity and that she propagated vicious paradoxes on purpose to make a noise in the world and look picturesque and impassioned. He added, however, that he loved her in spite of her follies, and that if she would formally abjure them he would as formally offer her his hand. They say that in certain cases women like being frightened and snubbed. I don't know, I'm sure; I don't know how much pleasure, on this occasion, was mingled with Anastasia's wrath. But her wrath was very quiet, and the major assured me it made her look terribly handsome. 'I have told you before,' she says, 'that I write from an inner need. I write to unburden my heart, to satisfy my conscience. You call my poor efforts coquetry, vanity, the desire to produce a sensation. I can prove to you that it is the quiet labor itself I care for, and not the world's more or less flattering attention to it!' And seizing the manuscript of Clorinda she thrusts it into the fire. The major stands staring, and the first thing he knows she is sweeping him a great courtesy and bidding him farewell forever. Left alone and recovering his wits, he fishes out Clorinda from the embers and then proceeds to thump vigorously at the lady's door. But it never opened, and from that day to the day three months ago when he told me the tale, he had not beheld her again."

"By Jove, it's a striking story," I said. "But the question is, what does it prove?"

"Several things. First (what I was careful not to tell my friend), that Madame Blumenthal cared for him a trifle more than he supposed; second, that he cares for her more than ever; third, that the performance was a master stroke and that her allowing him to force an interview upon her again is only a question of time."

"And last?" I asked.

"This is another anecdote. The other day, Unter den Linden, I saw on a bookseller's counter a little pink-

covered romance: Sophronia, by Madame Blumenthal. Glancing through it, I observed an extraordinary abuse of asterisks; every two or three pages the narrative was adorned with a portentous blank, crossed with a row of stars."

"Well, but poor Clorinda?" I objected, as Niedermeyer paused.

"Sophronia, my dear fellow, is simply Clorinda renamed by the baptism of fire. The fair author comes back, of course, and finds Clorinda tumbled upon the floor, a good deal scorched, but on the whole more frightened than hurt. She picks her up, brushes her off, and sends her to the printer. Wherever the flames had burnt a hole, she swings a constellation! But if the major is prepared to drop a penitent tear over the ashes of Clorinda, I shan't whisper to him that the urn is empty."

Even Adelina Patti's singing, for the next half-hour, but half availed to divert me from my quickened curiosity to behold Madame Blumenthal face to face. As soon as the curtain had fallen again, I repaired to her box and was ushered in by Pickering with zealous hospitality. His glowing smile seemed to say to me, "Ay, look for yourself, and adore!" Nothing could have been more gracious than the lady's greeting, and I found, somewhat to my surprise, that her prettiness lost nothing on a nearer view. Her eyes indeed were the finest I have ever seen — the softest, the deepest, the most intensely responsive. In spite of something faded and jaded in her physiognomy, her movements, her smile, and the tone of her voice, especially when she laughed, had an almost girlish frankness and spontaneity. She looked at you very hard with her radiant gray eyes, and she indulged in talking in a superabundance of restless, zealous gestures, as if to make you take her meaning in a certain very particular and rather superfine sense. I wondered whether after a while this might not fatigue one's attention; then, meeting her charming eyes, I said, No! not for ages, at least. She was very clever, and, as Pickering had said, she spoke English admirably. I told her, as I took my seat beside her,

of the fine things I had heard about her from my friend, and she listened, letting me run on some time, and exaggerate a little, with her fine eyes fixed full upon me. "Really?" she suddenly said, turning short round upon Pickering, who stood behind us, and looking at him in the same way, "is that the way you talk about me?"

He blushed to his eyes, and I repented. She suddenly began to laugh; it was then I observed how sweet her voice was in laughter. We talked after this of various matters, and in a little while I complimented her on her excellent English and asked if she had learned it in England.

"Heaven forbid!" she cried. "I've never been there and wish never to go. I should never get on with the" — I wondered what she was going to say; the fogs, the smoke, or whist with six-penny stakes? — "I should never get on," she said, "with the Aristocracy! I'm a fierce democrat, I'm not ashamed of it. I hold opinions which would make my ancestors turn in their graves. I was born in the lap of feudalism. I'm a daughter of the crusaders. But I'm a revolutionist! I have a passion for freedom — boundless, infinite, ineffable freedom. It's to your great country I should like to go. I should like to see the wonderful spectacle of a great people free to do everything it chooses, and yet never doing anything wrong!"

I replied, modestly, that, after all, both our freedom and our virtue had their limits, and she turned quickly about and shook her fan with a dramatic gesture at Pickering. "No matter, no matter!" she cried, "I should like to see the country which produced that wonderful young man. I think of it as a sort of Arcadia — a land of the golden age. He's so delightfully innocent! In this stupid old Germany, if a young man is innocent, he's a fool; he has no brains; he's not a bit interesting. But Mr. Pickering says the most naïf things, and after I have laughed five minutes at their simplicity, it suddenly occurs to me that they are very wise, and I think them over for a week.

True!" she went on, nodding at him. "I call them inspired solecisms, and I treasure them up. Remember that when I next laugh at you!"

Glancing at Pickering, I was prompted to believe that he was in a state of beatific exaltation which weighed Madame Blumenthal's smiles and frowns in an equal balance. They were equally hers, they were links alike in the golden chain. He looked at me with eyes that seemed to say, "Did you ever hear such wit? Did you ever see such grace?" I imagine he was but vaguely conscious of the meaning of her words; her gestures, her voice and glance, made an irresistible harmony. There is something painful in the spectacle of absolute inthrallment, even to an excellent cause. I gave no response to Pickering's challenge, but embarked upon some formal tribute to the merits of Adeline Patti's singing. Madame Blumenthal, as became a "revolutionist," was obliged to confess that she could see no charm in it; it was meagre, it was trivial, it lacked soul. "You must know that in music, too," she said, "I think for myself!" And she began with a great many flourishes of her fan to expound what it was she thought. Remarkable things, doubtless; but I cannot answer for it, for in the midst of the exposition, the curtain rose again. "You can't be a great artist without a great passion!" Madame Blumenthal was affirming. Before I had time to assent, Madame Patti's voice rose wheeling like a skylark, and rained down its silver notes. "Ah, give me that art," I whispered, "and I'll leave you your passion!" and I departed for my own place in the orchestra. I wondered afterwards whether the speech had seemed rude, and inferred that it had not, on receiving a friendly nod from the lady, in the lobby, as the theatre was emptying itself. She was on Pickering's arm, and he was taking her to her carriage. Distances are short at Homburg, but the night was rainy, and Madame Blumenthal exhibited a very pretty satin-shod foot as a reason why, though but a penniless creature, she should not walk

home. Pickering left us together a moment while he went to hail the vehicle, and my companion seized the opportunity, as she said, to beg me to be so very kind as to come and see her. It was for a particular reason! It was reason enough for me, of course I answered, that I could grasp at the shadow of a permission. She looked at me a moment with that extraordinary gaze of hers, which seemed so absolutely audacious in its candor, and answered that I paid more compliments than our young friend there, but that she was sure I was not half so sincere. "But it's about him I want to talk," she said. "I want to ask you many things; I want you to tell me all about him. He interests me, but you see my sympathies are so intense, my imagination is so lively, that I don't trust my own impressions. They've misled me more than once!" And she gave a little tragic shudder.

I promised to come and compare notes with her, and we bade her farewell at her carriage door. Pickering and I remained a while, walking up and down the long glazed gallery of the Kursaal. I had not taken many steps before I became aware that I was beside a man in the very extremity of love. "Is n't she wonderful?" he asked, with an implicit confidence in my sympathy which it cost me some ingenuity to elude. If he was really in love, well and good! For although, now that I had seen her, I stood ready to confess to large possibilities of fascination on Madame Blumenthal's part, and even to certain possibilities of sincerity of which I reserved the precise admeasurement, yet it seemed to me less ominous to have him give the reins to his imagination than it would have been to see him stand off and cultivate an "admiration" which should pique itself on being discriminating. It was on his fundamental simplicity that I counted for a happy termination of his experiment, and the former of these alternatives seemed to me to prove most in its favor. I resolved to hold my tongue and let him run his course. He had a great deal to say about his happiness, about the days passing like hours, the

hours like minutes, and about Madame Blumenthal being a "revelation." "She was nothing to-night," he said, "nothing to what she sometimes is in the way of brilliancy — in the way of repartee. If you could only hear her when she tells her adventures!"

"Adventures?" I inquired. "Has she had adventures?"

"Of the most wonderful sort!" cried Pickering, with rapture. "She has n't vegetated, like me! She has lived in the tumult of life. When I listen to her reminiscences, it's like hearing the mingled shadowy suggestions of conflict and trouble in one of Beethoven's symphonies, as they lose themselves in a triumphant harmony of faith and strength!"

I could only bow, but I desired to know before we separated what he had done with that troublesome conscience of his. "I suppose you know, my dear fellow," I said, "that you're simply in love. That's what they call your state of mind."

He replied with a brightening eye, as if he were delighted to hear it. "So Madame Blumenthal told me," he cried, "only this morning!" And seeing, I suppose, that I was slightly puzzled, "I went to drive with her," he continued; "we drove to Königstein, to see the old castle. We scrambled up into the heart of the ruin and sat for an hour in one of the crumbling old courts. *Something in the solemn stillness of the place* unloosed my tongue, and while she sat on an ivied stone, on the edge of the plunging wall, I stood there and made a speech. She listened to me, looking at me, breaking off little bits of stone and letting them drop down into the valley. At last she got up and nodded at me two or three times silently, with a smile, as if she were applauding me for a solo on the violin. 'You're in love,' she said. 'It's a perfect case!' And for some time she said nothing more. But before we left the place she told me that she owed me an answer to my speech. She thanked me heartily, but she was afraid that if she took me at my word she would be tak-

ing advantage of my inexperience. I had known few women, I was too easily pleased, I thought her better than she really was. She had great faults; I must know her longer and find them out; I must compare her with other women — women younger, simpler, more innocent, more ignorant; and then if I still did her the honor to think well of her, she would listen to me again. I told her that I was not afraid of preferring any woman in the world to her, and then she repeated, 'Happy man, happy man! you're in love, you're in love!'

I called upon Madame Blumenthal a couple of days later, in some agitation of thought. It has been proved that there are, here and there, in the world, such people as sincere attitudinizers; certain characters cultivate fictitious emotions in perfect good faith. Even if this clever lady enjoyed poor Pickering's bedazzlement, it was conceivable that, taking vanity and charity together, she should care more for his welfare than for her own entertainment, and her offer to abide by the result of hazardous comparisons with other women was a finer stroke than her fame — and indeed than probability — had seemed to foreshadow. She received me in a shabby little sitting-room, littered with uncut books and newspapers, many of which I saw at a glance were French. One side of it was occupied by an open piano, surmounted by a jar full of white roses. They perfumed the air; they seemed to me to exhale the pure aroma of Pickering's devotion. Buried in an arm-chair, the object of this devotion was reading the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The purpose of my visit was not to admire Madame Blumenthal on my own account, but to ascertain how far I might safely leave her to work her will upon my friend. She had impugned my sincerity the evening of the opera, and I was careful on this occasion to abstain from compliments and not to place her on her guard against my penetration. It is needless to narrate our interview in detail; indeed, to tell the perfect truth, I was punished for my ambition to read

her too clearly by a temporary eclipse of my own perspicacity. She sat there so questioning, so perceptive, so genial, so generous, and so pretty withal, that I was quite ready at the end of half an hour to shake hands with Pickering on her being a wonderful woman. I have never liked to linger, in memory, on that half-hour. The result of it was to prove that there were many more things in the composition of a woman who, as Niedermeyer said, had lodged her imagination in the place of her heart, than were dreamt of in my philosophy. Yet, as I sat there stroking my hat and balancing the account between nature and art in my affable hostess, I felt like a very competent philosopher. She had said she wished me to tell her everything about our friend, and she questioned me, categorically, as to his family, his fortune, his antecedents, and his character. All this was natural in a woman who had received a passionate declaration of love, and it was expressed with an air of charmed solicitude, a radiant confidence that there was really no mistake about his being a supremely fine fellow, and that if I chose to be explicit, I might deepen her conviction to disinterested ecstasy, which might have almost inspired me to invent a good opinion, if I had not had one at hand. I told her that she really knew Pickering better than I did, and that until we met at Homburg, I had not seen him since he was a boy.

"But he talks to you freely," she answered; "I know you're his confidant. He has told me certainly a great many things, but I always feel as if he were keeping something back — as if he were holding something behind him, and showing me only one hand at once. He seems often to be hovering on the edge of a secret. I have had several friendships in my life — thank Heaven! but I have had none more dear to me than this one. Yet in the midst of it I have the painful sense of my friend being half afraid me — of his thinking me terrible, strange, perhaps a trifle out of my wits. Poor me! If he only knew what a plain good soul I am, and how I

only want to know him and befriend him!"

These words were full of a plaintive magnanimity which made mistrust seem cruel. How much better I might play providence over Pickering's experiments with life, if I could engage the fine instincts of this charming woman on the providential side! Pickering's secret was, of course, his engagement to Miss Vernor; it was natural enough that he should have been unable to bring himself to talk of it to Madame Blumenthal. The simple sweetness of this young girl's face had not faded from my memory; I could n't rid myself of the fancy that in going further Pickering might fare much worse. Madame Blumenthal's professions seemed a virtual promise to agree with me, and after a momentary hesitation I said that my friend had, in fact, a substantial secret, and that it appeared to me enlightened friendship to put her into possession of it. In as few words as possible I told her that Pickering stood pledged by filial piety to marry a young lady at Smyrna. She listened intently to my story; when I had finished it there was a faint flush of excitement in each of her cheeks. She broke out into a dozen exclamations of admiration and compassion. "What a wonderful tale — what a romantic situation! No wonder poor Mr. Pickering seemed restless and unsatisfied — no wonder he wished to put off the day of submission. And the poor little girl at Smyrna — waiting there for the young Western prince like the heroine of an Eastern tale! She would give the world to see her photograph; did I think Mr. Pickering would show it to her? But never fear; she would ask nothing indiscreet! Yes, it was a marvellous story, and if she had invented it herself, people would have said it was absurdly improbable." She left her seat and took several turns about the room, smiling to herself and uttering little German cries of wonderment. Suddenly she stopped before the piano and broke into a little laugh; the next moment she buried her face in the great bouquet of roses. It was time

I should go, but I was indisposed to leave her without obtaining some definite assurance that, as far as pity was concerned, she pitied the young girl at Smyrna more than the young man at Homburg. "Of course you appreciate," I said, rising, "my hopes in telling you all this."

She had taken one of the roses from the vase and was arranging it in the front of her dress. Suddenly, looking up, "Leave it to me, leave it to me!" she cried. "I'm interested!" And with her little blue-gemmed hand she tapped her forehead. "I'm interested — don't interfere!"

And with this I had to content myself. But more than once, for the day following, I repented of my zeal, and wondered whether a providence with a white rose in her bosom might not turn out a trifle too human. In the evening, at the Kursaal, I looked for Pickering, but he was not visible, and I reflected that my revelation had not as yet, at any rate, seemed to Madame Blumenthal a reason for prescribing a cooling-term to his passion. Very late, as I was turning away, I saw him arrive — with no small satisfaction, for I had determined to let him know immediately in what way I had attempted to serve him. But he straightway passed his arm through my own and led me off toward the gardens. I saw that he was too excited to allow me prior speech.

"I've burnt my ships!" he cried, when we were out of earshot of the crowd. "I've told her everything. I've insisted that it's simple torture for me to wait, with this idle view of loving her less. It's well enough for her to ask it, but I feel strong enough now to override her reluctance. I've cast off the mill-stone from round my neck. I care for nothing, I know nothing but that I love her with every pulse of my being — and that everything else has been a hideous dream, from which she may wake me into blissful morning with a single word!"

I held him off at arms-length and looked at him gravely. "You have

told her, you mean, of your engagement to Miss Verner?"

"The whole story! I've given it up — I've thrown it to the winds. I've broken utterly with the past. It may rise in its grave and give me its curse, but it can't frighten me now. I've a right to be happy, I've a right to be free, I've a right not to bury myself alive. It was n't I who promised! I was n't born then. I myself, my soul, my mind, my option — all this is but a month old! Ah," he went on, "if you knew the difference it makes — this having chosen and broken and spoken! I'm twice the man I was yesterday! Yesterday I was afraid of her; there was a kind of mocking mystery of knowledge and cleverness about her, which oppressed me in the midst of my love. But now I'm afraid of nothing but of being too happy."

I stood silent, to let him spend his eloquence. But he paused a moment, and took off his hat and fanned himself. "Let me perfectly understand," I said at last. "You've asked Madame Blumenthal to be your wife?"

"The wife of my intelligent choice."

"And does she consent?"

"She asks three days to decide."

"Call it four! She has known your secret since this morning. I'm bound to let you know I told her."

"So much the better!" cried Pickering, without apparent resentment or surprise. "It's not a brilliant offer for such a woman, and in spite of what I have at stake I feel that it would be brutal to press her."

"What does she say," I asked in a moment, "to your breaking your promise?"

Pickering was too much in love for false shame. "She tells me," he answered bravely, "that she loves me too much to find courage to condemn me. She agrees with me that I have a right to be happy. I ask no exemption from the common law. What I claim is simply freedom to try to be!"

Of course I was puzzled; it was not in that fashion that I had expected Madame Blumenthal to make use of my

information. But the matter now was quite out of my hands, and all I could do was to bid my companion not work himself into a fever over either fortune.

The next day I had a visit from Niedermeyer, on whom, after our talk at the opera, I had left a card. We gossiped a while, and at last he said suddenly: "By the way, I have a sequel to the history of Clorinda. The major is in Homburg!"

"Indeed!" said I. "Since when?"

"These three days."

"And what is he doing?"

"He seems," said Niedermeyer with a laugh, "to be chiefly occupied in sending flowers to Madame Blumenthal. That is, I went with him the morning of his arrival to choose a nosegay, and nothing would suit him but a small haystack of white roses. I hope it was received."

"I can assure you it was," I cried. "I saw the lady fairly nestling her head in it. But I advise the major not to build upon that. He has a rival."

"Do you mean the soft young man of the other night?"

"Pickering is soft, if you will, but his softness seems to have served him. He has offered her everything, and she has not yet refused it." I had handed my visitor a cigar and he was puffing it in silence. At last he abruptly asked if I had been introduced to Madame Blumenthal; and, on my affirmative, inquired what I thought of her. "I'll not tell you," I said, "or you'll call me soft."

He knocked away his ashes, eying me askance. "I've noticed your friend about," he said, "and even if you had not told me, I should have known he was in love. After he has left his adored, his face wears for the rest of the day the expression with which he has risen from her feet, and more than once I've felt like touching his elbow, as you would that of a man who has inadvertently come into a drawing-room in his overshoes. You say he has offered our friend everything; but, my dear fellow, he has n't everything to offer her. He's

as amiable, evidently, as the morning, but madame has no taste for daylight."

"I assure you," said I, "Pickering is a very interesting fellow."

"Ah, there it is! Hasn't he some story or other? isn't he an orphan, or natural child, or consumptive, or contingent heir to great estates? She'll read his little story to the end, and close the book very tenderly and smooth down the cover, and then, when he least expects it, she'll toss it into the dusty limbo of all her old romances. She'll let him dangle, but she'll let him drop!"

"Upon my word," I cried with heat, "if she does, she'll be a very unprincipled little creature!"

Niedermeyer shrugged his shoulders. "I never said she was a saint!"

Shrewd as I felt Niedermeyer to be, I was not prepared to take his simple word for this consummation, and in the evening I received a communication which fortified my doubts. It was a note from Pickering, and it ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have every hope of being happy, but I am to go to Wiesbaden to learn my fate. Madame Blumenthal goes thither this afternoon to spend a few days, and she allows me to accompany her. Give me your good wishes; you shall hear of the event.
E. P."

One of the diversions of Homburg for new-comers is to dine in rotation at the different *tables d'hôtes*. It so happened that, a couple of days later, Niedermeyer took pot-luck at my hotel and secured a seat beside my own. As we took our places I found a letter on my plate, and, as it was postmarked Wiesbaden, I lost no time in opening it. It contained but three lines:—

"I'm happy — I'm accepted — an hour ago. I can hardly believe it's your poor old
E. P."

I placed the note before Niedermeyer: not exactly in triumph, but with the

alacrity of all privileged confutation. He looked at it much longer than was needful to read it, stroking down his beard gravely, and I felt it was not so easy to confute an ex-disciple of Metternich. At last, folding the note and handing it back, "Has your friend mentioned," he asked, "Madame Blumenthal's errand at Wiesbaden?"

"You look very wise. I give it up!" said I.

"She's gone there to make the major follow her. He went by the next train."

"And has the major, on his side, dropped you a line?"

"He's not a letter-writer."

"Well," said I, pocketing my letter, "with this document in my hand I'm bound to reserve my judgment. We'll have a bottle of Johannisberg, and drink to the triumph of virtue."

For a whole week more I heard nothing from Pickering—somewhat to my surprise, and, as the days went by, not a little to my discomposure. I had expected that his bliss would continue to overflow in an occasional brief bulletin, and his silence was possibly an indication that it had been clouded. At last I wrote to his hotel at Wiesbaden, but received no answer; whereupon, as my next resource, I repaired to his former lodging at Homburg, where I thought it possible he had left property which he would sooner or later send for. There I learned that he had indeed just telegraphed from Cologne for his baggage. To Cologne I immediately dispatched a line of inquiry as to his prosperity and the cause of his silence. The next day I received three words in answer—a simple, uncommented request that I would come to him. I lost no time, and reached him in the course of a few hours. It was dark when I arrived, and the city was sheeted in a cold, autumnal rain. Pickering had stumbled, with an indifference which was itself a symptom of distress, on a certain musty old Mainzerhof, and I found him sitting over a smoldering fire in a vast, dingy chamber, which looked as if it had grown gray with watching the *ennui* of

ten generations of travelers. Looking at him, as he rose on my entrance, I saw that he was in extreme tribulation. He was pale and haggard; his face was five years older. Now, at least, in all conscience, he had tasted of the cup of life. I was anxious to know what had turned it so suddenly to bitterness; but I spared him all importunate curiosity, and let him take his time. I assented, tacitly, to the symptoms of his trouble, and we made for a while a feeble effort to discuss the picturesqueness of Cologne. At last he rose and stood a long time looking into the fire, while I slowly paced the length of the dusky room.

"Well!" he said as I came back; "I wanted knowledge, and I certainly know something I did n't a month ago." And herewith, calmly and succinctly enough, as if dismay had worn itself out, he related the history of the foregoing days. He touched lightly on details; he evidently never was to be as eloquent again as he had been during the prosperity of his suit. He had been accepted one evening, as explicitly as his imagination could desire, and had gone forth in his rapture and roamed about till nearly morning in the gardens of the Conversation-House, taking the stars and the perfumes of the summer night into his confidence. "It's worth it all, almost," he said, "to have been wound up for an hour to that celestial pitch. No man, I'm sure, can ever know it but once." The next morning he had repaired to Madame Blumenthal's lodging and had been met, to his amazement, by a naked refusal to see him. He had strode about for a couple of hours—in another mood—and then had returned to the charge. The servant handed him a three-cornered note; it contained these words: "Leave me alone to-day; I'll give you ten minutes to-morrow evening." Of the next thirty-six hours he could give no coherent account, but at the appointed time Madame Blumenthal had received him. Almost before she spoke there had come to him a sense of the depth of his folly in supposing he knew her. "One has heard all one's days," he said, "of

people removing the mask; it's one of the stock phrases of romance. Well, there she stood with her mask in her hand. Her face," he went on, gravely, after a pause, "her face was horrible!" "I give you ten minutes," she had said, pointing to the clock. "Make your scene, tear your hair, brandish your dagger!" And she had sat down and folded her arms. "It's not a joke," she cried, "it's dead earnest; let's get through with it. You're dismissed! Have you nothing to say?" He had stammered some frantic demand for an explanation; and she had risen and come near him, looking at him from head to feet, very pale, and evidently more excited than she wished to have him see. "I've done with you!" she said with a smile; "you ought to have done with me! It has all been delightful, but there are excellent reasons why it should come to an end." "You've been playing a part, then," he had gasped out; "you never cared for me?" "Yes; till I knew you; till I saw how far you'd go. But now the story's finished; we've reached the *dénouement*. We'll close the book and be good friends." "To see how far I would go?" he had repeated. "You led me on, meaning all the while to do this?" "I led you on, if you will. I received your visits in season and out! Sometimes they were very entertaining; sometimes they bored me fearfully. But you were such a very curious case of—what shall I call it?—of enthusiasm, that I determined to take good and bad together. I wanted to make you commit yourself unmistakably. I should have preferred not to bring you to this place; but that too was necessary. Of course I can't marry you; I can do better. Thank your fate for it. You've thought wonders of me for a month, but your good-humor would n't last. I'm too old and too wise; you're too young and too foolish. It seems to me that I've been very good to you; I've entertained you to the top of your bent, and, except perhaps that I'm a little *brusque* just now, you've nothing to complain of. I would have let you

down more gently if I could have taken another month to it; but circumstances have forced my hand. Abuse me, revile me, if you like. I'll make every allowance!" Pickering listened to all this intently enough to perceive that, as if by some sudden natural cataclysm, the ground had broken away at his feet, and that he must recoil. He turned away in dumb amazement. "I don't know how I seemed to be taking it," he said, "but she seemed really to desire—I don't know why—something in the way of reproach and vituperation. But I could n't, in that way, have uttered a syllable. I was sickened; I wanted to get away into the air—to shake her off and come to my senses. 'Have you nothing, nothing, nothing to say?' she cried, as I stood with my hand on the door. 'Have n't I treated you to talk enough?' I believe I answered. 'You'll write to me then, when you get home?' 'I think not,' said I. 'Six months hence, I fancy, you'll come and see me!' 'Never!' said I. 'That's a confession of stupidity,' she answered. 'It means that, even on reflection, you'll never understand the philosophy of my conduct.' The word 'philosophy' seemed so strange that I verily believe I smiled. 'I've given you,' she went on, 'all that you gave me. Your passion was an affair of the head.' 'I only wish you had told me sooner,' I exclaimed, 'that you considered it so!' And I went my way. The next day I came down the Rhine. I sat all day on the boat, not knowing where I was going, where to get off. I was in a kind of ague of terror; it seemed to me I had seen something infernal. At last I saw the cathedral towers here looming over the city. They seemed to say something to me, and when the boat stopped, I came ashore. I've been here a week: I haven't slept at night—and yet it has been a week of rest!"

It seemed to me that he was in a fair way to recover, and that his own philosophy, if left to take its time, was adequate to the occasion. After his story was told I recurred to his grievance but once—that evening, later, as we were

about to separate for the night. "Suffer me to say," I said, "that there was some truth in *her* account of your relations. You were using her, intellectually, and all the while, without your knowing it, she was using you. It was diamond cut diamond. Her needs were the more superficial and she came to an end first." He frowned and turned uneasily away, but he offered no denial. I waited a few moments, to see if he would remember, before we parted, that he had a claim to make upon me. But he seemed to have forgotten it.

The next day we strolled about the picturesque old city, and of course, before long, went into the cathedral. Pickering said little; he seemed intent upon his own thoughts. He sat down beside a pillar near a chapel, in front of a gorgeous window, and, leaving him to his meditations, I wandered through the church. When I came back I saw he had something to say. But before he had spoken, I laid my hand on his shoulder and looked at him with a significant smile. He slowly bent his head and dropped his eyes, with a mixture of assent and humility. I drew forth his letter from where it had lain untouched for a month, placed it silently on his knee, and left him to deal with it alone.

Half an hour later I returned to the same place, but he had gone, and one of the sacristans, hovering about and seeing me looking for Pickering, said he thought he had left the church. I found him in his gloomy chamber at the inn, pacing slowly up and down. I should doubtless have been at a loss to say just what effect I expected his letter to produce; but his actual aspect surprised me. He was flushed, excited, a trifle irritated.

"Evidently," I said, "you've read your letter."

"I owe you a report of it," he answered. "When I gave it to you a month ago, I did my friends injustice."

"You called it a 'summons,' I remember."

"I was a great fool! It's a release!"

"From your engagement?"

"From everything! The letter, of course, is from Mr. Vernor. He desires to let me know at the earliest moment, that his daughter, informed for the first time a week before of what was expected of her, positively refuses to be bound by the contract or to assent to my being bound. She had been given a week to reflect and had spent it in inconsolable tears. She had resisted every form of persuasion; from compulsion, writes Mr. Vernor, he naturally shrinks. The young lady considers the arrangement 'horrible.' After accepting her duties cut and dried all her life, she presumes at last to have a taste of her own. I confess I'm surprised; I had been given to believe that she was idiotically passive and would remain so to the end of the chapter. Not a bit! She has insisted on my being formally dismissed, and her father intimates that in case of non-compliance she threatens him with an attack of brain fever. Mr. Vernor condoles with me handsomely, and lets me know that the young lady's attitude has been a great shock to his own nerves. He adds that he will not aggravate such regret as I may do him the honor to entertain, by any allusion to his daughter's charms and to the magnitude of my loss, and he concludes with the hope that, for the comfort of all concerned, I may already have amused my fancy with other 'views.' He reminds me in a postscript that, in spite of this painful occurrence, the son of his most valued friend will always be a welcome visitor at his house. I am free, he observes; I have my life before me; he recommends an extensive course of travel. Should my wanderings lead me to the East, he hopes that no false embarrassment will deter me from presenting myself at Smyrna. He will insure me at least a friendly reception. It's a very polite letter."

Polite as the letter was, Pickering seemed to find no great exhilaration in having this famous burden so handsomely lifted from his conscience. He fell a-brooding over his liberation in a manner which you might have deemed proper to a renewed sense of bondage.

"Bad news" he had called his letter originally, and yet, now that its contents proved to be in flat contradiction to his foreboding, there was no impulsive voice to reverse the formula and declare the news was good. The wings of impulse in the poor fellow had of late been terribly clipped. It was an obvious reflection, of course, that if he had not been so doggedly sure of the matter a month before, and had gone through the form of breaking Mr. Vernor's seal, he might have escaped the purgatory of Madame Blumenthal's blandishments. But I left him to moralize in private; I had no desire, as the phrase is, to rub it in. My thoughts, moreover, were following another train; I was saying to myself that if to those gentle graces of which her young visage had offered to my fancy the blooming promise, Miss Vernor added in this striking measure the capacity for magnanimous action, the amendment to my friend's career had been less happy than the rough draught. Presently, turning about, I saw him looking at the young lady's photograph. "Of course, now," he said, "I have no right to keep it!" And before I could ask for another glimpse of it, he had thrust it into the fire.

"I am sorry to be saying it just now," I observed after a while, "but I should n't wonder if Miss Vernor were a lovely creature."

"Go and find out," he answered gloomily. "The coast is clear. My part," he presently added, "is to forget her. It ought n't to be hard. But don't you think," he went on suddenly, "that for a poor fellow who asked nothing of fortune but leave to sit down in a quiet corner, it has been rather a cruel pushing about?"

Cruel indeed, I declared, and he certainly had the right to demand a clean page on the book of fate, and a fresh start. Mr. Vernor's advice was sound; he should seek diversion in the grand tour of Europe. If he would allow it to the zeal of my sympathy, I would go with him on his way. Pickering assented without enthusiasm; he had the

discomfited look of a man who, having gone to some cost to make a good appearance in a drawing-room, should find the door suddenly slammed in his face. We started on our journey, however, and little by little his enthusiasm returned. He was too capable of enjoying fine things to remain permanently irresponsible, and after a fortnight spent among pictures and monuments and antiquities, I felt that I was seeing him for the first time in his best and healthiest mood. He had had a fever and then he had had a chill; the pendulum had swung right and left in a manner rather trying to the machine; but now, at last, it was working back to an even, natural beat. He recovered in a measure the ample speech with which he had fanned his flame at Homburg, and talked about things with something of the same passionate freshness. One day when I was laid up at the inn at Bruges with a lame foot, he came home and treated me to a rhapsody about a certain meek-faced virgin of Hans Memling, which seemed to me sounder sense than his compliments to Madame Blumenthal. He had his dull days and his sombre moods — hours of irresistible retrospect; but I let them come and go without remonstrance, because I fancied they always left him a trifle more alert and resolute. One evening, however, he sat hanging his head in so doleful a fashion that I took the bull by the horns and told him he had by this time surely paid his debt to penitence, and owed it to himself to banish that woman forever from his thoughts.

He looked up, staring; and then with a deep blush: "That woman?" he said. "I was not thinking of Madame Blumenthal!"

After this I gave another construction to his melancholy. Taking him with his hopes and fears, at the end of six weeks of active observation and keen sensation, Pickering was as fine a fellow as need be. We made our way down to Italy and spent a fortnight at Venice. There something happened which I had been confidently expecting; I had said to myself that it was merely

a question of time. We had passed the day at Torcello, and came floating back in the glow of the sunset, with measured oar-strokes. "I'm well on the way," Pickering said, "I think I'll go!"

We had not spoken for an hour, and I naturally asked him, Where? His answer was delayed by our getting in

to the Piazzetta. I stepped ashore first and then turned to help him. As he took my hand he met my eyes, consciously, and it came: "To Smyrna!"

A couple of days later he started. I had risked the conjecture that Miss Vernor was a lovely creature, and six months afterwards he wrote me that I was right.

H. James, Jr.

LIFE'S YEAR.

WHAT do the changing seasons bring?
Full nests the storms will render mute,
And blossoms over-thick for fruit;
Too soft a breeze, too blue a sky,
A day the morrow shall deny:
The fickle, fair, delusive Spring!

What do the flying seasons bring?
The tumult of the thronging sense;
The leaping blood, untamed, intense;
A fire that strikes through heart and brain;
A fierce delight that grows to pain,
And Summer bloom that hides a sting!

What do the passing seasons bring?
Ripe fruit that withers in its prime;
Strong grain that drops at harvest-time;
The splendid colors of decay;
The fever-wasted Autumn day
In its gay mantle shivering!

What do the fleeting seasons bring?
A lifeless desert, pale and vast,
With frozen silence overcast;
Forgotten dreams of long-ago
Buried beneath the Winter snow—
And, far beyond, a hope of Spring!

Kate Putnam Osgood.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

WE were billed for the evening at a small mountain town some twenty miles distant: before us, in a substantial wagon, with our "call-boy" as driver, rode the entire orchestra; there were eight of us, ladies and gentlemen, in the second division of our caravan, and the "dramatic combination" concluded with a clumsy affair overloaded with trunks and baskets of all sizes, the whole being surmounted by three of the most unpromising votaries of the art that it has been my lot to meet.

Perhaps there never was a merrier company of strolling players than ours: some of us sang well; we were for the most part amiable and long-suffering, as indeed all good actors should be; the weather was fair, and business profitable.

We played a night or two in a place, entering with a blast of trumpets from the occupants of the first ambulance, and departing with many a hand-shake from new-found friends who professed the warmest admiration, and in some cases eternal fidelity, after an experience of twelve or twenty hours.

We were perpetual lions, and found life very sweet as we scoured the country; there was always something fresh to interest us; there were no rehearsals, for we repeated the same plays in each succeeding town. We were fêted of men, favored of women and the weather, and I began to relish that life exceedingly, after having worn patience threadbare over the continuous study and rehearsal at the Blank Theatre in S——.

I had tried to chum it with various members of the company, this sort of thing being one of the dire necessities of my nature. I fastened upon the low comedian, and found him a lachrymose fellow, exceedingly careful of his dignity, which, by the way, I never knew him to compromise in the slightest degree.

I made modest overtures to the leading man, whom I found in time to be a creature of infinite "study;" he could acquire a thousand lines in no time; but his brain was dull, and his temperament phlegmatic and wearisome.

The light comedian was cynical; the old man little better than an old fool: in short, a "super" who had taken to the stage for a love of adventure seemed to be the most interesting and agreeable of them all, when I took their measure for a possible intimacy; super and I consequently became the best of friends, and sympathized with each other to a tremendous extent.

The women were all agreeable, which indeed, with very few exceptions, I have found to be the rule with actresses: we chatted, sang, or were silent by turns, and according to our mood; we seemed to be floating upon the top wave of life; nothing fretted us for long; it was a kind of protracted picnic, and a very gracious and grateful relief from the drudgery of stock work in the first-class theatre in town, as we each said to the other at least twenty times a day.

That was pleasant time-killing, riding through a fertile though rather thinly-settled country; pausing at wayside inns for rest and refreshment, and usually astonishing the natives with a bit of innocent fooling that we could scarcely repress, we were all in such capital spirits; then as we drew near to the next town, we saw our familiar placards nearly covering the barn doors, and decorating every sort of public-house of whatever quality, and about most of them gathered a little group of villagers, whose eyes were not much accustomed to such splendid lettering, for we brought our posters from an office in town.

We enjoyed a brief exploration of the various theatres, town halls, and barns that we were to perform in; we thoroughly relished a walk among the queer,

winding streets, after our long ride; and the little shopping, now and then, in search of such articles as we might be in need of, — for the shopmen were as confused and happy as possible, and in some few cases knocked off the profit on the ware, “seeing we were strangers in town,” etc., which was an unexpected kindness that of course charmed us.

Then how jolly were our late suppers, after the play, at which we were pretty sure to be joined by the landlord and his lady, if he were so happy as to have one; and what queer, innocent questions were put to us by all sorts of people, who might have seen with a glance that we were subject to all the ills that any man is subject to, and that we bore no charmed life!

Sometimes notes of congratulation came to us; sometimes letters of a more fervent nature; once or twice gifts were sent to certain members of our company, a ring, a silver brick, or an appropriate token of the time and place. Sex had little to do with the interest awakened in the heart of the public; a good-looking and smooth-spoken actor was sure to hold his own against the prettiest lady of the company.

It happened that my own chum was fair to see; the fact might have had something to do with our chumship, for I confess that my five senses are alive and hungry, and that the five must be satisfied before I go very deeply into a friendship. In a short time — two days is short enough in the measurement of a man’s life — this chum deserted me for the superior attractiveness of some straggler who fastened upon us in a subordinate capacity, and I was thrown over for this occasion.

Now, perhaps I would have done the same thing myself, under similar aggravating circumstances; I don’t assert my fidelity to any one in particular; I simply state my case, and give it as an example in this article, which treats wholly of actors among actors, behind the scenes.

The manager fancied our latest acquisition, and promised to advance him as speedily as possible; my friend at once

transferred to the manager’s favorite the sum total of the affection which to date had been centred in me. On the strength of that experience, I felt like saying to myself that I had never seen an actor who was a genuine actor, one born and bred to the stage, who permitted sentiment to modify his professional career. I may add that probably no man in any line of business would do so. It is an actor’s ambition to rise, and to rise as rapidly as convenient; the actor, however, is not singular in this respect; but the actor who rises in his profession does so at the expense of the subordinates who play at his feet, and whose best office is to kiss the hem of his garment in as graceful a manner as possible. This I believe to be the truth. I have tested it in several cases, and found the laws of the stage to be inexorable; the inferiors, the subordinates, can no more affiliate with those above or out of their sphere, than can the stars of various magnitudes leave their orbits to approach the centre around which they revolve. There is, out of the atmosphere of the stage, a kind of condescension among actors that might pass for familiarity with any one less sensitive than myself on this particular point, but to me it savors of the art by which they gain their reputation; a simulation of friendship that is not over deep; a playing at affability with a grace that sooner or later becomes a second nature.

I have begun by saying the worst I have to say of these very important members of the human family, and if I do myself and them justice, something vastly more agreeable will follow before this paper is concluded. Much as I longed to throw open the doors of my heart, and receive some soul worthy of entertainment, I found that I had betrayed myself, and was a loser rather than a gainer in the estimation of my comrades.

It is natural that the actor should strive to receive the hearty applause of the public, the respect of the various members of the company, and a remunerative salary; all these worldly joys go together, and to a certain extent each

hangs upon the other; but they are not gained without a hot race, and the heart of him who is distanced burns with the bitterest envy.

There is not only a prize to be gained on the one hand, but there is a kind of disgrace to be avoided on the other; if I am to play the lackey, who struts in an ill-fitting costume, the property of the theatre, and announces to "my lord" that "the carriage waits," I may possess a soul as proud and as sensitive as the "star" who would consider it beneath his dignity to recognize me out of my stage dress; the public has no regard for such a person, forgetful of the fact that few, if any, stars are born luminaries, but must begin their careers in characters as ungrateful as the one I have referred to.

This is the shady side of the drama, and what deep shadows it has! for only by long and arduous study, by self-mortification and repeated disappointments, by long-suffering and unfaltering devotion to the art, are the laurels gained; and once gained, unless kind nature calls the successful actor to account at some brilliant climax in his career, he feels his hard-earned garlands withering upon his brow, or sees them plucked away by the new idol of the hour who has taken the ear and the eye of the public, — for the most part an uncertain and instant patron. Yet as the public is the source of all profit, the public must be pandered to, and therefore the public is at the root of all social disorder in the profession. For instance: the low comedian sees an opportunity for throwing the juvenile into a most laughable and embarrassing predicament; the situation in the play is favorable to begin with, and with the sole thought of making a point, even at the expense of the unlucky juvenile, he exaggerates the situation and sacrifices his victim, who is driven in confusion from the stage, much to the amusement of the audience. Comedian and juvenile are not warm friends from that day; the latter hopes in his heart to get even with comedian, and the result is a continual spirit of antagonism that

betrays itself in a thousand ways and aggravates both parties.

The villainous practice of "gagging" is a fruitful source of annoyance, and so common that it may be considered the actor's original sin. It is a cheap bid for applause, and can be made the instrument of torture when there is a spirit cruel enough to employ it. I remember a night when I was forced to assume a subordinate character at exceedingly short notice, in consequence of the sudden and unexpected departure of the young man who was cast for it. I had one brief and pointless scene with a man who professed a patriarchal interest in my development, for he had been some years on the stage; but when he at last had opportunity to show his friendship by helping me to make something of a scene that was in itself nothing but words, he saw how he might bully me to a certain extent before the public upon whose plaudits we were both depending, and he did so with some spirit; had I suffered myself to submit to his indignities I should have left the stage with the audience convulsed at my discomfiture: as it was I held my own, returned his gagging to the best of my ability, and succeeded in frustrating his ungenerous design. At the wings, a few moments later, we had some conversation that savored little of the romance that is supposed to hang over the accessories of the theatre. I saved myself in this case by refusing to be dismissed from the scene with the very superior air that moderately good actors are sure to assume whenever they are brought in contact with amateurs, whom, for the most part, they detest.

No actor can long sustain himself under the embarrassment of a wait, or interruption of the play; it is the most provoking and confusing situation I know of in connection with the profession, and under this head I include the delays occasioned by the sudden forgetting of a part, or any break in the smooth progress of the play occasioned by the stupidity or embarrassment of the actors.

By replying to the gag of the unmerciful man who was about to make a point at my expense, I threw him off his guard and created a lull in the business of the scene, during which I quietly withdrew into the wings and had the satisfaction of seeing the bully a little nonplused and a good deal vexed at the unpromising turn in affairs.

I have seen a young and inexperienced actor unmercifully hooted from the stage in consequence of his inability to hold his own against the gags of the actors, who might have taken to themselves Hamlet's advice to the player about saying no more than is set down to them, and blushed for very shame.

I have seen an actor and actress, both notable people, but on the shady slope of their careers, crowding one another up the stage, each hoping to gain the mean advantage of a few feet, for thus the victor could face the audience and compel the vanquished one to stand with back to the foot-lights; of course they had to face one another, an exceedingly awkward and ungrateful predicament. There was no love lost between these two, save in the play, yet by a casual observer the professional spite that betrayed itself during the evening was entirely unobserved.

On one occasion a star actress, who was to wear a rich dress of a very delicate color, requested the ladies of the company to wear such dresses as would harmonize with it; but the leading lady, who was crowded out of her legitimate rôle by the advent of the star, and whose pride was a little piqued at the splendid success of the new favorite, resolved to avenge herself, and at night the star was horrified to see the lady in question enter the scene in a dress of such gorgeous tint that the beauty and delicacy of her own was utterly killed.

I was continually surprised to find how few actors spoke well of the various members of the company they were associated with,—this was of course amongst us, and not town talk,—and sometimes wondered if indeed there was any genuine fellowship amongst them. Of course there is! once separated from

the alluring glow of the foot-lights, over which they flutter like moths, with an eye single to their own martyrdom, they reach out to one another a generous hand; and some never weary of recounting the good and ill luck of days gone by, when they shared their fortunes with various members of the craft, whose memory they cherish and whose eccentricities they picture with a lively yet loving touch. They are ever ready to volunteer for the benefit of some luckless comrade, and their professional services are always current, being as good as gold, if not better. I know of no class of people more thoroughly charming socially; and actors amongst actors, when they are not playing and pleading for the favorable verdict of the public, are incomparable companions. What experiences may they not relate, what mysteries reveal! and always in an artistic fashion which is the result of long training. They seem to be familiar with all classes of people; they are at home in any latitude; to them the ends of the earth are as yesterday, and the vicissitudes of the future promise the variety necessary to the proper spicing of their highly seasoned lives.

The actor is essentially homeless; he may affect certain localities, but his fellowship is with the world at large; and though he plays a long and successful engagement in one city or another, he is likely to strike his tent at the end of the season and seek new pastures. Wherever he goes he is pretty sure to meet old friends, friends who greet him with a cordiality that would be more welcome could he identify the warm-hearted fellow who is extending the hospitality of the town to the newly arrived star, with a prodigality worthy of an Eastern prince. Somewhere in the highways of the world they have met and exchanged civilities, and fate has again brought them face to face. Well, it is all the same in the course of a week, and by that time the actor has met more people than he can hope to cultivate seriously, and his round of experiences begins. The various members of the stock company make him ac

quainted with their friends, and he is speedily introduced to the several social clubs of the city. He bows to the reporters and to a score of people who meet him with an insinuating smile of recognition, which he has not the heart to return coldly.

He plays Hamlet in shoes that are still warm from the feet of the last Hamlet, who by the way was the favorite of the hour. Romeo and Richelieu follow, and Richard III. and every part that has been enacted by anybody for the last generation or two, and the wonder is that the public does n't weary of Hamlets, fat and lean, blonde and brunette, sentimental and erratic.

When the golden age wheels round again, perhaps the ideal will not be so unceremoniously violated! How can a man play ten or twenty parts with equal excellence? It is good reading, I grant you, but it is not a genuine impersonation in each case; nor does it seem to me so desirable for a man to do several parts well, as for him to identify himself with a single character and raise that beyond criticism.

In the desirable hereafter we shall have a Booth for Hamlet, a Jefferson for Rip Van Winkle, a Forrest for Richelieu, a Kean for Richard, a Fechter for Romeo, and every man shall live his part and it shall become his second nature. Then the reputation of a player will be assured, for the man whose disposition, temperament, and physique fit him for such a rôle as Hamlet shall take it by storm, as it were, and there shall be no experimental and variegated Danes after that; nor, until his melancholy mantle has fallen from his shoulders with the sear, the yellow leaf, and is again the enigma of the championship, will his sole right and title to the same be questioned.

In our triumphant march through the interior towns we struck hands with resident Hamlets who willingly, and I may add very properly, dropped into the rôle of Guildenstern in order to strengthen our cast. These vicissitudes in the career of the actor appalled me; I was never certain of my own position,

and knew not at what hour I might be called upon to leap from the modest station of the juvenile to support the star of the evening whose main prop had failed him through sudden sickness, or who, by reason of some misunderstanding with the management, had deserted at an hour's notice.

It was not all sunshine in our summer's campaign; by and by came bad business; we were working, or playing, our way into the smaller towns that hang upon the very edge of our Western civilization. Legitimate dramas were too tame for them; they clove to the sooty-faced minstrel and surrendered at once to the allurements of sawdust and spangles. We were obliged to lower the tone of our entertainments, and it was thought best to conclude with a walk-around, for the audience seemed unsatisfied with anything less whimsical. My education was not equal to the emergency. I am no "cloggist," and my song does not chime with the twang of the banjo, as a general thing. I did not belong to the utility-corps, and there was trouble in the business-office when I pleaded with the manager for a reprieve. The horizon darkened with the approaching storm, and much of our time was passed in wondering what we were to do next. The eagle-eyed manager saw a silver lining in the cloud ahead of us, and announced with unfeigned joy the advent of the Blonde Sisters; but their ways were not our ways, and we rebelled!

This was a predicament which resulted in the utter annihilation of our company and the organization of a new troupe from such fragments as lay within reach. The Blonde Sisters tossed their silver heels and shook their golden locks to the tune of an overflowing treasury, and we, of the legitimate, who regard the nude drama as a highly demoralizing innovation that pays better than almost any other form of entertainment; who look with pity and forgiveness on the four-and-twenty blackbirds sitting in a row, and likely at any moment to break into the very midst of Shoo Fly and disappear with a howl of Ethiopian

harmony that leaves the audience in a delicious state of wonder and delight; who patronize the circus, while we deny that it is in any way connected with our profession — and in truth it is not — we, *we* went our several ways and never expected to meet again in this vale of tears and transformations.

Well, we have not, to any extent! The low comedian, who was a genius in his line, and could play anything funny, of any color under the theatrical heaven, went into the "nigger business" with a transient troupe of "burnt cork artists;" I think he was announced on the bill as the only surviving Christy. Our star pawned his valuables and went East like a wise man, where he had little difficulty in securing an engagement. The heavy man and his wife, or lady, perhaps I should say, did the descriptive and musical elements in a sensational panorama of the Chicago fire, and thus worked their way back to civilization and profitable respectability.

An ambitious walking lady and myself gave moral readings before innumerable Christian and heathen associations, and had some difficulty in collecting our hire. My former chum, he of the attractive physique and gracious manner, sank at once into obscurity, and to this hour I am ignorant of his fate. I fear that he went to the bad, simply because it is so easy to go there, and he was over-fond of his ease.

A few of the old company have drifted back to the town from which we started, but we shall probably never all come together again at one roll-call.

One, an amiable and modest girl, who played Jessica in *The Merchant of Venice* shortly after her *début*, and to whose Jessica I played Lorenzo, told me after a six months' experience that she had resolved to end the year on the stage; but if at the end of the year she was no better satisfied than at present, she would leave it forever. There was a pitiful weariness in her voice and a weariness in her face that betrayed something of the unceasing fatigue of professional life. I had by

this time withdrawn into literary obscurity, and I did not envy her. Nor do I now; though she has turned blonde and is traveling with a capital husband, and starting it to remunerative business from Maine to Oregon.

Most of the subordinates of our company have either withdrawn from the foot-lights or are occupying the self-same positions in the profession to which so many feel themselves called and so few find themselves chosen. They do not look to the end, and perhaps it is well that they do not; for there would be fewer ventures and fewer successes if it were possible to do that sort of thing with any degree of accuracy.

I have met in the warm and sleepy suburbs of Honolulu a seedy individual who paced, alone, the dusty lanes by day, a large white cotton umbrella his only consolation; but at night, when the soft air of the evening passed through the town dispensing the odor of absolution, he would seat himself in a deep veranda and pick the melancholy banjo in memory of old times. I believe Home, Sweet Home never sounded so homely as it used to when that forsaken soul clutched the trembling strings in his agony. He had been a first-class minstrel in his day; but his day was over and gone, and all the foot-lights in the world seemed to burn low in his tear-dimmed eyes. The banjo is a tearful instrument when well fingered in the tropical moonlight.

I have met at the antipodes, where we were both vagabondizing, the accomplished Madame D——, who in her time was accounted the best Jack Sheppard on the stage. She is never weary of relating her experiences, and never wearisome, for she seems to have lived whole volumes of the strangest and most fascinating adventure. She has made fortunes, and lost them, in speculations that promised well; but like life in the mining districts of New Zealand and Australia, her luck ended with the day and she is now almost penniless. Having passed her whole life in the atmosphere of the stage, she finds retirement insupportable, and, though her dra-

matic fire still flashes with something of its former vigor, she has been crowded out by the constant accessions to the stage, and lives in the forlorn hope of meeting some manager who will engage her services upon the strength of her once brilliant reputation.

One of the noblest and dearest friends I have is an actor whose varied accomplishments fit him for almost any sphere in life. A distinguished entomologist, a devoted and appreciative student, a man of vast experience, the grace and sweetness of his manner and his large humanity endear him to every one who is brought in contact with him. He has the advantage of the majority of his professional brethren, who are usually foreign to any other walk in life; there is a kind of hospitality in his smile and a magnetism in his very presence that make his absence almost a bereavement.

You meet the world face to face when you meet an actor of repute; he has met his fate and conquered it; he has outlived ten thousand uncommon experiences, and nightly awakens the profoundest emotions in the breast of multitudes who seem to see life and death weighed in the balance. One of the pleasantest theatrical episodes that I recall at this moment is an evening when a truly great actor was playing *The Marble Heart* to a dense and enthusiastic audience; he could not have played ill under any circumstances, but was naturally doing his best on this occasion. As the play progressed and Raphael became more and more involved through the arts of the marble-hearted Mademoiselle Marco, his frame quivered with genuine emotion and the house was deathly still. But in the wings, we who were supporting him

crowded together that we might watch his masterly impersonation, and through all his sorrows we wept manfully, for there was an inspiration in every syllable he uttered that affected us as sorely as reality. "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, that he should weep for her?" Possibly something more than we are acquainted with. It is seldom that the companions of Mary Stuart and Marie Antoinette, though they be players, escape from the scene with dry eyes, and there is a reaction after these emotional dramas that leaves the participants sometimes quite exhausted.

You who picture the happy leisure of the actor who awaits his cue in the wings, smoking his cigarette the while, or flirting with a pretty ballet-girl, have something to learn of the serious side of the actor's life, and when you have once learned it perhaps you will be more considerate of occasional failures.

The actor is not uncommonly calumniated; personal experience has taught me how hard it is to please the hypercritical, and how easy is fault-finding. I have respect and love and sympathy for actors; the memory of my association with some members of the profession is such as I cherish among the most agreeable of my life. I believe there are few, if any, professions that will bear the critical examination the theatrical profession is subjected to with a better grace; and I know that the best of us are subject to some sort of weakness. And in this connection let me add that there is a suggestive little text that has something to say of the possible beam in one's own eye, and that it will do us all good to consider, when we feel the old prejudices beginning to discolor our vision.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

VESTA.

O CHRIST of God! whose life and death
 Our own have reconciled,
 Most quietly, most tenderly
 Take home thy star-named child !

Thy grace is in her patient eyes,
 Thy words are on her tongue;
 The very silence round her seems
 As if the angels sung.

Her smile is as a listening child's
 That hears its mother's call;
 The lilies of thy perfect peace
 About her pillow fall.

She leans from out our clinging arms
 To rest herself in thine;
 Alone to thee, dear Lord, can we
 Our well-beloved resign.

Oh, less for her than for ourselves
 We bow our heads and pray:
 Her setting star, like Bethlehem's,
 To thee shall lead the way.

John G. Whittier.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

XIII.

THE ladies were sitting on the terrace when Don Ippolito came next morning to say that he could not read with Miss Vervain that day nor for several days after, alleging in excuse some priestly duties proper to the time. Mrs. Vervain began to lament that she had not been able to go to the procession of the day before. "I meant to have kept a sharp lookout for you; Florida saw you, and so did Mr. Ferris. But it is n't at all the same thing, you know. Florida has no faculty for describing things; and now I shall probably go away from Venice without seeing you in your real character once."

Don Ippolito suffered this and more in meek silence. He waited his opportunity with unfailing politeness, and then with gentle punctilio took his leave.

"Well, come again as soon as your duties will let you, Don Ippolito," cried Mrs. Vervain. "We shall miss you dreadfully, and I begrudge every one of your readings that Florida loses."

The priest passed, with the sliding step which his impeding drapery imposed, down the garden walk, and was half-way to the gate, when Florida, who had stood watching him, said to her mother, "I must speak to him again," and lightly descended the steps and swiftly glided in pursuit.

"Don Ippolito!" she called.

He already had his hand upon the gate, but he turned, and rapidly went back to meet her.

She stood in the walk where she had stopped when her voice arrested him, breathing quickly. Their eyes met; a painful shadow overcast the face of the young girl, who seemed to be trying in vain to speak.

Mrs. Vervain put on her glasses and peered down at the two with good-natured curiosity.

"Well, madamigella," said the priest at last, "what do you command me?" He gave a faint, patient sigh.

The tears came into her eyes. "Oh," she began vehemently, "I wish there was some one who had the right to speak to you!"

"No one," answered Don Ippolito, "has so much the right as you."

"I saw you yesterday," she began again, "and I thought of what you had told me, Don Ippolito."

"Yes, I thought of it, too," answered the priest; "I have thought of it ever since."

"But haven't you thought of any hope for yourself? Must you still go on as before? How can you go back now to those things, and pretend to think them holy, and all the time have no heart or faith in them? It's terrible!"

"What would you, madamigella?" demanded Don Ippolito, with a moody shrug. "It is my profession, my trade, you know. You might say to the prisoner," he added bitterly, "'It is terrible to see you chained here.' Yes, it is terrible. Oh, I don't reject your compassion! But what can I do?"

"Sit down with me here," said Florida in her blunt, child-like way, and sank upon the stone seat beside the walk. She clasped her hands together in her lap with some strong, bashful emotion, while Don Ippolito, obeying her command, waited for her to speak. Her voice was scarcely more than a hoarse whisper when she began.

"I don't know how to begin what I

want to say. I am not fit to advise any one. I am so young, and so very ignorant of the world."

"I too know little of the world," said the priest, as much to himself as to her.

"It may be all wrong, all wrong. Besides," she said abruptly, "how do I know that you are a good man, Don Ippolito? How do I know that you've been telling me the truth? It may be all a kind of trap" —

He looked blankly at her.

"This is in Venice; and you may be leading me on to say things to you that will make trouble for my mother and me. You may be a spy" —

"Oh no, no, no!" cried the priest, springing to his feet with a kind of moan, and a shudder, "God forbid!" He swiftly touched her hand with the tips of his fingers, and then kissed them: an action of inexpressible humility. "Madamigella, I swear to you by everything you believe good that I would rather die than be false to you in a single breath or thought."

"Oh, I know it, I know it," she murmured. "I don't see how I could say such a cruel thing."

"Not cruel; no, madamigella, not cruel," softly pleaded Don Ippolito.

"But—but is there *no* escape for you?"

They looked steadfastly at each other for a moment, and then Don Ippolito spoke.

"Yes," he said very gravely, "there is one way of escape. I have often thought of it, and once I thought I had taken the first step towards it; but it is beset with many great obstacles, and to be a priest makes one timid and insecure."

He lapsed into his musing melancholy with the last words; but she would not suffer him to lose whatever heart he had begun to speak with. "That's nothing," she said, "you must think again of that way of escape, and never turn from it till you have tried it. Only take the first step and you can go on. Friends will rise up everywhere, and make it easy for you. Come," she

implored him fervently, "you must promise."

He bent his dreamy eyes upon her.

"If I should take this only way of escape, and it seemed desperate to all others, would you still be my friend?"

"I should be your friend if the whole world turned against you."

"Would you be my friend," he asked eagerly in lower tones, and with signs of an inward struggle, "if this way of escape were for me to be no longer a priest?"

"Oh yes, yes! Why not?" cried the girl; and her face glowed with heroic sympathy and defiance. It is from this heaven-born ignorance in women of the insuperable difficulties of doing right that men take fire and accomplish the sublime impossibilities. Our sense of details, our fatal habits of reasoning, paralyze us; we need the impulse of the pure ideal which we can get only from them. These two were alike children as regarded the world, but he had a man's dark prevision of the means, and she a heavenly scorn of everything but the end to be achieved.

He drew a long breath. "Then it does not seem terrible to you?"

"Terrible? No! I don't see how you can rest till it is done!"

"Is it true, then, that you urge me to this step, which indeed I have so long desired to take?"

"Yes, it is true! Listen, Don Ippolito: it is the very thing that I hoped you would do, but I wanted to speak of it first. You must have all the honor of it, and I am glad you thought of it before. You will never regret it!"

She smiled radiantly upon him, and he kindled at her enthusiasm. In another moment his face darkened again. "But it will cost much," he murmured.

"No matter," cried Florida. "Such a man as you ought to leave the priesthood at any risk or hazard. You should cease to be a priest, if it cost you kindred, friends, good fame, country, everything!" She blushed with irrelevant consciousness. "Why need you be downhearted? With your genius once free, you can make country and fame

and friends everywhere. Leave Venice! There are other places. Think how inventors succeed in America!" —

"In America!" exclaimed the priest. "Ah, how long I have desired to be there!"

"You must go. You will soon be famous and honored there, and you shall not be a stranger, even at the first. Do you know that we are going home very soon? Yes, my mother and I have been talking of it to-day. We are both homesick, and you see that she is not well. You shall come to us there, and make our house your home till you have formed some plans of your own. Everything will be easy. God is good," she said in a breaking voice, "and you may be sure he will befriend you."

"Some one," answered Don Ippolito, with tears in his eyes, "has already been very good to me. I thought it was you, but I will call it God!"

"Hush! You mustn't say such things. But you must go, now. Take time to think, but not too much time. Do right — be true to yourself."

They rose, and she laid her hand on his arm with an instinctive gesture of appeal. He stood bewildered. Then, "Thanks, madamigella, thanks!" he said, and caught her fragrant hand to his lips. He loosed it and lifted both his arms by a blind impulse in which he arrested himself with a burning blush, and turned away. He did not take leave of her with his wonted formalities, but hurried abruptly toward the gate.

A panic seemed to seize her as she saw him open it. She ran after him. "Don Ippolito, Don Ippolito," she said, coming up to him, and stammered and faltered. "I don't know; I am frightened. You must do nothing from me; I cannot let you; I'm not fit to advise you. It must be wholly from your own conscience. Oh no, don't look so! I *will* be your friend, whatever happens. But if what you think of doing has seemed so terrible to you, perhaps it is more terrible than I can understand. If it is the only way, it is right. But is there no other? What I mean is, have you no one to talk all this over with? I

mean, can't you speak of it to — to Mr. Ferris? He is so true and honest and just."

"I was going to him," said Don Ippolito, with a dim trouble in his face.

"Oh, I am so glad of that! Remember, I don't take anything back. No matter what happens, I will be your friend. But he will tell you just what to do."

Don Ippolito bowed and opened the gate.

Florida went back to her mother, who asked her, "What in the world have you and Don Ippolito been talking about so earnestly? What makes you so pale and out of breath?"

"I have been wanting to tell you, mother," said Florida. She drew her chair in front of the elder lady, and sat down.

XIV.

Don Ippolito did not go directly to the painter's. He walked toward his house at first, and then turned aside, and wandered out through the noisy and populous district of Canaregio to the Campo di Marte. A squad of cavalry which had been going through some exercises there was moving off the parade ground; a few infantry soldiers were strolling about under the trees. Don Ippolito walked across the field to the border of the lagoon, where he began to pace to and fro, with his head sunk in deep thought. He moved rapidly, but sometimes he stopped and stood still in the sun, whose heat he did not seem to feel, though a perspiration bathed his pale face and stood in drops on his forehead under the shadow of his *niechio*. Some little dirty children of the poor, with which this region swarms, looked at him from the sloping shore of the Campo di Giustizia, where the executions used to take place, and a small boy began to mock his movements and pauses, but was arrested by one of the girls, who shook him and gesticulated warningly.

At this point the long railroad bridge which connects Venice with the main-

land is in full sight, and now from the reverie in which he continued, whether he walked or stood still, Don Ippolito was roused by the whistle of an outward train. He followed it with his eye as it streamed along over the far-stretching arches, and struck out into the flat, salt marshes beyond. When the distance hid it, he put on his hat, which he had unconsciously removed, and turned his rapid steps toward the railroad station. Arrived there, he lingered in the vestibule for half an hour, watching the people as they bought their tickets for departure, and had their baggage examined by the customs officers, and weighed and registered by the railroad porters, who passed it through the wicket shutting out the train, while the passengers gathered up their smaller parcels and took their way to the waiting-rooms. He followed a group of English people some paces in this direction, and then returned to the wicket, through which he looked long and wistfully at the train. The baggage was all passed through; the doors of the waiting-rooms were thrown open with harsh proclamation by the guards, and the passengers flocked into the carriages. Whistles and bells were sounded, and the train crept out of the station.

A man in the company's uniform approached the unconscious priest, and striking his hands softly together, said with a pleasant smile, "Your servant, Don Ippolito. Are you expecting some one?"

"Ah, good day!" answered the priest, with a little start. "No," he added, "I was not looking for any one."

"I see," said the other. "Diverting yourself as usual with the machinery. Excuse the freedom, Don Ippolito; but you ought to have been of our profession, — ha, ha! When you have the leisure, I should like to show you the drawing of an American locomotive which a friend of mine has sent me from Nuova York. It is very different from ours, very curious. But monstrous in size, you know, prodigious! May I come with it to your house, some evening?"

"You will do me a great pleasure," said Don Ippolito. He gazed dreamily in the direction of the vanished train. "Was that the train for Milan?" he asked presently.

"Exactly," said the man.

"Does it go all the way to Milan?"

"Oh, no! It stops at Peschiera, where the passengers have their passports examined; and then another train backs down from Desenzano and takes them on to Milan. And after that," continued the man with animation, "if you are on the way to England, for example, another train carries you to Susa, and there you get the diligence over the mountain to St. Michel, where you take railroad again, and so on up through Paris to Boulogne-sur-Mer, and then by steamer to Folkestone, and then by railroad to London and to Liverpool. It is at Liverpool that you go on board the steamer for America, and piff! in ten days you are in Nuova York. My friend has written me all about it."

"Ah yes, your friend. Does he like it there in America?"

"Passably, passably. The Americans have no manners; but they are good devils. They are governed by the Irish. And the wine is dear. But he likes America; yes, he likes it. Nuova York is a fine city. But immense, you know! Eight times as large as Venice!"

"Is your friend prosperous there?"

"Ah heigh! That is the prettiest part of the story. He has made himself rich. He is employed by a large house to make designs for mantelpieces, and marble tables, and tombs; and he has—listen!—six hundred francs a month!"

"Oh per Bacco!" cried Don Ippolito.

"Honestly. But you spend a great deal there. Still, it is magnificent, is it not? If it were not for that blessed war there, now, that would be the place for you, Don Ippolito. He tells me the Americans are actually mad for inventions. Your servant. Excuse the freedom, you know," said the man, bowing and moving away.

"Nothing, dear, nothing," answered

the priest. He walked out of the station with a light step, and went to his own house, where he sought the room in which his inventions were stored. He had not touched them for weeks. They were all dusty and many were cobwebbed. He blew the dust from some, and bringing them to the light, examined them critically, finding them mostly disabled in one way or other, except the models of the portable furniture, which he polished with his handkerchief and set apart, surveying them from a distance with a look of hope. He took up the breech-loading cannon, and then suddenly put it down again with a little shiver, and went to the threshold of the perverted oratory and glanced in at his forge. Veneranda had carelessly left the window open, and the draught had carried the ashes about the floor. On the cinder-heap lay the tools which he had used in mending the broken pipe of the fountain at Casa Vervain, and had not used since. The place seemed chilly even on that summer's day. He stood in the doorway with clenched hands. Then he called Veneranda, chid her for leaving the window open, and bade her close it, and so quitted the house and left her muttering.

Ferris seemed surprised to see him when he appeared at the consulate near the middle of the afternoon, and seated himself in the place where he was wont to pose for the painter.

"Were you going to give me a sitting?" asked the latter, hesitating. "The light is horrible, just now, with this glare from the canal. Not that I manage much better when it's good. I don't get on with you, Don Ippolito. There are too many of you. I should n't have known you in the procession yesterday."

Don Ippolito did not respond. He rose and went toward his portrait on the easel, and examined it long, with a curious minuteness. Then he returned to his chair, and continued to look at it. "I suppose that it resembles me a great deal," he said, "but I think you have misconceived the character somewhat.

You have put too much into it, and yet scarcely enough."

"I know it's not good," said the painter. "It is conventional, in spite of everything. But here's that first sketch I made of you."

He took up a canvas facing the wall, and set it on the easel. The character in this charcoal sketch was vastly sincerer, kinder, sweeter.

"Ah!" said Don Ippolito, with a sigh and smile of relief, "that is immeasurably better. I wish I could speak to you, dear friend, in a mood of yours as sympathetic as this picture records, of some matters that concern me very nearly. I have just come from the railroad station."

"Seeing some friends off?" asked the painter, indifferently, hovering near the sketch with a bit of charcoal in his hand, and hesitating whether to give it a certain touch. He glanced with half-shut eyes at the priest.

Don Ippolito sighed again. "I hardly know. I was seeing off my hopes, my desires, my prayers, that followed the train to America!"

The painter put down his charcoal, dusted his fingers, and looked at the priest without saying anything.

"Do you remember when I first came to you?" asked the priest.

"Certainly," said Ferris. "Is it of that matter you want to speak to me? I'm very sorry to hear it, for I don't think it practical."

"Practical, practical!" cried the priest hotly. "Nothing is practical till it has been tried. And why should I not go to America?"

"Because you can't get your passport, for one thing," answered the painter dryly.

"I have thought of that," rejoined Don Ippolito more patiently. "I can get a passport for France from the Austrian authorities here, and at Milan there must be ways in which I could change it for one from my own king" — it was by this title that patriotic Venetians of those days spoke of Victor Emmanuel — "that would carry me out of France into England."

Ferris pondered a moment. "That is quite true," he said. "Why had n't you thought of that when you first came to me?"

"I cannot tell. I did n't know that I could even get a passport for France till the other day."

Both were silent for a time, while the painter filled his pipe. "Well," he said presently, "I'm very sorry. I'm afraid you're dooming yourself to many bitter disappointments in going to America. What do you expect to do there?"

"Why, with my inventions" —

"I suppose," interrupted the other, putting a lighted match to his pipe, "that a painter must be a very poor sort of American: *his* first thought is of coming to Italy. So I know very little directly about the fortunes of my inventive fellow-countrymen, or whether an inventor has any prospect of making a living. But once when I was at Washington I went into the Patent Office, where the models of the inventions are deposited; the building is about as large as the Ducal Palace, and it is full of them. The people there told me nothing was commoner than for the same invention to be repeated over and over again by different inventors. Some few succeed, and then they have lawsuits with the infringers of their patents; some sell out their inventions for a trifle to companies that have capital, and that grow rich upon them; the great number can never bring their ideas to the public notice at all. You can judge for yourself what your chances would be. You have asked me why you should not go to America. Well, because I think you would starve there."

"I am used to that," said Don Ippolito; "and besides, until some of my inventions became known, I could give lessons in Italian."

"Oh, bravo!" said Ferris, "you prefer instant death, then?"

"But madamigella seemed to believe that my success as an inventor would be assured, there."

Ferris gave a very ironical laugh. "Miss Vervain must have been about

twelve years old when she left America. Even a lady's knowledge of business, at that age, is limited. When did you talk with her about it? You had not spoken of it to me, of late, and I thought you were more contented than you used to be."

"It is true," said the priest. "Sometimes within the last two months I have almost forgotten it."

"And what has brought it so forcibly to your mind again?"

"That is what I so greatly desire to tell you," replied Don Ippolito, with an appealing look at the painter's face. He moistened his parched lips a little, waiting for further question from the painter, to whom he seemed a man fevered by some strong emotion and at that moment not quite wholesome. Ferris did not speak, and Don Ippolito began again: "Even though I have not said so in words to you, dear friend, has it not appeared to you that I have no heart in my vocation?"

"Yes, I have sometimes fancied that. I had no right to ask you why."

"Some day I will tell you, when I have the courage to go all over it again. It is partly my own fault, but it is more my miserable fortune. But wherever the wrong lies, it has at last become intolerable to me. I cannot endure it any longer and live. I must go away, I must fly from it."

Ferris shrank from him a little, as men instinctively do from one who has set himself upon some desperate attempt. "Do you mean, Don Ippolito, that you are going to renounce your priesthood?"

Don Ippolito opened his hands and let his priesthood, as it were, drop to the ground.

"You never spoke of this before, when you talked of going to America. Though to be sure" —

"Yes, yes!" replied Don Ippolito with vehemence, "but since then an angel has appeared and shown me the blackness of my life!"

Ferris began to wonder if he or Don Ippolito were not perhaps mad.

"An angel, yes," the priest went on,

rising from his chair, "an angel whose immaculate truth has mirrored my falsehood in all its vileness and distortion — to whom, if it destroys me, I cannot devote less than a truthfulness like hers!"

"Hers — hers?" cried the painter, with a sudden pang. "Whose? Don't speak in these riddles. Whom do you mean?"

"Whom can I mean but only one? — madamigella!"

"Miss Vervain? Do you mean to say that Miss Vervain has advised you to renounce your priesthood?"

"In as many words she has bidden me forsake it at any risk, — at the cost of kindred, friends, good fame, country, everything."

The painter passed his hand over his bewildered face. These were his own words, the words he had used in speaking with Florida of the supposed skeptical priest. He grew very pale. "May I ask," he demanded in a hard, dry voice, "how she came to advise such a step?"

"I can hardly tell. Something had already moved her to learn from me the story of my life — to know that I was a man with neither faith nor hope. Her pure heart was torn by the thought of my wrong and of my error. I had never seen myself in such deformity as she saw me even when she used me with that divine compassion. I was almost glad to be what I was because of her angelic pity for me!"

The tears sprang to Don Ippolito's eyes, but Ferris asked in the same tone as before, "Was it then that she bade you be no longer a priest?"

"No, not then," patiently replied the other; "she was too greatly overwhelmed with my calamity to think of any cure for it. To-day it was that she uttered those words — words which I shall never forget, which will support and comfort me, whatever happens!"

The painter was biting hard upon the stem of his pipe. He turned away and began ordering the color-tubes and pencils on a table against the wall, putting them close together in very neat, straight rows. Presently he said:

"Perhaps Miss Vervain also advised you to go to America?"

"Yes," answered the priest reverently. "She had thought of everything. She has promised me a refuge under her mother's roof there, until I can make my inventions known; and I shall follow them at once."

"Follow them?"

"They are going, she told me. Madama does not grow better. They are homesick. They — but you must know all this already?"

"Oh, not at all, not at all," said the painter with a very bitter smile. "You are telling me news. Pray go on."

"There is no more. She made me promise to come to you and listen to your advice before I took any step. I must not trust to her alone, she said; but if I took this step, then through whatever happened she would be my friend. Ah, dear friend, may I speak in you of the hope that these words gave me? You have seen — have you not? — you must have seen that" —

The priest faltered, and Ferris stared at him helpless. When the next words came he could not find any strangeness in the fact which yet gave him so great a shock. He found that to his nether consciousness it had been long familiar — ever since that day when he had first jestingly proposed Don Ippolito as Miss Vervain's teacher. Grotesque, tragic, impossible — it had still been the undercurrent of all his reveries; or so now it seemed to have been.

Don Ippolito anxiously drew nearer to him and laid an imploring touch upon his arm, — "I love her!"

"What!" gasped the painter. "You? You! A priest?"

"Priest! priest!" cried Don Ippolito, violently. "From this day I am no longer a priest! From this hour I am a man, and I can offer her the honorable love of a man, the truth of a most sacred marriage, and fidelity to death!"

Ferris made no answer. He began to look very coldly and haughtily at Don Ippolito, whose heat died away under his stare, and who at last met it with a glance of tremulous perplexity. His

hand had dropped from Ferris's arm, and he now moved some steps from him. "What is it, dear friend?" he besought him. "Is there something that offends you? I came to you for counsel, and you meet me with a repulse little short of enmity. I do not understand. Do I intend anything wrong without knowing it? Oh, I conjure you to speak plainly!"

"Wait! Wait a minute," said Ferris, waving his hand like a man tormented by a passing pain. "I am trying to think. What you say is . . . I cannot imagine it!"

"Not imagine it? Not imagine it? And why? Is she not beautiful?"

"Yes."

"And good?"

"Without doubt."

"And young, and yet wise beyond her years? And true, and yet angelically kind?"

"It is all as you say, God knows. But . . . a priest" —

"Oh! Always that accursed word! And at heart, what is a priest, then, but a man? — a wretched, masked, imprisoned, banished man! Has he not blood and nerves like you? Has he not eyes to see what is fair, and ears to hear what is sweet? Can he live near so divine a flower and not know her grace, not inhale the fragrance of her soul, not adore her beauty? Oh, great God! And if at last he would tear off his stifling mask, escape from his prison, return from his exile, would you gainsay him?"

"Heaven forbid!" said the painter with a kind of groan. He sat down in a tall, carven gothic chair, — the furniture of one of his pictures, — and rested his head against its high back and looked at the priest across the room. "Excuse me," he continued languidly. "I am ready to befriend you to the utmost of my power. What was it you wanted to ask me? I have told you truly what I thought of your scheme of going to America; but I may very well be mistaken. Was it about that Miss Vervain desired you to consult me?" His voice and manner hardened again in

spite of him. "Or did she wish me to advise you about the renunciation of your priesthood? You must have thought that carefully over for yourself."

"Yes, I do not think you could make me see that as a greater difficulty than it has appeared to me." He paused with a confused and daunted air, as if some important point had slipped his mind. "But I must take the step; the burden of the double part I play is unendurable, is it not?"

"You know better than I."

"But if you were such a man as I, with neither love for your vocation nor faith in it, should you not cease to be a priest?"

"If you ask me in that way, yes," answered the painter. "But I advise you nothing. I could not counsel another in such a case."

"But you think and feel as I do," said the priest, "and I am right, then."

"I do not say you are wrong."

Ferris was silent while Don Ippolito moved up and down the room, with his sliding step, like some tall, gaunt, unhappy girl. Neither could put an end to this interview, so full of intangible, inconclusive misery. Ferris drew a long breath, and then said with an effort, "Don Ippolito, I suppose you did not speak idly to me of your — your feeling for Miss Vervain, and that I may speak plainly to you in return."

"Surely," answered the priest, pausing in his walk and fixing his eyes upon the painter. "It was to you as the friend of both that I spoke of my love, and my hope — which is oftener my despair."

"Then you have not much reason to believe that she returns your — feeling?"

"Ah, how could she consciously return it? I have been hitherto a priest to her, and the thought of me would have been impurity. But hereafter, if I can prove myself a man, if I can win my place in the world . . . No, even now, why should she care so much for my escape from these bonds, if she did not care for me more than she knew?"

"Have you ever thought of that extravagant generosity of Miss Vervain's character?"

"It is divine!"

"Has it seemed to you that if such a woman knew herself to have once wrongly given you pain, her atonement might be as headlong and excessive as her offense? That she could have no reserves in her reparation?"

Don Ippolito looked at Ferris, but did not interpose.

"Miss Vervain is very religious in her way, and she is truth itself. Are you sure that it is not concern for what seems to her your terrible position, that has made her show so much anxiety on your account?"

"Do I not know that well? Have I not felt the balm of her most heavenly pity?"

"And may she not be only trying to appeal to something in you as high as the impulse of her own heart?"

"As high!" cried Don Ippolito, almost angrily. "Can there be any higher thing in heaven or on earth than love for such a woman?"

"Yes; both in heaven and on earth," answered Ferris.

"I do not understand you," said Don Ippolito with a puzzled stare.

Ferris did not reply. He fell into a dull reverie in which he seemed to forget Don Ippolito and the whole affair. At last the priest spoke again: "Have you nothing to say to me, signore?"

"I? What is there to say?" returned the other blankly.

"Do you know any reason why I should not love her, save that I am — have been — a priest?"

"No, I know none," said the painter, wearily.

"Ah," exclaimed Don Ippolito, "there is something on your mind that you will not speak. I beseech you not to let me go wrong. I love her so well that I would rather die than let my love offend her. I am a man with the passions and hopes of a man, but without a man's experience, or a man's knowledge of what is just and right in these relations. If you can be my friend in this

so far as to advise or warn me; if you can be her friend " —

Ferris abruptly rose and went to his balcony, and looked out upon the Grand Canal. The time-stained palace opposite had not changed in the last half-hour. As on many another summer day, he saw the black boats going by. A heavy, high-pointed barge from the Sile, with the captain's family at dinner in the shade of a matting on the roof, moved sluggishly down the middle current. A party of Americans in a gondola, with their opera-glasses and guide-books in their hands, pointed out to each other the eagle on the consular arms. They were all like sights in a mirror, or things in a world turned upside down.

Ferris came back and looked dizzily at the priest, trying to believe that this unhuman, sacerdotal phantasm had been telling him that it loved a beautiful young girl of his own race, faith, and language.

"Will you not answer me, *signore*?" meekly demanded Don Ippolito.

"In this matter," replied the painter, "I cannot advise or warn you. The whole affair is beyond my conception. I mean no unkindness, but I cannot consult with you about it. There are reasons why I should not. The mother of Miss Vervain is here with her, and I do not feel that her interests in such a matter are in my hands. If they come to me for help, that is different. What do you wish? You tell me that you are resolved to renounce the priesthood and go to America; and I have answered you to the best of my power. You tell me that you are in love with Miss Vervain. What can I have to say about that?"

Don Ippolito stood listening with a patient, and then a wounded air. "Nothing," he answered proudly. "I ask your pardon for troubling you with my affairs. Your former kindness emboldened me too much. I shall not trespass again. It was my ignorance, which I pray you to excuse. I take my leave, *signore*."

He bowed, and moved out of the

room, and a dull remorse filled the painter, as he heard the outer door close after him. But he could do nothing. If he had given a wound to the heart that trusted him, it was in an anguish which he had not been able to master, and whose causes he could not yet define. It was all a shapeless torment; it held him like the memory of some hideous nightmare prolonging its horror beyond sleep. It seemed impossible that what had happened should have happened.

It was long, as he sat in the chair from which he had talked with Don Ippolito, before he could reason about what had been said; and then the worst phase presented itself first. He could not help seeing that the priest might have found cause for hope in the girl's behavior toward him. Her violent resentments, and her equally violent repentances; her fervent interest in his unhappy fortunes, and her anxiety that he should at once forsake the priesthood; her urging him to go to America, and her promising him a home under her mother's roof there: why might it not all be in fact a proof of her tenderness for him? She might have found it necessary to be thus coarsely explicit with him, for a man in Don Ippolito's relation to her could not otherwise have imagined her interest in him. But her making use of Ferris to confirm her own purposes by his words, her repeating them so that they should come back to him from Don Ippolito's lips, her letting another man go with her to look upon the procession in which her priestly lover was to appear in his sacerdotal panoply; these things could not be accounted for except by that strain of insolent, passionate defiance which he had noted in her from the beginning. Why should she first tell Don Ippolito of their going away? "Well, I wish him joy of his bargain," said Ferris aloud, and rising, shrugged his shoulders, and tried to cast off all care of a matter that did not concern him. But one does not so easily cast off a matter that does not concern one. He found himself haunted by certain tones and looks and attitudes

of the young girl, utterly alien to the character he had just constructed for her. They were child-like, trusting, unconscious, far beyond anything he had yet known in women, and they appealed to him now with a maddening pathos. She was standing there before Don Ippolito's picture as on that morning when she came to Ferris, looking anxiously at him, her innocent beauty, troubled with some hidden care, hallowing the place. Ferris thought of the young fellow who told him that he had spent three months in a dull German town because he had the room there that was once occupied by the girl who had refused him; the painter remembered that the young fellow said he had just read of her marriage in an American newspaper.

Why did Miss Vervain send Don Ippolito to him? Was it some scheme of her secret love for the priest; or mere coarse resentment of the cautions Ferris had once hinted, a piece of vulgar bravado? But if she had acted throughout in pure simplicity, in unwise goodness of heart? If Don Ippolito were altogether self-deceived, and nothing but her unknowing pity had given him grounds of hope? He himself had suggested this to the priest, and now with a different motive he looked at it in his own behalf. A great load began slowly to lift itself from Ferris's heart, which could ache now for this most unhappy priest. But if his conjecture were just, his duty would be different. He must not coldly acquiesce and let things take their course. He had introduced Don Ippolito to the Vervains; he was in some sort responsible for him; he must save them if possible from the painful consequences of the priest's hallucination. But how to do this was by no means clear. He blamed himself for not having been franker with Don Ippolito and tried to make him see that the Vervains might regard his passion as a presumption upon their kindness to him, an abuse of their hospitable friendship; and yet how could he have done this without outrage to a sensitive and right-meaning soul? For a moment it seemed to him that he must seek Don Ippolito,

and repair his fault; but they had hardly parted as friends, and his action might be easily misconstrued. If he shrank from the thought of speaking to him of the matter again, it appeared yet more impossible to bring it before the Vervains. Like a man of the imaginative temperament as he was, he exaggerated the probable effect, and pictured their dismay in colors that made his interference seem a ludicrous enormity; in fact, it would have been an awkward business enough for one not hampered by his intricate obligations. He felt bound to the Vervains, the ignorant young girl, and the addle-pated mother; but if he ought to go to them and tell them what he knew, to which of them ought he to speak, and how? In an anguish of perplexity that made the sweat stand in drops upon his forehead, he smiled to think it just possible that Mrs. Vervain might take the matter seriously, and wish to consider the propriety of Florida's accepting Don Ippolito. But if he spoke to the daughter, how should he approach the subject? "Don Ippolito tells me he loves you, and he goes to America with the expectation that when he has made his fortune with a patent back-action apple-corer, you will marry him." Should he say something to this purport? And in Heaven's name what right had he, Ferris, to say anything at all? The horrible absurdity, the inexorable delicacy of his position made him laugh.

On the other hand, besides, he was bound to Don Ippolito, who had come to him as the nearest friend of both, and confided in him. He remembered with a tardy, poignant intelligence how in their first talk of the Vervains Don Ippolito had taken pains to inform himself that Ferris was not in love with Florida. Could he be less manly and generous than this poor priest, and violate the sanctity of his confidence? Ferris groaned aloud. No, contrive it as he would, call it by what fair name he chose, he could not commit this treachery. It was the more impossible to him because, in this agony of doubt as to what he should do, he now at least

read his own heart clearly, and had no longer a doubt what was in it. He pitied her for the pain she must suffer. He saw how her simple goodness, her blind sympathy with Don Ippolito, and only this, must have led the priest to the mistaken pass at which he stood. But Ferris felt that the whole affair had been fatally carried beyond his reach; he could do nothing now but wait and endure. There are cases in which a man must not protect the woman he loves. This was one.

The afternoon wore away. In the evening he went to the Piazza, and drank a cup of coffee at Florian's. Then he walked to the Public Gardens, where he watched the crowd till it thinned in the twilight and left him alone. He hung upon the parapet, looking off over the lagoon that at last he perceived to be flooded with moonlight. He desperately called a gondola, and bade the man row him to the public landing nearest the Vervains', and so walked up the calle, and entered the palace from the campo, through the court that on one side opened into the garden.

Mrs. Vervain was alone in the room where he had always been accustomed to find her daughter with her, and a chill as of the impending change fell upon him. He felt how pleasant it had been to find them together; with a vain, piercing regret he felt how much like home the place had been to him. Mrs. Vervain, indeed, was not changed; she was even more than ever herself, though all that she said imported change. She seemed to observe nothing unwonted in him, and she began to talk in her way of things that she could not know were so near his heart.

"Now, Mr. Ferris, I have a little surprise for you. Guess what it is!"

"I'm not good at guessing. I'd rather not know what it is than have to guess it," said Ferris, trying to be light, under his heavy trouble.

"You won't try once, even? Well, you're going to be rid of us soon! We are going away."

"Yes, I knew that," said Ferris

quietly. "Don Ippolito told me so to-day."

"And is that all you have to say? Is n't it rather sad? Is n't it sudden? Come, Mr. Ferris, do be a little complimentary, for once!"

"It's sudden, and I can assure you it's sad enough for me," replied the painter, in a tone which could not leave any doubt of his sincerity.

"Well, so it is for us," quavered Mrs. Vervain. "You have been very, very good to us," she went on more collectedly, "and we shall never forget it. Florida has been speaking of it, too, and she's extremely grateful, and thinks we've quite imposed upon you."

"Thanks."

"I suppose we have, but as I always say, you're the representative of the country here. However, that's neither here nor there. We have no relatives on the face of the earth, you know; but I have a good many old friends in Providence, and we're going back there. We both think I shall be better at home; for I'm sorry to say, Mr. Ferris, that though I don't complain of Venice, — it's really a beautiful place, and all that; not the least exaggerated, — still I don't think it's done my health much good; or at least I don't seem to gain, don't you know, I don't seem to gain."

"I'm very sorry to hear it, Mrs. Vervain."

"Yes, I'm sure you are; but you see, don't you, that we must go? We are going next week. When we've once made up our minds, there's no object in prolonging the agony."

Mrs. Vervain adjusted her glasses with the thumb and finger of her right hand, and peered into Ferris's face with a gay smile. "But the greatest part of the surprise is," she resumed, lowering her voice a little, "that Don Ippolito is going with us."

"Ah!" cried Ferris sharply.

"I *knew* I should surprise you, laughed Mrs. Vervain. "We've been having a regular confab — *clavé*, I mean — about it here, and he's all on fire to go to America; though it must be kept a great secret on his account, poor fel-

low. He's to join us in France, and then he can easily get into England, with us. You know he's to give up being a priest, and is going to devote himself to invention when he gets to America. Now, what *do* you think of it, Mr. Ferris? Quite strikes you dumb, doesn't it?" triumphed Mrs. Vervain. "I suppose it's what you would call a wild goose chase, — I used to pick up all those phrases, — but we shall carry it through."

Ferris gasped, as though about to speak, but said nothing.

"Don Ippolito's been here the whole afternoon," continued Mrs. Vervain, "or rather ever since about five o'clock. He took dinner with us, and we've been talking it over and over. He's so enthusiastic about it, and yet he breaks down every little while, and seems quite to despair of the undertaking. But Florida won't let him do that; and really it's funny, the way he defers to her judgment — you know *I* always regard Florida as such a mere child — and seems to take every word she says for gospel. But, shedding tears, now: it's dreadful in a man, is n't it? I wish Don Ippolito would n't do that. It makes one creep. I can't feel that it's manly; can you?"

Ferris found voice to say something about those things being different with the Latin races.

"Well, at any rate," said Mrs. Vervain, "I'm glad that *Americans* don't shed tears, as a general rule. Now, Florida: you'd think she was the man all through this business, she's so perfectly heroic about it; that is, outwardly: for I can see — women can, in each other, Mr. Ferris — just where she's on the point of breaking down, all the while. Has she ever spoken to you about Don Ippolito? She does think so highly of your opinion, Mr. Ferris."

"She does me too much honor," said Ferris, with ghastly irony.

"Oh, I don't think so," returned Mrs. Vervain. "She told me this morning that she'd made Don Ippolito promise to speak to you about it; but he did n't mention having done so, and

— I hated, don't you know, to ask him. . . . In fact, Florida had told me beforehand that I must n't. She said he must be left entirely to himself in the matter, and" — Mrs. Vervain looked suggestively at Ferris.

"He spoke to me about it," said Ferris.

"Then why in the world did you let me run on? I suppose you advised him against it."

"I certainly did."

"Well, there's where I think woman's intuition is better than man's reason."

The painter silently bowed his head.

"Yes, I'm quite woman's rights in that respect," said Mrs. Vervain.

"Oh, without doubt," answered Ferris, aimlessly.

"I'm perfectly delighted," she went on, "at the idea of Don Ippolito's giving up the priesthood, and I've told him he must get married to some good American girl. You ought to have seen how the poor fellow blushed! But really, you know, there are lots of nice girls that would *jump* at him — so handsome and sad-looking, and a genius."

Ferris could only stare helplessly at Mrs. Vervain, who continued: —

"Yes, *I* think he's a genius, and I'm determined that he shall have a chance. I suppose we've got a job on our hands; but I'm not sorry. I'll introduce him into society, and if he needs money he shall have it. What does God give us money for, Mr. Ferris, but to help our fellow-creatures?"

So miserable, as he was, from head to foot, that it seemed impossible he could endure more, Ferris could not forbear laughing at this burst of piety.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Mrs. Vervain, who had cheerfully joined him. "Something I've been saying. Well, you won't have me to laugh at much longer. I do wonder whom you'll have next."

Ferris's merriment died away in something like a groan, and when Mrs. Vervain again spoke, it was in a tone of sudden querulousness. "*I wish* Florida would come! She went to bolt the

land-gate after Don Ippolito, — I wanted her to, — but she ought to have been back long ago. It's odd you didn't meet them, coming in. She must be in the garden somewhere; I suppose she's sorry to be leaving it. But I need her. Would you be so very kind, Mr. Ferris, as to go and ask her to come to me?"

Ferris rose heavily from the chair in which he seemed to have grown ten years older. He had hardly heard anything that he did not know already, but the clear vision of the affair with which he had come to the Vervains was hopelessly confused and darkened. He could make nothing of any phase of it. He did not know whether he cared to see Florida or not. He mechanically obeyed Mrs. Vervain, and stepping out upon the terrace, slowly descended the stairway.

The moon was shining brightly into the garden.

XV.

Florida and Don Ippolito had paused in the pathway which parted at the fountain and led in one direction to the water-gate, and in the other out through the palace-court into the campo.

"Now, you must not give way to despair again," she said to him. "You will succeed, I am sure, for you will deserve success."

"It is all your goodness, madamigella," sighed the priest, "and at the bottom of my heart I am afraid that all the hope and courage I have are also yours."

"You shall never want for hope and courage then. We believe in you, and we honor your purpose, and we will be your steadfast friends. But now you must think only of the present — of how you are to get away from Venice. Oh, I can understand how you must hate to leave it! What a beautiful night! You must n't expect such moonlight as this in America, Don Ippolito."

"It is beautiful, is it not?" said the priest, kindling from her. "But I think we Venetians are never so conscious of

the beauty of Venice as you strangers are."

"I don't know. I only know that now, since we have made up our minds to go, and fixed the day and hour, it is more like leaving my own country than anything else I've ever felt. This garden, I seem to have spent my whole life in it; and when we are settled in Providence, I'm going to have mother send back for some of these statues. I suppose Signor Cavaletti would n't mind our robbing his place of them if he were paid enough. At any rate we must have this one that belongs to the fountain. You shall be the first to set the fountain playing over there, Don Ippolito, and then we'll sit down on this stone bench before it, and imagine ourselves in the garden of Casa Vervain at Venice."

"No, no; let me be the last to set it playing here," said the priest, quickly stooping to the pipe at the foot of the figure, "and then we will sit down here, and imagine ourselves in the garden of Casa Vervain at Providence."

Florida put her hand on his shoulder. "You must n't do it," she said simply. "The padrone does n't like to waste the water."

"Oh, we'll pray the saints to rain it back on him some day," cried Don Ippolito with willful levity, and the stream leaped into the moonlight and seemed to hang there like a tangled skein of silver.

"But how shall I shut it off when you are gone?" asked the young girl, looking ruefully at the floating threads of splendor.

"Oh, I will shut it off before I go," answered Don Ippolito. "Let it play a moment," he continued, gazing rapturously upon it, while the moon painted his lifted face with a pallor that his black robes heightened. He fetched a long, sighing breath, as if he inhaled with that respiration the rich odors of the flowers, blanched like his own visage in the strong unluminous brightness; as if he absorbed into his heart at once the wide glory of the summer night, and the beauty of the young girl at his side.

It seemed a supreme moment with him; he looked as a man might look who has climbed out of life-long defeat into a single instant of release and triumph.

Florida sank upon the bench before the fountain, indulging his caprice with that sacred, motherly tolerance, some touch of which is in all womanly yielding to men's will, and which was perhaps present in greater degree in her feeling towards a man more than ordinarily orphaned and unfriended.

"Is Providence your native city?" asked Don Ippolito, abruptly, after a little silence.

"Oh no; I was born at St. Augustine in Florida."

"Ah yes, I forgot; madama has told me about it; Providence is *her* city. But the two are near together?"

"No," said Florida, compassionately, "they are a thousand miles apart."

"A thousand miles? What a vast country!"

"Yes, it's a whole world."

"Ah, a world, indeed!" cried the priest, softly. "I shall never comprehend it."

"You never will," answered the young girl gravely, "if you do not think about it more practically."

"Practically, practically!" lightly retorted the priest. "What a word with you Americans! That is the consul's word: *practical*."

"Then you have been to see him to-day?" asked Florida, with eagerness. "I wanted to ask you" —

"Yes, I went to consult the oracle, as you bade me."

"Don Ippolito" —

"And he was averse to my going to America. He said it was not practical."

"Oh!" murmured the girl.

"I think," continued the priest with vehemence, "that Signor Ferris is no longer my friend."

"Did he treat you coldly — harshly?" she asked, with a note of indignation in her voice. "Did he know that I — that you came" —

"Perhaps he was right. Perhaps I shall indeed go to ruin there. Ruin, ruin! Do I not *live* ruin here?"

"What did he say — what did he tell you?"

"No, no; not now, madamigella! I do not want to think of that man, now. I want you to help me once more to realize myself in America, where I shall never have been a priest, where I shall at least battle even-handed with the world. Come, let us forget him; the thought of him palsies all my hope. He could not see me save in this robe, in this figure that I abhor."

"Oh, it was strange, it was not like him, it was cruel! What did he say?"

"In everything but words, he bade me despair; he bade me look upon all that makes life dear and noble as impossible to me!"

"Oh, how? Perhaps he did not understand you. No, he did not understand you. What did you say to him, Don Ippolito? Tell me!" She leaned towards him, in anxious emotion, as she spoke.

The priest rose, and stretched out his arms, as if he would gather something of courage from the infinite space. In his visage were the sublimity and the terror of a man who puts everything to the risk.

"How will it really be with me, yonder?" he demanded. "As it is with other men, whom their past life, if it has been guiltless, does not follow to that new world of freedom and justice?"

"Why should it not be so?" demanded Florida. "Did *he* say it would not?"

"Need it be known there that I have been a priest? Or if I tell it, will it make me appear a kind of monster, different from other men?"

"No, no!" she answered fervently.

"Your story would gain friends and honor for you everywhere in America. Did *he*" —

"A moment, a moment!" cried Don Ippolito, catching his breath. "Will it ever be possible for me to win something more than honor and friendship there?"

She looked up at him askingly, confusedly.

"If I am a man, and the time should ever come that a face, a look, a voice,

shall be to me what they are to other men, will *she* remember it against me that I have been a priest, when I tell her—say to her, madamigella—how dear she is to me, offer her my life's devotion, ask her to be my wife" . . .

Florida rose from the seat, and stood confronting him, in a helpless silence, which he seemed not to notice.

Suddenly he clasped his hands together, and desperately stretched them towards her.

"Oh, my hope, my trust, my life, if it were *you* that I loved?" . . .

"What!" shuddered the girl, recoiling, with almost a shriek. "*You? A priest!*"

Don Ippolito gave a low cry, half laugh, half sob:—

"His words, his words! It is true, I cannot escape, I am doomed, I must die as I have lived!"

He dropped his face into his hands, and stood with his head bowed before her; neither spoke for a long time, or moved.

Then Florida said absently, in the husky murmur to which her voice fell when she was strongly moved, "Yes, I see it all, how it has been," and was silent again, staring, as if a procession of the events and scenes of the past months were passing before her; and presently she moaned to herself, "Oh, oh, oh!" and wrung her hands.

The foolish fountain kept capering and babbling on. All at once, now, as a flame flashes up and then expires, it leaped and dropped extinct at the foot of the statue.

Its going out seemed somehow to leave them in darkness, and under cover of that gloom she drew nearer the priest, and by such approaches as one makes toward a fancied apparition, when his fear will not let him fly, but it seems better to suffer the worst from it at once than to live in terror of it ever after, she lifted her hands to his, and gently taking them away from his face, looked into his hopeless eyes.

"Oh, Don Ippolito," she grieved. "What shall I say to you, what can I do for you, now?"

But there was nothing to do. The whole edifice of his dreams, his wild imaginations, had fallen into dust at a word; no magic could rebuild it; the end that never seems the end had come. He let her keep his cold hands, and presently he returned the entreaty of her tears with his wan, patient smile.

"You cannot help me; there is no help for an error like mine. Sometime, if ever the thought of me is a greater pain than it is at this moment, you can forgive me. Yes, you can do that for me."

"But who, *who* will ever forgive *me*," she cried, "for my blindness! Oh, you must believe that I never thought, I never dreamt"—

"I know it well. It was your fatal truth that did it; truth too high and fine for me to have discerned save through such agony as— You too loved my soul, like the rest, and you would have had me no priest for the reason that they would have had me a priest—I see it. But you had no right to love my soul and not me—you, a woman. A woman must not love only the soul of a man."

"Yes, yes!" piteously explained the girl, "but you were a priest to me!"

"That is true, madamigella. I was always a priest to you; and now I see that I never could be otherwise. Ah, the wrong began many years before we met. I was trying to blame you a little"—

"Blame me, blame me; do!"

—"but there is no blame. Think that it was another way of asking your forgiveness. . . . O my God, my God, my God!"

He released his hands from her, and uttered this cry under his breath, with his face lifted towards the heavens. When he looked at her again, he said: "Madamigella, if my share of this misery gives me the right to ask of you"—

"Oh ask anything of me! I will give everything, do everything!"

He faltered, and then, "You do not love me," he said abruptly; "is there some one else that you love?"

She did not answer.

"Is it . . . he?"

She hid her face.

"I knew it," groaned the priest, "I knew that, too!" and he turned away.

"Don Ippolito, Don Ippolito — oh, poor, poor Don Ippolito!" cried the girl, springing towards him. "Is *this* the way you leave me? Where are you going? What will you do now?"

"Did I not say? I am going to die a priest."

"Is there nothing that you will let me be to you, hope for you?"

"Nothing," said Don Ippolito, after a moment. "What could there be?" He seized the hands imploringly extended towards him, and clasped them together and kissed them both. "Adieu!" he whispered; then he opened them, and passionately kissed either palm; "adieu, adieu!"

A great wave of sorrow and compassion and despair for him swept through her. She flung her arms about his neck, and pulled his head down upon her heart, and held it tight there, weeping and moaning over him as over some hapless, harmless thing that she had unpurposely bruised or killed. Then she suddenly put her hand against his breast, and thrust him away, and turned and ran.

Ferris stepped back again into the shadow of the tree from which he had just emerged, and clung to its trunk lest he should fall. Another seemed to creep out of the court in his person, and totter across the white glare of the campo and down the blackness of the calle. In the intersected spaces where the moonlight fell, this alien, miserable man saw the figure of a priest gliding on before him.

W. D. Howells.

REMONSTRANCE.

"COME out and hear the birds sing! Oh, wherefore sit you there
At the western window watching, dreamy-pale and still and fair,
While the warm summer wind disparts your tresses' clustering gold?
What is it on the dim sea line your eyes would fain behold?"

"I seek a sail that never looms from out the purple haze
At rosy dawn, or fading eve, or in the noontide's blaze."

"A sail? Lo, many a column of white canvas far and near!
All day they glide across the blue, appear and disappear;
See, how they crowd the offing, flocking from the sultry South!
Why stirs a smile more sad than tears the patience of your mouth?"

"They lean before the freshening breeze, they cross the ocean floor,
But the ship that brings me tidings of my love comes nevermore."

"Come out into the garden where the crimson phloxes burn,
And every slender lily-stem upbears a lustrous urn;
A thousand greetings float to you from bud and bell and star,
Their sweetness freights the breathing wind; how beautiful they are!"

"Their brilliant color blinds me; I sicken at their breath;
The whisper of this mournful wind is sad to me as death."

"And must you sit so white and cold while all the world is bright?
Ah, come with me and see how all is brimming with delight!"

On the beach the emerald breaker murmurs o'er the tawny sand;
The white spray from the rock is tossed, by melting rainbows spanned."

"Nay, mock me not! I have no heart for nature's happiness;
One sound alone my soul can fill, one shape my sight can bless."

"And are your fetters forged so fast, though you were free and strong,
By the old, mysterious madness, told in story and in song
Since burdened with the human race the world began to roll?
Can you not thrust the weight away, so heavy on your soul?"

"There is no power in earth or heaven such madness to destroy,
And I would not part with sorrow that is sweeter far than joy."

"Oh marvelous content, that from such still despair is born!
Nay, I would wrestle with my fate till love were slain with scorn!
Oh, mournful Mariana! I would never sit so pale,
Watching, with eyes grown dim with dreams, the coming of a sail!"
"Peace, peace! How can you measure a depth you never knew?
My chains to me are dearer than your freedom is to you."

Celia Thaxter.

ATHENIAN AND AMERICAN LIFE.

IN a very interesting essay on British and Foreign Characteristics, published a few years ago, Mr. W. R. Greg quotes the famous letter of the Turkish *cadi* to Mr. Layard, with the comment that "it contains the germ and element of a wisdom to which our busy and bustling existence is a stranger;" and he uses it as a text for an instructive sermon on the "gospel of leisure." He urges, with justice, that the too eager and restless modern man, absorbed in problems of industrial development, may learn a wholesome lesson from the contemplation of his Oriental brother, who cares not to say, "Behold, this star spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tail cometh and goeth in so many years;" who aspires not after a "double stomach," nor hopes to attain to Paradise by "seeking with his eyes." If any one may be thought to stand in need of some such lesson, it is the American of to-day. Just as far as the Turk carries his apathy to excess, does the American carry to excess his restlessness. But just because the incurious idleness of the Turk is excessive, so as to be det-

ritamental to completeness of living, it is unfit to supply us with the hints we need concerning the causes, character, and effects of our over-activity. A sermon of leisure, if it is to be of practical use to us, must not be a sermon of laziness. The Oriental state of mind is incompatible with progressive improvement of any sort, physical, intellectual, or moral. It is one of the phenomena attendant upon the arrival of a community at a stationary condition before it has acquired a complex civilization. And it appears serviceable rather as a background upon which to exhibit in relief our modern turmoil, than by reason of any lesson which it is itself likely to convey. Let us in preference study one of the most eminently progressive of all the communities that have existed. Let us take an example quite different from any that can be drawn from Oriental life, but almost equally contrasted with any that can be found among ourselves; and let us, with the aid of it, examine the respective effects of leisure and of hurry upon the culture of the community.

What do modern critics mean by the

"healthily completeness" of ancient life, which they are so fond of contrasting with the "heated," "discontented," or imperfect and one-sided existence of modern communities? Is this a mere set of phrases, suited to some imaginary want of the literary critic, but answering to nothing real? Are they to be summarily disposed of as resting upon some tacit assumption of that old-granynism which delights in asseverating that times are not what they used to be? Is the contrast an imaginary one, due to the softened, cheerful light with which we are wont to contemplate classic antiquity through the charmed medium of its incomparable literature? Or is it a real contrast, worthy of the attention and analysis of the historical inquirer? The answer to these queries will lead us far into the discussion of the subject which we have propounded, and we shall best reach it by considering some aspects of the social condition of ancient Greece. The lessons to be learned from that wonderful country are not yet exhausted. Each time that we return to that richest of historic mines, and delve faithfully and carefully, we shall be sure to dig up some jewel worth carrying away.

And in considering ancient Greece, we shall do well to confine our attention, for the sake of definiteness of conception, to a single city. Comparatively homogeneous as Greek civilization was, there was nevertheless a great deal of difference between the social circumstances of sundry of its civic communities. What was true of Athens was frequently not true of Sparta or Thebes, and general assertions about ancient Greece are often likely to be correct only in a loose and general way. In speaking, therefore, of Greece, I must be understood in the main as referring to Athens, the eye and light of Greece, the nucleus and centre of Hellenic culture.

Let us note first that Athens was a large city surrounded by pleasant village-suburbs—the *demes* of Attika—very much as Boston is closely girdled by rural places like Brookline, Jamaica

Plain, and the rest, village after village rather thickly covering a circuit of from ten to twenty miles radius. The population of Athens with its suburbs may perhaps have exceeded half a million; but the number of adult freemen bearing arms did not exceed twenty-five thousand.¹ For every one of these freemen there were four or five slaves; not ignorant, degraded laborers, belonging to an inferior type of humanity, and bearing the marks of a lower caste in their very personal formation and in the color of their skin, like our lately-en-slaved negroes; but intelligent, skilled laborers, belonging usually to the Hellenic, and at any rate to the Aryan race, as fair and perhaps as handsome as their masters, and not subjected to especial ignominy or hardship. These slaves, of whom there were at least one hundred thousand adult males,² relieved the twenty-five thousand freemen of nearly all the severe drudgery of life; and the result was an amount of leisure perhaps never since known on an equal scale in history.

The relations of master and slave in ancient Athens constituted, of course, a very different phenomenon from anything which the history of our own Southern States has to offer us. Our Southern slave-holders lived in an age of industrial development; they were money-makers; they had their full share of business in managing the operations for which their laborers supplied the crude physical force. It was not so in Athens. The era of civilization founded upon organized industry had not begun; money-making had not come to be, with the Greeks, the one all-important end of life; and mere subsistence, which is now difficult, was then easy. The Athenian lived in a mild, genial, healthy climate, in a country which has always been notable for the activity and longevity of its inhabitants. He was frugal in his habits—a wine-drinker and an eater of meat, but rarely addicted to gluttony or intemperance. His dress was inex-

¹ See Herod. V. 97; Aristoph. Eccl. 432; Thukyd. II. 13; Plutarch, Perikl. 37.

² Boeckh, Die Staatshaushaltung der Athener.

pensive, for the Greek climate made but little protection necessary, and the gymnastic habits of the Greeks led them to esteem more highly the beauty of the body than that of its covering. His house was simple, not being intended for social purposes, while of what we should call home-life the Greeks had none. The house was a shelter at night, a place where the frugal meal might be taken, a place where the wife might stay, and look after the household slaves or attend to the children. And this brings us to another notable feature of Athenian life. The wife having no position in society, being nothing, indeed, but a sort of household utensil, how greatly was life simplified! What a door for expenditure was there, as yet securely closed, and which no one had thought of opening! No milliner's or dress-maker's bills, no evening parties, no Protean fashions, no elegant furniture, no imperious necessity for Kleantes to outshine Kleon, no coaches, no Château Margaux, no journeys to Arkadia in the summer! In such a state of society, as one may easily see, the labor of one man would support half a dozen. It cost the Athenian but a few cents daily to live, and even these few cents might be earned by his slaves. We need not, therefore, be surprised to learn that in ancient Athens there were no paupers or beggars. There might be poverty; but indigence was unknown; and because of the absence of fashion, style, and display, even poverty entailed no uncomfortable loss of social position. The Athenians valued wealth highly, no doubt, as a source of contributions to public festivals and to the necessities of the state. But as far as the circumstances of daily life go, the difference between the rich man and the poor man was immeasurably less than in any modern community, and the incentives to the acquirement of wealth were, as a consequence, comparatively slight.

I do not mean to say that the Athenians did not engage in business. Their city was a commercial city, and their ships covered the Mediterranean. They

had agencies and factories at Marseilles, on the remote coasts of Spain, and along the shores of the Black Sea. They were in many respects the greatest commercial people of antiquity, and doubtless knew, as well as other people, the keen delights of acquisition. But my point is that with them the acquiring of property had not become the chief or only end of life. Production was carried on almost entirely by slave-labor; interchange of commodities was the business of the masters, and commerce was in those days simple. Banks, insurance companies, brokers' boards—all these complex instruments of Mammon were as yet unthought of. There was no Wall Street in ancient Athens; there were no great failures, no commercial panics, no over-issues of stock. Commerce, in short, was a quite subordinate matter, and the art of money-making was in its infancy.

The twenty-five thousand Athenian freemen thus enjoyed, on the whole, more undisturbed leisure, more freedom from petty, harassing cares, than any other community known to history. Nowhere else can we find, on careful study, so little of the hurry and anxiety which destroys the even tenor of modern life—nowhere else so few of the circumstances which tend to make men insane, inebriate, or phthisical, or prematurely old.

This being granted, it remains only to state and illustrate the obverse fact. It is not only true that Athens has produced and educated a relatively larger number of men of the highest calibre and most complete culture than any other community of like dimensions which has ever existed; but it is also true that there has been no other community, of which the members have, as a general rule, been so highly cultivated, or have attained individually such completeness of life. In proof of the first assertion it will be enough to mention such names as those of Solon, Themistokles, Perikles, and Demosthenes; Isokrates and Lysias; Aristophanes and Menander; Æschylos, Sophokles, and Euripides; Pheidias and Praxiteles; Sokra-

tes and Plato; Thukydides and Xenophon; remembering that these men, distinguished for such different kinds of achievement, but like each other in consummateness of culture, were all produced within one town in the course of three centuries. At no other time and place in human history has there been even an approach to such a fact as this.

My other assertion, about the general culture of the community in which such men were reared, will need a more detailed explanation. When I say that the Athenian public was, on the whole, the most highly cultivated public that has ever existed, I refer of course to something more than what is now known as literary culture. Of this there was relatively little in the days of Athenian greatness; and this was because there was not yet need for it or room for it. Greece did not until a later time begin to produce scholars and *savants*; for the function of scholarship does not begin until there has been an accumulation of bygone literature to be interpreted for the benefit of those who live in a later time. Grecian greatness was already becoming a thing of the past, when scholarship and literary culture of the modern type began at Rome and Alexandria. The culture of the ancient Athenians was largely derived from direct intercourse with facts of nature and of life, and with the thoughts of rich and powerful minds orally expressed. The value of this must not be underrated. We moderns are accustomed to get so large a portion of our knowledge and of our theories of life out of books, our taste and judgment are so largely educated by intercourse with the printed page, that we are apt to confound culture with book-knowledge; we are apt to forget the innumerable ways in which the highest intellectual faculties may be disciplined without the aid of literature. We must study antiquity to realize how thoroughly this could be done. But even in our day, how much more fruitful is the direct influence of an original mind over us, in the rare cases when it can be en-

joyed, than any indirect influence which the same mind may exert through the medium of printed books! What fellow of a college, placed amid the most abundant and efficient implements of study, ever gets such a stimulus to the highest and richest intellectual life as was afforded to Eckermann by his daily intercourse with Goethe? The breadth of culture and the perfection of training exhibited by John Stuart Mill need not surprise us when we recollect that his earlier days were spent in the society of James Mill and Jeremy Bentham. And the remarkable extent of view, the command of facts, and the astonishing productiveness of such modern Frenchmen as Sainte-Beuve and Littré become explicable when we reflect upon the circumstance that so many able and brilliant men are collected in one city, where their minds may continually and directly react upon each other. It is from the lack of such personal stimulus that it is difficult or indeed well-nigh impossible, even for those whose resources are such as to give them an extensive command of books, to keep up to the highest level of contemporary culture while living in a village or provincial town. And it is mainly because of the personal stimulus which it affords to its students, that a great university, as a seat of culture, is immeasurably superior to a small one.

Nevertheless, the small community in any age possesses one signal advantage over the large one, in its greater simplicity of life and its consequent relative leisure. It was the prerogative of ancient Athens that it united the advantages of the large to those of the small community. In relative simplicity of life it was not unlike the modern village, while at the same time it was the metropolis where the foremost minds of the time were enabled to react directly upon one another. In yet another respect these opposite advantages were combined. The twenty-five thousand free inhabitants probably all knew more or less of each other. In this respect Athens was doubtless much like a New England country town, with the all-im-

portant difference that the sordid tone due to continual struggle for money was absent. It was like the small town in the chance which it afforded for publicity and community of pursuits among its inhabitants. Continuous and unrestrained social intercourse was accordingly a distinctive feature of Athenian life. And, as already hinted, this intercourse did not consist in evening flirtations, with the eating of indigestible food at unseasonable hours, and the dancing of "the German." It was carried on out-of-doors in the brightest sunlight; it brooked no effeminacy; its amusements were athletic games, or dramatic entertainments, such as have hardly since been equaled. Its arena was a town whose streets were filled with statues and adorned with buildings, merely to behold which was in itself an education. The participators in it were not men with minds so dwarfed by exclusive devotion to special pursuits that after "talking shop" they could find nothing else save wine and cookery to converse about. They were men with minds fresh and open for the discussion of topics which are not for a day only.

A man like Sokrates, living in such a community, did not need to write down his wisdom. He had no such vast public as the modern philosopher has to reach. He could hail any one he happened to pass in the street, begin an argument with him forthwith, and set a whole crowd thinking and inquiring about subjects the mere contemplation of which would raise them for the moment above matters of transient concern. For more than half a century any citizen might have gratis the benefit of oral instruction from such a man as he. And I sometimes think, by the way, that — curtailed as it is to literary proportions in the dialogues of Plato, bereft of all that personal potency which it had when it flowed, instinct with earnestness, from the lips of the teacher — even to this day the wit of man has perhaps devised no better general gymnastics for the understanding than the Sokratic dialectic. I am far from say-

ing that all Athens listened to Sokrates or understood him: had it been so, the caricature of Aristophanes would have been pointless, and the sublime yet mournful trilogy of dialogues which portray the closing scenes of the greatest life of antiquity would never have been written. But the mere fact that such a man lived and taught in the way that he did goes far in proof of the deep culture of the Athenian public. Further confirmation is to be found in the fact that such tragedies as the *Antigone*, the *Oidipous*, and the *Prometheus* were written to suit the popular taste of the time; not to be read by literary people, or to be performed before select audiences such as in our day listen to Ristori or Janauschek, but to hold spell-bound that vast concourse of all kinds of people which assembled at the Dionysiac festivals.

Still further proof is furnished by the exquisite literary perfection of Greek writings. One of the common arguments in favor of the study of Greek at the present day is based upon the opinion that in the best works extant in that language the art of literary expression has reached well-nigh absolute perfection. I fully concur in this opinion, so far as to doubt if even the greatest modern writers, even a Pascal or a Voltaire, can fairly sustain a comparison with such Athenians as Plato or Lysias. This excellence of the ancient books is in part immediately due to the fact that they were not written in a hurry, or amid the anxieties of an over-busy existence; but it is in greater part due to the indirect consequences of a leisurely life. These books were written for a public which knew well how to appreciate the finer beauties of expression; and, what is still more to the point, their authors lived in a community where an elegant style was habitual. Before a matchless style can be written, there must be a good style "in the air," as the French say. Probably the most finished talking and writing of modern times has been done in and about the French court in the seventeenth century; and it is accordingly there that we find men

like Pascal and Bossuet writing a prose which for precision, purity, and dignity has never since been surpassed. It is thus that the unapproachable literary excellence of ancient Greek books speaks for the genuine culture of the people who were expected to read them, or to hear them read. For one of the surest indices of true culture, whether professedly literary or not, is the power to express one's self in precise, rhythmical, and dignified language. We hardly need a better evidence than this of the superiority of the ancient community in the general elevation of its tastes and perceptions. Recollecting how Herodotos read his history at the Olympic games, let us try to imagine even so picturesque a writer as Mr. Parkman reading a few chapters of his *Jesuits in North America* before the spectators assembled at the Jerome Park races, and we shall the better realize how deep-seated was Hellenic culture.

As yet, however, I have referred to but one side of Athenian life. Though "seekers after wisdom," the cultivated people of Athens did not spend all their valuable leisure in dialectics or in connoisseurship. They were not a set of *dilettanti* or dreamy philosophers, and they were far from subordinating the material side of life to the intellectual. Also, though they dealt not in money-making after the eager fashion of modern men, they had still concerns of immediate practical interest with which to busy themselves. Each one of these twenty-five thousand free Athenians was not only a free voter, but an office-holder, a legislator, a judge. They did not control the government through a representative body, but they were the government. They were, one and all, in turn liable to be called upon to make laws, and to execute them after they were made, as well as to administer justice in civil and criminal suits. The affairs and interests, not only of their own city, but of a score or two of scattered dependencies, were more or less closely to be looked after by them. It lay with them to declare war, to carry it

on after declaring it, and to pay the expenses of it. Actually and not by deputy they administered the government of their own city, both in its local and in its imperial relations. All this implies a more thorough, more constant, and more vital political training than that which is implied by the modern duties of casting a ballot and serving on a jury. The life of the Athenian was emphatically a political life. From early manhood onward, it was part of his duty to hear legal questions argued by powerful advocates, and to utter a decision upon law and fact; or to mix in debate upon questions of public policy, arguing, listening, and pondering. It is customary to compare the political talent of the Greeks unfavorably with that displayed by the Romans, and I have no wish to dispute this estimate. But on a careful study it will appear that the Athenians, at least, in a higher degree than any other community of ancient times, exhibited parliamentary ability, or the ability to sit still while both sides of a question are getting discussed, — that sort of political talent for which the English races are distinguished, and to the lack of which so many of the political failures of the French are egregiously due. One would suppose that a judicature of the whole town would be likely to execute a sorry parody of justice; yet justice was by no means ill-administered at Athens. Even the most unfortunate and disgraceful scenes, — as where the proposed massacre of the Mytilenæans was discussed, and where summary retribution was dealt out to the generals who had neglected their duty at Arginousai, — even these scenes furnish, when thoroughly examined, as by Mr. Grote, only the more convincing proof that the Athenian was usually swayed by sound reason and good sense to an extraordinary degree. All great points, in fact, were settled rather by sober appeals to reason than by intrigue or lobbying; and one cannot help thinking that an Athenian of the time of Perikles would have regarded with pitying contempt the trick of the "previous ques-

tion." And this explains the undoubted preëminence of Athenian oratory. This accounts for the fact that we find in the forensic annals of a single city, and within the compass of a single century, such names as Lysias, Isokrates, Andokides, Hypercides, Aischines, and Demosthenes. The art of oratory, like the art of sculpture, shone forth more brilliantly then than ever since, because then the conditions favoring its development were more perfectly combined than they have since been. Now, a condition of society in which the multitude can always be made to stand quietly and listen to a logical discourse is a condition of high culture. Readers of Xenophon's *Anabasis* will remember the frequency of the speeches in that charming book. Whenever some terrible emergency arose, or some alarming quarrel or disheartening panic occurred, in the course of the retreat of the Ten Thousand, an oration from one of the commanders — not a demagogue's appeal to the lower passions, but a calm exposition of circumstances addressed to the sober judgment — usually sufficed to set all things in order. To my mind this is one of the most impressive historical lessons conveyed in Xenophon's book. And this peculiar kind of self-control, indicative of intellectual sobriety and high moral training, which was more or less characteristic of all Greeks, was especially characteristic of the Athenians.

These illustrations will, I hope, suffice to show that there is nothing extravagant in the high estimate which I have made of Athenian culture. I have barely indicated the causes of this singular perfection of individual training in the social circumstances amid which the Athenians lived. I have alleged it as an instance of what may be accomplished by a well-directed leisure, and in the absence or very scanty development of such a complex industrial life as that which surrounds us to-day. But I have not yet quite done with the Athenians. Before leaving this part of the subject, I must mention one further circumstance which tends to make ancient

life appear in our eyes more sunny and healthy, and less distressed, than the life of modern times. And in this instance, too, though we are not dealing with any immediate or remote effects of leisureliness, we still have to note the peculiar advantage gained by the absence of a great complexity of interests in the ancient community.

With respect to religion, the Athenians were peculiarly situated. They had for the most part outgrown the primitive terrorism of fetishistic belief. Save in cases of public distress, as in the mutilation of the *Hermæ*, or in the refusal of *Nikias* to retreat from *Syracuse* because of an eclipse of the moon, they were no longer, like savages, afraid of the dark. Their keen æsthetic sense had prevailed to turn the horrors of a primeval nature-worship into beauties. Their springs and groves were peopled by their fancy with naiads and dryads, not with trolls and grotesque goblins. Their feelings towards the unseen powers at work about them were in the main pleasant; as witness the little story about *Pheidippides* meeting the god *Pan* as he was making with hot haste toward *Sparta* to announce the arrival of the Persians. Now, while this original source of mental discomfort, which afflicts the uncivilized man, had ceased materially to affect the Athenians, they on the other hand lived at a time when the vague sense of sin and self-reproof which was characteristic of the early ages of Christianity, had not yet invaded society. The vast complication of life brought about by the extension of the Roman Empire led to a great development of human sympathies, unknown in earlier times, and called forth unquiet yearnings, desire for amelioration, a sense of short-coming, and a morbid self-consciousness. It is accordingly under Roman sway that we first come across characters approximating to the modern type, like *Cicero*, *Seneca*, *Epictetus*, and *Marcus Aurelius*. It is then that we find the idea of social progress first clearly expressed, that we discover some glimmerings of a conscious philanthropy, and that we detect the

earliest symptoms of that unhealthy tendency to subordinate too entirely the physical to the moral life, which reached its culmination in the Middle Ages. In the palmy days of the Athenians it was different. When we hint that they were not consciously philanthropists, we do not mean that they were not humane; when we accredit them with no idea of progress, we do not forget how much they did to render both the idea and the reality possible; when we say that they had not a distressing sense of spiritual unworthiness, we do not mean that they had no conscience. We mean that their moral and religious life sat easily on them, like their own graceful drapery, — did not gall and worry them, like the hair-cloth garment of the monk. They were free from that dark conception of a devil which lent terror to life in the Middle Ages; and the morbid self-consciousness which led mediæval women to immure themselves in convents would have been to an Athenian quite inexplicable. They had, in short, an open and child-like conception of religion; and, as such, it was a sunny conception. Any one who will take the trouble to compare an idyl of Theokritos with a modern pastoral, or the poem of Kleantes with a modern hymn, or the Venus of Milo with a modern Madonna, will realize most effectually what I mean.

And, finally, the religion of the Athenians was in the main symbolized in a fluctuating mythology, and had never been hardened into dogmas. The Athenian was subject to no priest, nor was he obliged to pin his faith to any formulated creed. His hospitable polytheism left little room for theological persecution, and none for any heresy short of virtual atheism. The feverish doubts which rack the modern mind left him undisturbed. Though he might sink to any depth of skepticism in philosophy, yet the eternal welfare of his soul was not supposed to hang upon the issue of his doubts. Accordingly Athenian society was not only characterized in the main by freedom of opinions, in spite of the exceptional cases of Anaxagoras and Sokrates; but there was also none of

that Gothic gloom with which the deep-seated Christian sense of infinite responsibility for opinion has saddened modern religious life.

In these reflections I have wandered a little way from my principal theme, in order more fully to show why the old Greek life impresses us as so cheerful. Returning now to the key-note with which we started, let us state succinctly the net result of what has been said about the Athenians. As a people we have seen that they enjoyed an unparalleled amount of leisure, living through life with but little turmoil and clatter. Their life was more spontaneous and unrestrained, less rigorously marked out by uncontrollable circumstances, than the life of moderns. They did not run so much in grooves. And along with this we have seen reason to believe that they were the most profoundly cultivated of all peoples; that a larger proportion of men lived complete, well-rounded, harmonious lives in ancient Athens than in any other known community. Keen, nimble-minded, and self-possessed, audacious speculators, but temperate and averse to extravagance, emotionally healthy, and endowed with an unequaled sense of beauty and propriety, how admirable and wonderful they seem when looked at across the gulf of ages intervening, and what a priceless possession to humanity, of what noble augury for the distant future, is the fact that such a society has once existed!

The lesson to be drawn from the study of this antique life will impress itself more deeply upon us after we have briefly contemplated the striking contrast to it which is afforded by the phase of civilization amid which we live to-day. Ever since Greek civilization was merged in Roman imperialism, there has been a slowly growing tendency towards complexity of social life, — toward the widening of sympathies, the multiplying of interests, the increase of the number of things to be done. Through the later Middle Ages, after Roman civilization had absorbed and disciplined the incoming barbarism which had threatened to destroy it, there was a stead-

ily increasing complication of society, a multiplication of the wants of life, and a consequent enhancement of the difficulty of self-maintenance. The ultimate causes of this phenomenon lie so far beneath the surface that they could be satisfactorily discussed only in a technical essay on the evolution of society. It will be enough for us here to observe that the great geographical discoveries of the sixteenth century and the somewhat later achievements of physical science have, during the past two hundred years, aided powerfully in determining the entrance of the Western world upon an industrial epoch—an epoch which has for its final object the complete subjection of the powers of nature to purposes of individual comfort and happiness. We have now to trace some of the effects of this lately-begun industrial development upon social life and individual culture. And as we studied the leisurcliness of antiquity where its effects were most conspicuous, in the city of Athens, we shall now do well to study the opposite characteristics of modern society where they are most conspicuously exemplified, in our own country. The attributes of American life which it will be necessary to signalize will be seen to be only the attributes of modern life in their most exaggerated phase.

To begin with, in studying the United States, we are no longer dealing with a single city, or with small groups of cities. The city as a political unit, in the antique sense, has never existed among us, and indeed can hardly be said now to exist anywhere. The modern city is hardly more than a great emporium of trade, or a place where large numbers of people find it convenient to live huddled together; not a sacred fatherland to which its inhabitants owe their highest allegiance, and by the requirements of which their political activity is limited. What strikes us here is that our modern life is diffused or spread out, not concentrated like the ancient civic life. If the Athenian had been the member of an integral community, comprising all peninsular Greece

and the mainland of Asia Minor, he could not have taken life so easily as he did.

Now our country is not only a very large one, but compared to its vast territorial extent it contains a very small population. If we go on increasing at the present rate, so that a century hence we number four or five hundred millions, our country will be hardly more crowded than China is to-day. Or if our whole population were now to be brought east of Niagara Falls, and confined on the south by the Potomac, we should still have as much elbow-room as they have in France. Political economists can show the effects of this high ratio of land to inhabitants, in increasing wages, raising the interest of money, and stimulating production. We are thus living amid circumstances which are goading the industrial activity characteristic of the last two centuries, and notably of the English race, into an almost feverish energy. The vast extent of our unwrought territory is constantly draining fresh life from our older districts, to aid in the establishment of new frontier communities of a somewhat lower or less highly organized type. And these younger communities, daily springing up, are constantly striving to take on the higher structure,—to become as highly civilized and to enjoy as many of the prerogatives of civilization as the rest. All this calls forth an enormous quantity of activity, and causes American life to assume the aspect of a life-and-death struggle for mastery over the material forces of that part of the earth's surface upon which it thrives.

It is thus that we are traversing what may properly be called the *barbarous* epoch of our history,—the epoch at which the predominant intellectual activity is employed in achievements which are mainly of a material character. Military barbarism, or the inability of communities to live together without frequent warfare, has been nearly outgrown by the whole Western world. Private wars, long since made everywhere illegal, have nearly ceased; and public wars, once continual, have be-

come infrequent. But industrial barbarism, by which I mean the inability of a community to direct a portion of its time to purposes of spiritual life, after providing for its physical maintenance, — this kind of barbarism the modern world has by no means outgrown. To-day, the great work of life is to live; while the amount of labor consumed in living has throughout the present century been rapidly increasing. Nearly the whole of this American community toils from youth to old age in merely procuring the means for satisfying the transient wants of life. Our time and energies, our spirit and buoyancy, are quite used up in what is called "getting on."

Another point of difference between the structure of American and of Athenian society must not be left out of the account. The time has gone by in which the energies of a hundred thousand men and women could be employed in ministering to the individual perfection of twenty-five thousand. Slavery, in the antique sense, — an absolute command of brain as well as of muscle, a slave-system of skilled labor, — we have never had. In our day it is for each man to earn his own bread; so that the struggle for existence has become universal. The work of one class does not furnish leisure for another class. The exceptional circumstances which freed the Athenian from industrial barbarism, and enabled him to become the great teacher and model of culture for the human race, have disappeared forever.

Then the general standard of comfortable living, as already hinted, has been greatly raised, and is still rising. What would have satisfied the ancient would seem to us like penury. We have a domestic life of which the Greek knew nothing. We live during a large part of the year in the house. Our social life goes on under the roof. Our houses are not mere places for eating and sleeping, like the houses of the ancients. It therefore costs us a large amount of toil to get what is called shelter for our heads. The sum which a young married man, in "good society," has to pay

for his house and the furniture contained in it, would have enabled an Athenian to live in princely leisure from youth to old age. The sum which he has to pay out each year, to meet the complicated expense of living in such a house, would have more than sufficed to bring up an Athenian family. If worthy Strepsiadēs could have got an Asmodean glimpse of Fifth Avenue, or even of some unpretending street in Cambridge, he might have gone back to his aristocratic wife a sadder but a more contented man.

Wealth — or at least what would until lately have been called wealth — has become essential to comfort; while the opportunities for acquiring it have in recent times been immensely multiplied. To get money is, therefore, the chief end of life in our time and country. "Success in life" has become synonymous with "becoming wealthy." A man who is successful in what he undertakes is a man who makes his employment pay him in money. Our normal type of character is that of the shrewd, circumspect business man; as in the Middle Ages it was that of the hardy warrior. And as in those days when fighting was a constant necessity, and when the only honorable way for a gentleman of high rank to make money was by freebooting, fighting came to be regarded as an end desirable in itself; so in these days the mere effort to accumulate has become a source of enjoyment rather than a means to it. The same truth is to be witnessed in aberrant types of character. The infatuated speculator and the close-fisted millionaire are our substitutes for the mediæval berserkir — the man who loved the pell-mell of a contest so well that he would make war on his neighbor, just to keep his hand in. In like manner, while such crimes as murder and violent robbery have diminished in frequency during the past century, on the other hand such crimes as embezzlement, gambling in stocks, adulteration of goods, and using of false weights and measures, have probably increased. If Dick Turpin were now to be brought back to life, he would find the New York Custom-House a more

congenial and profitable working place than the king's highway.

The result of this universal quest for money is that we are always in a hurry. Our lives pass by in a whirl. It is all labor and no fruition. We work till we are weary; we carry our work home with us; it haunts our evenings, and disturbs our sleep as well as our digestion. Our minds are so burdened with it that our conversation, when serious, can dwell upon little else. If we step into a railway-car, or the smoking-room of a hotel, or any other place where a dozen or two of men are gathered together, we shall hear them talking of stocks, of investments, of commercial paper, as if there were really nothing in this universe worth thinking of, save only the interchange of dollars and commodities. So constant and unremitted is our forced application, that our minds are dwarfed for everything except the prosecution of the one universal pursuit.

Are we now prepared for the completing of the contrast? Must we say that, as Athens was the most leisurely and the United States is the most hurried community known in history, so the Americans are, as a consequence of their hurry, lacking in thoroughness of culture? Or, since it is difficult to bring our modern culture directly into contrast with that of an ancient community, let me state the case after a different but equivalent fashion. Since the United States present only an exaggerated type of the modern industrial community, since the turmoil of incessant money-getting, which affects all modern communities in large measure, affects us most seriously of all, shall it be said that we are, on the whole, less highly cultivated than our contemporaries in Western Europe? To a certain extent we must confess that this is the case. In the higher culture — in the culture of the whole man, according to the antique idea — we are undoubtedly behind all other nations with which it would be fair to compare ourselves. It will not do to decide a question like this merely by counting literary celebrities, although even thus we should by no means get a verdict in

our favor. Since the beginning of this century, England has produced as many great writers and thinkers as France or Germany; yet the general status of culture in England is said — perhaps with truth — to be lower than it is in these countries. It is said that the average Englishman has his mind less generally and soundly developed than the average German or Frenchman; he is less ready to sympathize with ideas which have no obvious market-value. Yet in England there is an amount of high culture among those not professionally scholars, which it would be vain to seek among ourselves. The purposes of my argument, however, require that the comparison should be made between our own country and Western Europe in general. Compare, then, our best magazines — not solely with regard to their intrinsic excellence, but also with regard to the way in which they are sustained — with the *Revue des Deux Mondes* or the *Journal des Débats*. Or compare our leading politicians with men like Gladstone, Disraeli, or Sir G. C. Lewis; or even with such men as Brougham or Thiers. Or compare the slovenly style of our newspaper articles, I will not say with the exquisite prose of the lamented *Prévost-Paradol*, but with the ordinary prose of the French or English newspaper. But a far better illustration — for it goes down to the root of things — is suggested by the recent work of Matthew Arnold on the schools of the continent of Europe. The country of our time where the general culture is unquestionably the highest is Prussia. Now, in Prussia, they are able to have a Minister of Education, who is a member of the Cabinet. They are sure that this minister will not appoint or remove even an assistant professor for political reasons. Only once, as Arnold tells us, has such a thing been done; and then public opinion expressed itself in such an emphatic tone of disapproval that the displaced teacher was instantly appointed to another position. Nothing of this sort, says Arnold, could have occurred in England; but still less could it occur in America. Had we such an educa-

tional system, there would presently be an "Education Ring" to control it. Nor can this difference be ascribed to the less eager political activity of Germany. The Prussian state of things would have been possible in ancient Athens, where political life was as absorbing and nearly as turbulent as in the United States. The difference is due to our lack of faith in culture, a lack of faith in that of which we have not had adequate experience.

We lack culture because we live in a hurry, and because our attention is given up to pursuits which call into activity and develop but one side of us. On the one hand contemplate Sokrates quietly entertaining a crowd in the Athenian market-place, and on the other hand consider Broadway with its eternal clatter, and its throngs of hurrying people elbowing and treading on each other's heels, and you will get a lively notion of the difference between the extreme phases of ancient and modern life. By the time we have thus rushed through our day, we have no strength left to devote to things spiritual. To-day finds us no nearer fruition than yesterday. And if perhaps the time at last arrives when fruition is practicable, our minds have run so long in the ruts that they cannot be twisted out.

As it is impossible for any person living in a given state of society to keep himself exempt from its influences, detrimental as well as beneficial, we find that even those who strive to make a literary occupation subservient to purposes of culture are not, save in rare cases, spared by the general turmoil. Those who have at once the ability, the taste, and the wealth needful for training themselves to the accomplishment of some many-sided and permanent work are of course very few. Nor have our universities yet provided themselves with the means for securing to literary talent the leisure which is essential to complete mental development, or to a high order of productiveness. Although in most industrial enterprises we know how to work together so successfully, in literature we have as yet no coöperation.

We have not only no Paris, but we have not even a Tübingen, a Leipsic, or a Jena, or anything corresponding to the fellowships in the English universities. Our literary workers have no choice but to fall into the ranks, and make merchandise of their half-formed ideas. They must work without coöperation, they must write in a hurry, and they must write for those who have no leisure for aught but hasty and superficial reading.

Bursting boilers and custom-house frauds may have at first sight nothing to do with each other or with my subject. It is indisputable, however, that the horrible massacres perpetrated every few weeks or months by our common carriers, and the disgraceful speculation in which we allow our public servants to indulge with hardly ever an effective word of protest, are alike to be ascribed to the same causes which interfere with our higher culture. It is by no means a mere accidental coincidence that for every dollar stolen by government officials in Prussia, at least fifty or a hundred are stolen in the United States. This does not show that the Germans are our superiors in average honesty, but it shows that they are our superiors in thoroughness. It is with them an imperative demand that any official whatever shall be qualified for his post; a principle of public economy which in our country is not simply ignored in practice, but often openly laughed at. But in a country where high intelligence and thorough training are imperatively demanded, it follows of necessity that these qualifications must insure for their possessors a permanent career in which the temptations to malfeasance or dishonesty are reduced to the minimum. On the other hand, in a country where intelligence and training have no surety that they are to carry the day against stupidity and inefficiency, the incentives to dishonorable conduct are overpowering. The result in our own political life is that the best men are driven in disgust from politics, and thus one of the noblest fields for the culture of the whole man is given over to be worked by

swindlers and charlatans. To an Athenian such a severance of the highest culture from political life would have been utterly inconceivable. Obviously the deepest explanation of all this lies in our lack of belief in the necessity for high and thorough training. We do not value culture enough to keep it in our employ or to pay it for its services; and what is this short-sighted negligence but the outcome of the universal shiftlessness begotten of the habit of doing everything in a hurry? On every hand we may see the fruits of this shiftlessness, from buildings that tumble in, switches that are misplaced, furnaces that are ill-protected, fire-brigades that are without discipline, up to unauthorized meddlings with the currency, and revenue laws which defeat their own purpose.

I said above that the attributes of American life which we should find it necessary for our purpose to signalize are simply the attributes of modern life in their most exaggerated phase. Is there not a certain sense in which all modern handiwork is hastily and imperfectly done? To begin with common household arts, does not every one know that old things are more durable than new things? Our grandfathers wore better shoes than we wear, because there was leisure enough to cure the leather properly. In old times a chair was made of seasoned wood, and its joints carefully fitted; its maker had leisure to see that it was well put together. Now a thousand are turned off at once by machinery, out of green wood, and, with their backs glued on, are hurried off to their evil fate, — destined to drop in pieces if they happen to stand near the fire-place, and liable to collapse under the weight of a heavy man. Some of us still preserve, as heirlooms, old tables and bedsteads of Cromwellian times: in the twenty-first century what will have become of our machine-made bedsteads and tables?

Perhaps it may seem odd to talk about tanning and joinery in connection with culture, but indeed there is a subtle bond of union holding together all these

things. Any phase of life can be understood only by associating with it some different phase. Sokrates himself has taught us how the homely things illustrate the grand things. If we turn to the art of musical composition, and inquire into some of the differences between our recent music and that of Händel's time, we shall alight upon the very criticism which Mr. Mill somewhere makes in comparing ancient with modern literature: the substance has improved, but the form has deteriorated. The modern music expresses the results of a richer and more varied emotional experience, and in wealth of harmonic resources, to say nothing of increased skill in orchestration, it is notably superior to the old music. Along with this advance, however, there is a perceptible falling off in symmetry and completeness of design, and in what I would call spontaneousness of composition. I believe that this is because modern composers, as a rule, do not drudge patiently enough upon counterpoint. They do not get that absolute mastery over technical difficulties of figuration which was the great secret of the incredible facility and spontaneity of composition displayed by Händel and Bach. Among recent musicians Mendelssohn is the most thoroughly disciplined in the technical rules of counterpoint; and it is this perfect mastery of the tools of his art which has enabled him to outrank Schubert and Schumann, neither of whom would one venture to pronounce inferior to him in native wealth of musical ideas. May we not partly attribute to rudimentary deficiency in counterpoint the irregularity of structure which so often disfigures the works of the great Wagner and the lesser Liszt, and which the more ardent admirers of these composers are inclined to regard as a symptom of progress?

I am told that a similar illustration might be drawn from the modern history of painting; that, however noble the conceptions of the great painters of the present century, there are none who have gained such a complete mastery over the technicalities of drawing and the handling of the brush as was re-

quired in the times of Raphael, Titian, and Rubens. But on this point I can only speak from hearsay, and am quite willing to end here my series of illustrations, fearing that I may already have been wrongly set down as a *laudator temporis acti*. Not the idle praising of times gone by, but the getting a lesson from them which may be of use to us, has been my object. And I believe enough has been said to show that the great complexity of modern life, with its multiplicity of demands upon our energy, has got us into a state of chronic hurry, the results of which are everywhere to be seen in the shape of less thorough workmanship and less rounded culture.

For one moment let me stop to note a further source of the relative imperfection of modern culture, which is best illustrated in the case of literature. I allude to the immense, unorganized mass of literature in all departments, representing the accumulated acquisitions of past ages, which must form the basis of our own achievement, but with which our present methods of education seem inadequate to deal properly. Speaking roughly, modern literature may be said to be getting into the state which Roman jurisprudence was in before it was reformed by Justinian. Philosophic criticism has not yet reached the point at which it may serve as a natural codifier. We must read laboriously and expend a disproportionate amount of time and pains in winnowing the chaff from the wheat. This tends to make us "digs" or literary drudges; but I doubt if the "dig" is a thoroughly developed man. Goethe, with all his boundless knowledge, his universal curiosity, and his admirable capacity for work, was not a "dig." But this matter can only be hinted at: it is too large to be well discussed at the fag end of an essay while other points are pressing for consideration.

A state of chronic hurry not only directly hinders the performance of thorough work, but it has an indirect tendency to blunt the enjoyment of life. Let us consider for a moment one of the

psychological consequences entailed by the strain of a too complex and rapid activity. Every one must have observed that in going off for a vacation of two or three weeks, or in getting freed in any way from the ruts of everyday life, time slackens its gait somewhat, and the events which occur are apt a few years later to cover a disproportionately large area in our recollections. This is because the human organism is a natural time-piece in which the ticks are conscious sensations. The greater the number of sensations which occupy the foreground of consciousness during the day, the longer the day seems in the retrospect. But the various groups of sensations which accompany our daily work tend to become automatic from continual repetition, and to sink into the background of consciousness; and in a very complex and busied life the number of sensations or states of consciousness which can struggle up to the front and get attended to, is comparatively small. It is thus that the days seem so short when we are busy about every-day matters, and that they get blurred together, and as it were individually annihilated in recollection. When we travel, a comparatively large number of fresh sensations occupy attention, there is a maximum of consciousness, and a distinct image is left to loom up in memory. For the same reason the weeks and years are much longer to the child than to the grown man. The life is simpler and less hurried, so that there is time to attend to a great many sensations. Now this fact lies at the bottom of that keen enjoyment of existence which is the prerogative of childhood and early youth. The day is not rushed through by the automatic discharge of certain psychical functions, but each sensation stays long enough to make itself recognized. Now when once we understand the psychology of this matter, it becomes evident that the same contrast that holds between the child and the man must hold also between the ancient and the modern. The number of elements entering into ancient life were so few relatively, that there must have

been far more than there is now of that intense realization of life which we can observe in children and remember of our own childhood. Space permitting, it would be easy to show from Greek literature how intense was this realization of life. But my point will already have been sufficiently apprehended. Already we cannot fail to see how difficult it is to get more than a minimum of conscious fruition out of a too complex and rapid activity.

One other point is worth noticing before we close. How is this turmoil of modern existence impressing itself upon the physical constitutions of modern men and women? When an individual man engages in furious productive activity, his friends warn him that he will break down. Does the collective man of our time need some such friendly warning? Let us first get a hint from what foreigners think of us ultra-modernized Americans. Wandering journalists, of an ethnological turn of mind, who visit these shores, profess to be struck with the slenderness, the apparent lack of toughness, the dyspeptic look, of the American physique. And from such observations it has been seriously argued that the stalwart English race is suffering inevitable degeneracy in this foreign climate. I have even seen it doubted whether a race of men can ever become thoroughly naturalized in a locality to which it is not indigenous. To such vagaries it is a sufficient answer that the English are no more indigenous to England than to America. They are indigenous to Central Asia, and as they have survived the first transplantation, they may be safely counted on to survive the second. A more careful survey will teach us that the slow alteration of physique which is going on in this country is only an exaggeration of that which modern civilization is tending to bring about everywhere. It is caused by the premature and excessive strain upon the mental powers requisite to meet the emergencies of our complex life. The progress of events has thrown the work of sustaining life so largely upon the brain that

we are beginning to sacrifice the physical to the intellectual. We are growing *spirituelle* in appearance at the expense of robustness. Compare any typical Greek face, with its firm muscles, its symmetry of feature, and its serenity of expression, to a typical modern portrait, with its more delicate contour, its exaggerated forehead, its thoughtful, perhaps jaded look. Or consider in what respects the grand faces of the Plantagenet monarchs differ from the refined countenances of the leading English statesmen of to-day. Or again, consider the familiar pictures of the Oxford and Harvard crews which rowed a race on the Thames in 1870, and observe how much less youthful are the faces of the Americans. By contrast they almost look careworn. The summing up of countless such facts is that modern civilization is making us nervous. Our most formidable diseases are of nervous origin. We seem to have got rid of the mediæval plague and many of its typhoid congeners; but instead we have an increased amount of insanity, methomania, consumption, dyspepsia, and paralysis. In this fact it is plainly written that we are suffering physically from the over-work and over-excitement entailed by excessive hurry.

In view of these various but nearly related points of difference between ancient and modern life as studied in their extreme manifestations, it cannot be denied that while we have gained much, we have also lost a good deal that is valuable, in our progress. We cannot but suspect that we are not in all points more highly favored than the ancients. And it becomes probable that Athens, at all events, which I have chosen as my example, may have exhibited an adumbration of a state of things which, for the world at large, is still in the future, — still to be remotely hoped for. The rich complexity of modern social achievement is attained at the cost of individual many-sidedness. As Tennyson puts it, "the individual withers and the world is more and more." Yet the individual does not exist for the sake of

society, as the positivists would have us believe, but society exists for the sake of the individual. And the test of complete social life is the opportunity which it affords for complete individual life. Tried by this test, our contemporary civilization will appear seriously defective, —excellent only as a preparation for something better.

This is the true light in which to regard it. This incessant turmoil, this rage for accumulation of wealth, this crowding, jostling, and trampling upon each other, cannot be regarded as permanent, or as anything more than the accompaniment of a transitional stage of civilization. There must be a limit to the extent to which the standard of comfortable living can be raised. The industrial organization of society, which is now but beginning, must culminate in a state of things in which the means of expense will exceed the demand for expense, in which the human race will have some surplus capital. The incessant manual labor which the ancients relegated to slaves will in course of time be more and more largely performed by inanimate machinery. Unskilled labor will for the most part disappear. Skilled labor will consist in the guiding of implements contrived with versatile cunning for the relief of human nerve and muscle. Ultimately there will be no unsettled land to fill, no frontier life, no savage races to be assimilated or extirpated, no extensive migration. Thus life will again become comparatively stationary. The chances for making great fortunes quickly will be diminished, while the facilities for acquiring a competence by steady labor will be increased. When every one is able to reach the normal standard of comfortable living, we must suppose that the exaggerated appetite for wealth and display will gradually disappear. We shall be more easily satisfied, and thus enjoy more leisure. It may be that there will ultimately exist, over the civilized world, conditions as favorable to the complete fruition of life as those which formerly existed within the narrow circuit of Attika; save that the part

once played by enslaved human brain and muscle will finally be played by the enslaved forces of insentient nature. Society will at last bear the test of providing for the complete development of its individual members.

So, at least, we may hope; such is the probability which the progress of events, when carefully questioned, sketches out for us. "Need we fear," asks Mr. Greg, "that the world would stagnate under such a change? Need we guard ourselves against the misconstruction of being held to recommend a life of complacent and inglorious inaction? We think not. We would only substitute a nobler for a meaner strife—a rational for an excessive toil—an enjoyment that springs from serenity, for one that springs from excitement only. . . . To each time its own preacher, to each excess its own counteraction. In an age of dissipation, languor, and stagnation, we should join with Mr. Carlyle in preaching the 'Evangel of Work,' and say with him, 'Blessed is the man who has found his work—let him ask no other blessedness.' In an age of strenuous, frenzied, . . . and often utterly irrational and objectless exertion, we join Mr. Mill in preaching the milder and more needed 'Evangel of Leisure.' "

Bearing all these things in mind, we may understand the remark of the supremely cultivated Goethe, when asked who were his masters: "*Die Griechen, die Griechen, und immer die Griechen.*" We may appreciate the significance of Mr. Mill's argument in favor of the study of antiquity, that it preserves the tradition of an era of individual completeness. There is a disposition growing among us to remodel our methods of education in conformity with the temporary requirements of the age in which we live. In this endeavor there is much that is wise and practical; but in so far as it tends to the neglect of antiquity, I cannot think it well-timed. Our education should not only enhance the value of what we possess; it should also supply the consciousness of what we lack. And while, for generations to come, we pass toilfully through an era

of exorbitant industrialism, some fragment of our time will not be misspent in keeping alive the tradition of a state of things which was once briefly enjoyed by a little community, but which, in the distant future, will, as it is hoped, become the permanent possession of all mankind.

John Fiske.

STILL TENANTED.

OLD house, how desolate thy life!
Nay, life and death alike have fled;
Nor thrift, nor any song within,
Nor daily thought for daily bread.

The dew is nightly on thy hearth,
Yet something sweeter to thee clings,
And some who enter think they hear
The murmur of departing wings.

No doubt within the chambers there, —
Not by the wall nor through the gate, —
Uncounted tenants come, to whom
The house is not so desolate.

To them the walls are white and warm,
The chimneys lure the laughing flame,
The bride and groom take happy hands,
The new-born babe awaits a name.

Who knows what far-off journeyers
At night return with winged feet,
To cool their fever in the brook,
Or haunt the meadow, clover-sweet?

And yet the morning mowers find
No foot-print in the grass they mow,
The water's clear, unwritten song
Is not of things that come or go.

'T is not forsaken rooms alone
That unseen people love to tread,
Nor in the moments only when
The day's eluded cares are dead.

To every home, or high or low,
Some unimagined guests repair,
Who come unseen to break and bless
The bread and oil they never share.

Hiram Rich.

MISS GEORGINE'S HUSBAND.

DID I ever see a ghost? I don't know just what you mean by a ghost, Miss Bessy, but if you mean the appearance of a person after I had seen him die with my own eyes, and laid him out with my own hands . . .

I don't exactly know about telling you the story. You see, it's a true story, and a very solemn one, and I shouldn't like to have it laughed at, or to have any one tell me I didn't see what I did see. But you was always a pretty-behaved young lady, and you know I can't refuse you anything, so if you will sit down quiet and take your work, I'll tell you all about it, my dear.

You know, honey, I'm a very old woman, and when I was young I was a slave to old Judge Cleaveland, over on the Flats. There were slaves in York State then. I was born down in Maryland, but the Judge moved up to these parts when I was very small, and brought his servants with him. We were well enough treated. Judge Cleaveland was a hard, high-tempered man, and used to have awful ugly fits sometimes, but, like most folks of that kind, he could keep his temper well enough when it suited him, and he knew it was easy enough for his servants to run away if they didn't like their treatment. When I was eighteen I married Zack Davis, the coachman, and after that we lived mostly in a house of our own. We were free by that time, and we bought a nice little log-house and some land for a garden, but we worked up at the house all the same.

The old Judge was a widower when he moved up here, but very soon he married a pretty young lady from the Mohawk Valley. She was only eighteen, and a sweet child as ever I saw. The Judge meant to be good to her, I guess, but she never seemed very happy. When the second little girl was born the Judge was dreadfully disappointed. I suppose he wanted a son, to inherit his

great estate and keep up the family name. He never was the same to his wife after that. He was polite to her, especially before company, but he had a kind of cold, sneering way with her, that I could see cut her to the heart. Her health failed, and she went home to her father's house for a change, and there she died. The Judge seemed a good deal cast down by her death — more than I should have expected. I dare say some things came back to him when it was too late. After the funeral he shut up the house and went abroad. He was in foreign parts or down in New York for ten years and more. The young ladies, Miss Anna and Miss Georgine, stayed with their grandma some years, and then they were put to school in New York. All that time Zack and I lived in the old house, to take care of it. It was lonesome enough sometimes, especially in winter, but though I used to go all over the great rooms alone by day and by night, I never saw anything then — not a thing.

Well, when the young ladies were sixteen and seventeen, the Judge wrote and told me to clean up the rooms, and have everything ready, for he was coming home. His wild land was growing very valuable, and there was no one to see to it properly, and for that and other reasons he had decided to come home to the Flats to live. So at the time set they came, with loads of new furniture and carpets and what not, and a very nice widow lady for housekeeper. She had a son, an officer in the army and a very fine man, who would willingly have supported her, but she preferred to do for herself.

I expected to see Miss Anna the favorite, as she was the elder, and Miss Georgine had so disappointed her pa by not being a boy; but I soon found out it was the other way. Miss Anna was not pretty. She looked like her ma, and had just such a quiet, gentle way with

her. She was afraid of her father, too, as her mother had been, and with some reason — and she was afraid of her sister. She didn't care much for company, but liked best to sit down and sew or read. Miss Georgine was like her father, and had just his free, bold way. She was n't afraid of anything at all except that she should not be first in everything. She was very handsome, with regular features, and beautiful wavy black hair, and long curled eyelashes. I don't know that I ever saw a handsomer girl, but for real goodness and truth she was no more to be compared to Miss Anna than a great red woodpecker is to a little sweet bluebird. She always contrived to get the best of everything, and if she got into any trouble or mischief, she generally made her father believe it was Miss Anna's fault. She made a great show of openness and saying what she thought, but she didn't think all she said, by a great deal.

When Miss Anna was about eighteen, Mrs. Gracie's son came to visit his mother, and a very fine, sober, nice young man he was. Every one liked him, especially the Judge, who could not make enough of him till he found that the captain and Miss Anna were taking to each other; then he began to cool off. Captain Gracie stayed at the tavern in the village, and called most every day to see his mother, and before he left he asked the Judge for Miss Anna. Then there was a time. The Judge went into one of his furious rages, ordered both mother and son out of the house, and shut Miss Anna up in her room. Miss Georgine was as bad as her father, and the way they treated that poor girl was shameful. But Miss Anna had got her spunk up, and she contrived — I never knew how — to send word to Captain Gracie. A few days after, when the Judge was out about his land, Captain Gracie drove up to the door, and asked for Miss Anna. She must have expected him, for she came down in her traveling-dress, and with her bag in her hand. Miss Georgine stormed and scolded and sent all ways

for her father, but nobody could find him, and in fact I don't think anybody tried. Miss Anna bade her sister a kind farewell and got into the carriage, and that was the last we saw of her for many a year. They were married that same day in the city, and went away wherever his regiment was. Captain Gracie sent her father his address and a copy of his marriage lines, but the Judge never took any notice; only he handed me the paper and told me to pack up her clothes and things and send them to her. I don't approve of run-away matches as a general thing, but I can't say I blamed Miss Anna one bit.

About this time Judge Cleaveland found out that he needed a clerk, or secretary as he called it; so he sent for Mr. Bogardus, a cousin of his wife's, to come and live in his house and attend to his business. Mr. Bogardus was a fine, handsome man, about thirty, very grave and sober; but with beautiful manners — a real fine gentleman. The Judge made much of him in his pompous, condescending way. Miss Georgine began by being very cold and scornful, but she soon changed her tone when she found her cousin did not take any particular notice of it or of her, and began to be very polite to him. He had a fine voice, and played beautifully on the violin, and she used to ask him to sing and play with her, especially when they had company; but he almost always excused himself and would often stay in the library till midnight, writing or reading. He seemed like a smart man, and yet he never accomplished anything for himself. He was one of the unlucky ones, poor fellow.

But the more Mr. Bogardus kept out of Miss Georgine's way, the more she courted him. That was her fashion. If there were ten men in the room and she had nine of them around her, she did n't care anything about it till she got the tenth. She always had plenty of sweethearts, being such a beauty and a great heiress besides. Mr. Bogardus resisted a good while, but by and by I saw a change. He began to be more

attentive to his cousin — to sing with her evenings, and sometimes to go out riding and walking with her. Miss Georgine was altered too. I never saw her so gentle and so — “lovable?” yes, that’s just the word, my dear! as she was that summer; and I think to myself, “My beauty, you’re caught at last, but I wonder what your father will say.” For you see he looked on Mr. Bogardus only as a kind of upper servant, for all he was Mrs. Cleaveland’s own cousin.

The Judge didn’t seem to notice for a while, but by and by I think he got his eyes open. He went down to New York for a week or two, and when he came back, he called Mr. Bogardus and told him he had found him a fine position with a gentleman who was going out to Brazil to set up some kind of manufactures, — a place of great trust, and where he would make a fortune in no time. Mr. Bogardus was much pleased. He was always ready to take up any new notion, and he thought he should make himself rich directly. But Miss Georgine had a bad headache that day, and she was n’t well for a week afterward.

The very day Mr. Bogardus left, I was sitting in my own door, and as I looked up I saw Miss Georgine walking across the field toward my house. I was rather surprised, for she was n’t fond of walking, and almost always rode her pony wherever she wanted to go. She walked in a weary kind of way too, and when she came near, I saw she looked very pale. I got out the rocking-chair for her, and made much of her, but she sat down on a little stool and put her beautiful head in my lap, as her poor mother had done many a time, and says she, bursting out crying, —

“Oh, Aunt Dolly! My husband’s gone!”

Honey, you might have knocked me down with a feather. I could n’t think what she meant at first, and thought she had got light-headed from being out in the sun.

“Child!” says I, “you don’t know what you are saying!”

“Yes I do — too well!” says she;

and then she told me between her sobs that she and Mr. Bogardus had been privately married while her father was away, the day that they went down to the city together, and that they meant to keep it quiet till Mr. Bogardus made his fortune.

“I never meant to tell anybody,” says she, “but, Aunt Dolly, I *could n’t* bear it all alone, and I knew I could trust you!”

Well, I could have wished she had chosen some one else, but I tried to comfort her as well as I could. Presently I said, “Ah, child, you can feel for your poor sister now!”

“That was very different!” says she, lifting up her head as proud as could be; “I have n’t disgraced myself as Anna did. *My* husband is a gentleman — not a servant’s son!”

When she said that, Miss Bessy, I knew she had more yet to suffer.

Says I, “Miss Georgine, I shall never betray you, you may be sure, but you ought to tell your pa. Suppose he finds it out: what will he say, and what will you do?”

“He won’t find it out!” says she, “and if he does, I shall know what to do.” But then she put her head down in my lap again, and oh, how she did cry! I could n’t but pity her, though she showed such a wrong spirit; and I tried to tell her of a better comfort than mine, but she would n’t hear a word of that. She did n’t want any cant, she said. By and by I made her some tea and coaxed her to drink it and to eat a little, and when the sun got low, I walked home with her. She was always gentler with me after that, and whenever she got a letter from Mr. Bogardus she would come and tell me about it. I was on thorns for a while, and watched her as a cat watches a mouse; but everything went on as usual, and nobody but our two selves knew or mistrusted anything about the matter.

Miss Georgine got her letters pretty regular for about six months, and then they stopped, and she never had another. At first she pined a good deal, and I was afraid she was going into a de-

cline; but presently I saw a change. Her old proud self came back, only harder and colder than before. She was handsomer than ever, and more fond of company and admiration. One day I ventured to ask her if she had heard any more of Mr. Bogardus.

Oh, how her eyes flashed as she said, "Never mention that man's name to me again! He has shamed and deserted me!" says she.

"You don't know that," says I; "he may be dead."

"He is n't dead!" she answered. "My father heard he was married to a rich Spanish widow up at the mines."

"I don't believe it!" says I boldly. "It is n't a bit like him." For you see I had come to know him pretty well. I had nursed him in his sick turns, of which he had a good many, and though I did n't approve of the secret marriage, I liked him and felt like standing up for him.

"Never mention his name to me again, Dolly!" says she, and I did n't for a long time, till the day came that I had to do it.

Well, the time went on, year after year in much the same way. Our folks spent the summers on their own estate, and the winters in New York or at the South with the Judge's family, spending a deal of money and seeing a deal of fine company. It was nine years that very spring since Mr. Bogardus went away, when, after they had been home a couple of days, Miss Georgine rode over to see me. She brought me a fine gown and some other things from New York, and after she had showed them to me, says she, speaking proud and careless like, —

"Aunt Dolly, I want you to come up to the house next week, to make my wedding cake and keep house a while, because I am going to be married."

Miss Bessy, I couldn't believe my ears; and says I, "Miss Georgine, I don't know as I quite understand you."

"You are growing stupid, Dolly!" says she pettishly. "I'm going to be married to Mr. Philip Livingstone, and I want you to make the cake."

I don't know what made me, but I spoke right out. "*Mrs. Bogardus*," says I, "have you told your pa and Mr. Livingstone about your first marriage?"

"How dare you call me by that name?" says she, and her eyes fairly blazed. "No, I have not told them, and I shall not. *You* can, if you choose!" says she. "How much do you mean to ask me as the price of keeping the secret I was fool enough to tell you?"

Then I flared up. "*Mrs. Bogardus*," says I, "there's the door. Please walk out of it, and don't come insulting a woman in her own house that thinks as much of herself as you do, if she is black! If that's what you think of me, you may get some one else to make your cake!" says I.

Well, she saw she had gone too far. Like her father, she could command her temper well enough when she chose, and she knew she could n't get any one to make such cake as mine, if she went down on her knees to them. Besides, I knew all the ways of the house, and they could n't do without me. So she came down and said she was sorry, and she did not mean anything, and so on, till she coaxed me round, and I promised to do all she wanted.

"But if it was the last word I ever spoke, I do say you ought to tell Mr. Livingstone," says I. "What if Mr. Bogardus should come back some day?"

I knew I was doing right, but I felt sorry for her when I saw how pale she turned. "That unhappy man is dead long ago," says she, "and if he were not, it is nearly nine years since I heard from him, and that is enough to release me. But you'll be glad to hear," says she, "that I have coaxed my father to write to sister Anna, and ask her and her son to the wedding. You know she is a widow now, and there is no use in keeping up the quarrel any longer."

So then I agreed to make the cake, and keep house for her father while she was away. They were coming back to spend the summer at home. But I did n't feel happy. I knew she was doing wrong, and that harm would come of it.

The wedding went off nicely. Mr. Livingstone was a fine, handsome man, a good deal older than Miss Georgine. He looked good and sensible, and it was easy to see that he fairly worshiped his wife. My heart ached for both of them, because I knew as things were they never could be happy. You see I felt sure Mr. Bogardus was n't dead.

How did I feel sure? Well, it was just like this. Whenever any of my folks had died away from me, I had always seen them in my dreams that same night. I saw my own brother, who was drowned in the lake, and my aunt with her baby, and Miss Georgine's mother. Now Mr. Bogardus was fond of me. He said once that I was more like a mother than any one had ever been to him, and I knew he would n't die without coming to let me know.

Miss Anna, that was, and her boy were at the wedding and stayed a fortnight after. She wore her deep widow's weeds, and looked thin and worn, but she had a sweet, placid, happy look, worth more than all her sister's beauty. She told me that through all her trials, in sickness and loneliness, and losing her husband and her children, she had never regretted her marriage, not one minute.

The boy was a fine, manly fellow, the image of his father. The Judge took to him greatly, and wanted Mrs. Gracie to come home to live; but she excused herself and said she must take care of her husband's mother, who was feeble and needed her. She told me privately that she did n't think such a life would be good for her boy, and I dare say she was right.

The bride and bridegroom came home after a month and settled down with us for the summer, and the day she came home, I noticed a scared look in Miss Georgine's face that I never saw there before.

That night I was sitting in my own house (and glad enough I was to get back to it), when some one knocked softly at the door. Zack opened it, and the minute he did so, he cried out, "Lord 'a' mercy!" I jumped up, and

then I thought surely I saw a ghost, but I did n't. It was Mr. Bogardus himself, but oh how thin and pale, and with his beautiful hair white as snow!

"Will you take me in, Dolly?" says he. "I am sick to death, old friend, and I have come to die with you."

In a minute all the consequences rushed on my mind, but I could n't help that. We took him and put him to bed in our best room, and as soon as the light fell on his face, I saw it was marked for death. I sat up with him all night. He did n't sleep much, and seemed to want to talk, and I knew it could not make much difference, so I let him have his way. He told me he had written home by every mail for more than a year after he stopped getting any letters in return. From all I could make out he had gone on just in his old way, trying first one thing and then another, always thinking he was just going to make a great fortune.

"But I never was unfaithful to Georgine, not for one moment," said he. "I always loved her and I never distrusted her. When my health failed, and I knew I must die, I felt I must see Georgine once more. I landed in New York, and there I heard she was married, and saw her walking with her husband."

And then he begged me to ask Miss Georgine to come and see him if only for a moment, before he died.

"I will never betray her!" said he. "No one will think it strange that she should come to see me. But oh, mammy," — he used to call me mammy, — "I can't leave the world till I see her once more."

The next morning at breakfast-time I went up to the house, and told the Judge and Miss Georgine that Mr. Bogardus was at my house; that he had n't many hours to live, and would take it kind if they would come and see him.

"Poor young man, is he so low?" says the Judge. "He should have come to us; but he was always fond of you, Dolly. I will certainly come over, and you must take anything he needs

from the house." And then he turns to his daughter and says, "You will go to see your poor cousin, Georgine?"

"Why no, I think not!" says she, pouring out her coffee as unconcerned as could be. "I never took any special interest in your clerk, papa, and I am not fond of doleful scenes. I don't think I could endure to be in the house with a dying person."

I saw Mr. Livingstone look at her as she said these last words, and he answered her very gravely:—

"Sometime, Georgine, you will have to be in the room with a dying person."

"Time enough when it comes!" said she lightly. "Of course I am sorry for the poor man, but it is quite out of the question that I should go to see him. He is nothing to me!"

I wasn't going to be put off like that. I followed her to her room, and says I to her, "Mrs. Livingstone, what answer am I to carry to that dying man?"

"Tell him I will not see him!" said she, speaking hard and slow. "He is nothing to me, nor I to him."

"Won't you send him your forgiveness?" I asked her.

"No!" she cried passionately. "I will never forgive him—never. Tell him that, if you like."

"Mrs. Livingstone," said I, "you will bring down the judgment of Heaven on your head!" And with that I left her. I wasn't afraid of her, whoever else was.

It was hard to go back to Mr. Bogardus with such a message, but he would have me tell him her very words. He groaned, and was silent for a few minutes, and then says he, —

"Dolly, tell her she *shall* see me, alive or dead!" And then he fainted, and I had hard work to bring him to. Later in the day Judge Cleaveland and Mr. Livingstone came down. Mr. Bogardus didn't say much to them, only thanked the Judge for his goodness to him, and begged forgiveness if he had ever injured him. The Judge said everything that was kind—he was a good deal softened in those days. Then Mr.

Livingstone asked Mr. Bogardus if he should read and pray with him, and Mr. Bogardus said yes. So Mr. Livingstone read a chapter, and made a beautiful prayer. He was a very religious man in his quiet way, which made it the more strange that he should be taken with Miss Georgine. When he got up from his knees, Mr. Bogardus stretched out his hand to him.

"Thank you, Livingstone; you have done me good!" said he, squeezing his hand hard. "I want to tell you that there is no bitterness in my heart toward any human being. It is all washed away. God bless you!"

Honey, it did me good to hear him speak in that way to the man who was, as you might say, standing in his shoes. The minute they were gone Mr. Bogardus fainted once more. I thought he would never breathe again, but he did, and seemed to brighten up a good deal. Zack thought he was better, but I did n't. I had seen too many people die, not to know the lighting up for death. About midnight, when we were both sitting by him, he asked to be raised up and have his head laid on my breast, and then he asked Zack to get him some fresh water from the spring. When we were alone together, he looked up in my face and says he, —

"Mammy, tell Georgine that I have never been unfaithful to her, and I shall be faithful still. She must see me, alive or dead."

Says I, "Oh, Mr. Bogardus, my dear boy, you must n't bear malice now."

"I don't!" said he. "I told Livingstone true when I said that all bitterness was washed away. But it is borne in on my mind, that for her own sake, alive or dead, Georgine must see me, and you must tell her so. Will you?"

"I will!" says I. I never mistrusted that he meant anything but that she should come and look at him after he was dead.

"That's all!" said he. "Kiss me, mammy. You've been more like a mother to me than any woman was before, and you won't lose by it, I know."

Then I kissed him, and he just laid

his head on my breast and with one sigh he was gone.

Never mind me, Miss Bessy, honey! You see I loved him dearly, with all his faults, and dying on my breast and all . . .

We laid him out, Zack and I, and though I've done the same for many a one, I never saw a sweeter smile on the face of man, woman, or child, than rested on his. As soon as it was time in the morning, I went up to the house and told them as they sat at breakfast.

"So he is gone, poor soul!" says the Judge, wiping his eyes. "Take no trouble about the funeral, Dolly; I will arrange it all. Georgine, can you find some mourning for Dolly? I dare say she will like to wear it."

"I should be much obliged if you would, Mrs. Livingstone," says I.

She told me to come to her room and she would see. So I went up after breakfast, and she pulled out a couple of nice black dresses and a black bonnet and crape veil which she had worn a year before in mourning for her grandma.

"There, you may have those!" said she, in a careless, contemptuous way, "though I don't see why you should wear mourning. But I suppose you think it's genteel."

She always riled me when she spoke in that way, but I kept myself down, and after I had thanked her for the things, I told her Mr. Bogardus' message. She winced a little in spite of herself, and the scared look came into her eyes again, but it was gone in a minute, and she said coldly, —

"Dolly, there has been enough of this! If you mention that person's name to me again we shall quarrel!"

I had no call to mention it again, for I had cleared my conscience, and that was enough. Mr. Bogardus was buried next day from the church, the weather being warm and our house small. Mr. Livingstone sent the carriage for Zack and me, and Zack and Mr. Livingstone, and some gentlemen from the village, were the bearers. It was quite a large funeral, and the coffin and everything was as nice as one could wish to see.

The next morning Judge Cleaveland and Mr. Livingstone went down to the city to some convention, expecting to be gone a week. That very day the cook they had brought from New York took offense at something, and she and the other woman packed up and went over to the village, leaving Miss Georgine alone. So she sent down to ask if Zack and I would come up and stay, because she was expecting company; so we went, of course. I found everything at sixes and sevens — no cake in the house fit to look at, all the summer fruit spoiling to be done up, and so on. I sent for my niece Car'line to come and help, and we soon got things in order.

The second night, I sent Zack and Car'line off to bed, and sat up till late, attending to some plum cake I had in the great oven. It was a fancy of mine when I had any special baking, to do it late in the evening, when I had the kitchen to myself. Well, I got my cake done to my liking — I little knew what kind of party I was baking for — and then I thought I would take a look through the house and see that all was right, as I used to do when I lived there before.

The house was an odd one in its shape. A long, wide hall ran through the front part. When it got to the back it turned in an L, as they say now, and went on to a side door, and in this side hall were the stairs. At the top of them was Miss Georgine's own room, and at the foot a door leading by a passage to the kitchen. Half-way from this door to the front was the library door, with a narrow glass window over it.

I had opened the passage door, and had just turned down the lamp that always burned at the foot of the stairs, when I saw that there was a light in the library. Thinks I, "What in the world is Miss Georgine doing in the library at this time of night?" Before I could move I heard some one's hand on the lock, and stood still to see who it should be.

Miss Bessy, as sure as you sit there, I saw the appearance of Mr. Bogardus, just as he used to look when he was a

young man and worked in that library for Judge Cleveland. I was n't scared, that I know of, but I could n't move. He came straight toward me, but did n't look at me, and passing as close to me as I am to you he walked rather slowly up the stairs to Miss Georgine's room. When he reached it, he turned and looked at me, holding up his hand in a warning kind of way, and then he opened the door and went in.

I could n't go up-stairs — something held me back. I sat down on the bottom stair and listened a long time, but I didn't hear a sound, and by and by I crept away to bed, my teeth chattering as if I had an ague fit.

The next morning I was in the dining-room when Miss Georgine came down. Child, I should n't have known her! She was gray as ashes, only with a purple spot in each cheek, and her face was all drawn and sunken. She looked thirty years older than when she went to bed.

Says I, "Mrs. Livingstone, are you sick?"

"I have a headache, but the air will drive it off," says she, proud to the last. "I think, Dolly, that as our friends have written to put off their visit, I will go down to the city to Mr. Livingstone. I need a little change, and I suppose you won't mind staying here a few days with Carline for company," says she. "You won't be afraid without your husband, will you?"

Well, I *was*, — a little, — after what I had seen, there is no denying it; but I felt that somehow she ought to be with her husband; so I said, "Oh no, I was n't afraid, I had Carline for company, and the gardener could sleep in the house." I helped Miss Georgine put up her things, and dressed her. She was quiet and gentle-like for her, but when I said, "Mrs. Livingstone, I'm afraid you an't well enough for such a long ride all by yourself," she just laughed that hard laugh I hated so to hear.

"You're nervous yourself, Dolly!" says she. "I have only a headache, but you know that always makes me

look ghastly. It will all be gone in an hour."

I did n't say any more, but I knew better. On the steps she turned to me and held out her hand.

"Good-by, Dolly," said she. "You've always been good to me, and I'm afraid I have sometimes been cross to you, but don't remember it against me."

Child, I was always glad she said that. I watched the carriage away, and then I went back to her room and put it all in nice order with my own hands. I felt full of anxiety, and I kept myself as busy as I could. Zack did n't come back the next day, nor the next; but the morning of the fourth day, Carline looked out of the window when she got up, and says she, "Aunt Dolly, Uncle Zack's coming on horseback as hard as he can drive. Something must have happened!"

Something had happened, sure enough. Zack had been riding ever since midnight, and he could hardly speak, he was so tired; but at last he got it out. Miss Georgine had died in a fit the night before, and the body was to be brought home that day.

"What time did she die?" I asked presently.

"It was just half-past eleven when she took the first fit," said he; "and she died at the same hour last night." Then I knew.

Well, they brought her home in her coffin and laid her in the front parlor, and when all was done, I went to the Judge and told him I was going to watch myself, and nobody else would be needed. You see, I did n't know what might happen, and I did n't want stories going all over the country. I told Zack he might take a blanket and lie down on the sofa in the back parlor, and I would sit up.

About half-past eleven, I went into the room where the corpse lay. I had half a mind to call Zack to go with me, but I knew how tired he was, and I let him sleep. There was a shaded lamp in the room, and I had a candle in my hand that I set down on a table near by, and stood a few minutes looking

at her. She was n't a pleasant corpse to look at. Those same purple spots were on her cheeks, and a dark frown on her forehead; but the worst was that her eyes would n't stay shut. I had tried every way to close them, and the doctor had tried, but they would n't stay shut!

I turned away and went to the window, when something, I don't know what, made me look round. Then I saw him for the second time — saw Mr. Bogardus looking into his wife's coffin, with just the same sad, sweet smile that was on his face when he bade me goodbye. As I stood looking — for I had no power to move — the appearance stooped down, and seemed to kiss the corpse, and then it vanished away, and I saw it no more.

I was like one turned to stone for a

few minutes. When I came to myself, Miss Bessy, there was a change! *Her eyes were shut* — closed as naturally as a sleeping babe's, with the long curled lashes resting on her cheeks. The ugly purple spots had faded away; the face was like fine marble, and the pale lips had a meek, peaceful look, such as I had never seen them wear since the days that she and Mr. Bogardus were lovers.

That 's all the story. Poor Miss Georgine was buried next day, alongside the only man she ever really loved. I can't but hope it was well with both of them, poor unlucky children. The doctor, he talked learnedly about contraction of muscles and what not, but doctors don't know everything, and he had n't seen what I had. My own opinion is that she was n't free to go till it was made up, and that they made it up then.¹

Lucy Ellen Guernsey.

¹ This story rests upon a better foundation than most such legends. The ghostly part of the story was told me by the ghost-seer, a very intelligent and

good woman, and I have adhered as closely to her narration as propriety would allow.

MARGARET.

I.

THROUGH the fields with morning wet,
Gayly wandered Margaret,
Not a shadow darkening yet
Eyes new-filled with violet;
Just a blithesome lass,
Light of heart and light of tread,
Following where the pathway led,
Spinning out its little thread
In the meadow-grass.

As she lightly tripped along,
Humming to herself a song
From a heart unstung by wrong, —
Gossamer fancies free to throng
Through her cloudless breast, —
Troops of daisies, left and right,
Answering back her fresh delight,
Closer swung their fringes white
Around their rosy guest.

She plucked one idly as she went;
 And half for jest, and half intent,
 All her simple lore she spent,
 Trying what her fortune meant

 On its snowy ring;
 With the charm each maiden tries,
 Ever with a new surprise,
 Listening to those soft replies
 That the daisies bring.

First, *He loves me*, whispered low;
 Then, *He loves me not*, and so
 Back and forth, and to and fro,
 All around the milk-white row,
 The fairy wheel of fate.

Wide the airy leaflets blew,
 While her fingers swiftly flew,
 Raveling out the slender clew
 To her heart's estate.

Ending thus the little spell,
 On *He loves me not* it fell;
 But merry as a marriage-bell
 Rang her voice: "Dear flower, pray tell,
 Why so cruel art?"

Careless fancies lightly blow,
 Spread their wings, and come and go,
 When the door stands open so,
 In the happy heart.

II.

Twelve long months the year swung round,
 All its little buds unbound
 Sleeping in the meadow-ground,
 All its pretty blossoms found,
 Sweetly fresh and true.
 Bright was the bloom on hill and dale,
 But Margaret's lovely bloom was pale,
 And 'neath her eyelid's drooping veil
 Were clouds upon the blue.

A secret thorn within the breast
 Closer to her heart she prest;
 And moods of longing and unrest
 Drew to the fields all newly drest
 Her half-reluctant feet.
 But oh, the soul of all was slain!
 And hers was pain's exceeding pain, —
 To see the outer charm remain,
 And mock what once was sweet.

The grain was rippling broad and free,
 Singing there was on every tree,
 Perfumes there were on every lea,
 And life was warm and brave, — but she
 Felt like a wayside stone.
 The joy of birds, and the brook that purred,
 The tender balm that the year unfurled,
 All the song and breath of the world,
 Left her the more alone.

She let the summer-bloom drift by,
 But on the path her downcast eye
 Saw a daisy withering lie,
 As it, too, were fain to die —
 Nay, the flower was dead!
 “Would that all dying were as brief,”
 She sighed, in weariness of grief,
 And slowly sundering leaf from leaf,
 The little charm she said.

Alas! alas! the ghostly spell!
 Still on *He loves me* not it fell!
 She dropped the flower in dumb farewell;
 For some dead joy, she might not tell,
 Lay hushed within her heart.
 Ah! what can idle fancies do,
 When once the door is fastened to,
 But fold the wings that lightly flew,
 And nevermore depart!

Louisa Bushnell.

HOW I CAME TO STUDY SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

It was a quarter of a century after the time when I had shocked the orthodox of New York by preaching Secularism, and had dreamed dreams, and published them, of national industrial schools that were to dissipate poverty and to regenerate a superstitious world. I had been representative in the State legislature, member of Congress, delegate to the Constitutional Convention of Indiana; and had finally been appointed to represent my adopted country at a foreign court.

During all that period, though my thoughts had been chiefly engrossed by

public affairs, they had turned, from time to time, to religion; and the theoretical opinions of earlier years had insensibly undergone some change. I had gradually reached the conclusion that our consciousness enables us to conceive of a great Originating Mind; that such a Supreme Intelligence must be benevolent, and that it would be well for man if he could obtain certain proof of a life to come. Then I began to hope that there might be such proof; though, so far, I had failed to find it in historical documents, sacred or profane.

I had been two years and a half resi-

dent in picturesque and stand-still Naples, where, except to the privileged foreigner, all spiritual studies were forbidden. I had heard of the "Rochester Knockings," wondering what supreme folly would come up next; and though, in passing through London on the way to Italy, my good father, recently convinced that spiritual manifestations were a reality, had taken me to two or three sittings, I saw nothing there to change my opinion that it was all imposture or self-delusion.

Then it was—in my fifty-fifth year, at about the same age when Swedenborg turned from science to Spiritualism—that there came to me, by what men are wont to call chance, one of those experiences, trivial at first sight, which sometimes suffice to change the whole tenor of a life.

I was spending a quiet evening at the house of the Russian minister, M. Kakoschkine. Some one spoke of automatic writing whereby one could obtain answers to questions to which the reply was unknown to the writer. It was proposed to test this; and, as the wife of the Tuscan minister, a bright and cultivated English lady, who happened to be present, had expressed incredulity, she was asked to put some question the answer to which she was *certain* that no one present knew. Having consulted in the anteroom with her husband, she asked, referring to three large gold-headed pins that fastened her dress in front, "Who gave me these gold pins?"

After a time the hand of one of the ladies present, one who had barely heard of Spiritualism and was much prejudiced against it, wrote, in a strange, cramped hand, the words: "The one that gives you a maid and cook"—the last two words being written backwards.¹

Every one thought the answer quite irrelevant, till the lady whose question had called forth this strange reply, after carefully examining the paper, turned

pale and confessed that it was not only relevant but strictly true. The pins had been given to her by her cousin Elizabeth, then living in Florence; and that lady, at her request, had recently sent to her, from that city, two servants: namely, a lady's maid who had been in her service ten days, and a cook who had arrived two days before.

It is a strange, soul-stirring emotion—and one which, till of late years, few persons have ever known—the feeling which, like a lightning-flash, comes over an earnest and hopeful mind, when it has the first glimpse of the possibility that there may be experimental evidence of another world. I sat for hours that evening in silent reflection; and, ere I slept, I had registered in my heart a vow, since religiously kept, that I would not rest or falter till I had proved this possibility to be a probability, or a certainty, or a delusion. At last, at last (that was my exultant thought) I *may* be approaching a phenomenal solution of the world's most momentous, most mysterious problem!

Feeling thus, it amazed me to observe with what light indifference the other assistants at this astounding experience looked upon the matter. They went away wondering, perplexed, indeed; but wonder and perplexity appeared to fade out without practical result, in a week or two. I doubt whether, after the lapse of a month, any of them adverted to the incident at all, except, perhaps, in the way of relating, to incredulous listeners of a winter evening, that very odd coincidence about three gold-headed pins and a maid and cook. A numerous class of men, illogical or indifferent, seem incapable of realizing the relative importance of new and unexpected things, as they come to light.

Was it a chance coincidence? As soon as I had satisfied myself, past all doubt, that everything had occurred in good faith, that query suggested itself. If the written answer had been "Elizabeth," such a solution might have been accepted; since, among a dozen of the most common female names, that of Elizabeth would probably be included;

¹ For fac-simile of writing and other particulars, see *Debatable Land between this World and the Next*, pp. 282-286.

and if so, the chances against a correct answer were only twelve to one. But who or what was it that went out of its way to give such a roundabout answer to a simple question? How incredible, how difficult even to imagine, that any agency other than a thinking entity could have selected so unexpected a form of reply! And if there *was* an external intelligence involved, how intensely interesting the field of inquiry thus disclosed!

Excited but unconvinced, I went to work in good earnest, devoting my entire leisure to the study that had opened before me. We had, of course, no professional mediums; nor, though I found among our acquaintances three ladies and two gentlemen who had more or less of the mediumistic gift, — the lady who had written at the Russian minister's having the most, — were any of them of much force; not approaching, in power, others whom I have met since. And, all inexperienced, we had to grope our way.

However, in sixteen months I had held two hundred sittings, of which I kept a minute and scrupulous record extending over more than a thousand foolscap pages. These I had bound up in three volumes, labeled Personal Observations; and, at the close of each, I entered a careful digest of the evidence obtained, and a summary of apparent results.

The first volume was devoted chiefly to experiments in automatic writing in reply to *mental* questions.¹ The result, satisfactory in some respects, was a puzzle to me in others.

I verified the reality of the phenomenon so far as this, that out of *seventy-three* mental questions, one half of the answers (37) were strictly relevant; while of the remainder, one third (12) were doubtful, and two thirds (24) were irrelevant; irrelevant answers being most frequent in dull, wet weather.

The questions put usually referred to the phenomena themselves, and their

character. The replies, many of them ingenious and some philosophical, were adverse to the spiritual hypothesis, as witness these extracts: —

"The phenomena of table-moving, rapping, and the like, are not supernatural, not spiritual; they are electrical, and magnetic. . . . Involuntary writing is a phenomenon growing out of magnetic affinity, and similar in character to somnambulism: it exhibits the electrical action of mind on mind. . . . There is, in certain individuals, such a wonderful electric and magnetic force, and so peculiar a combination of elements, that, in their presence, inexplicable results occur. But we must not therefore suppose that we can hold communion with the spirits of the departed; for such power does not belong to man."

Soon after getting this reply, I learned through Mr. Kinney, formerly our minister to Turin, and through Powers, the sculptor, that they had verified the phenomena of unmistakable spirit-hands, musical instruments when suspended in the air played on without visible agency, communications from deceased relatives, and the like. Reciting these allegations in one of my (mental) questions, and asking an explanation, I got nothing more satisfactory than this: —

"It is not possible now to know whence come these phenomena. . . . But we cannot communicate with the spirit-world. To push inquiries in that direction is unavailing, and productive of confusion without utility."

The question called up by this phenomenon was: "What intelligence gave these replies?" All the more important answers were obtained through a lady of an ordinary, practical turn of mind, to whose cast of thought philosophical inquiry was absolutely foreign. Yet through her there came to me such allegations as these: —

Question (mental). — Is it of any consequence in what language I write out my questions, even if it be in a language

¹ These questions were written out, usually before the sitting began, folded up, and laid on the table, with the simple request: "Please answer this written question." To insure a pertinent reply, I had,

as a general rule, to keep my mind fixed on the substance of the question, until the table began to move.

which the person who answers does not understand?

Answer. — Coming to a knowledge of the distinction between the positive state and that which is partial only, in the one it is probable that the language is not material; in the other, unless the magnetizer's thought be in a language known, there may be only confused results.

Question (mental). — What is the difference between the positive state and that which is partial only?

Answer. — It is not the same influence. The concentration of magnetic force which is used for the one is not requisite for the other. The ordinary individuality is lost in one, while in the other both powers act at once.

When I conversed with the writer on such subjects as these, in her normal condition, I found that they were not only without interest, but quite unintelligible to her. But I knew it was claimed by writers on vital magnetism that, under magnetic influence, the patient often obtains clearer perceptions and higher knowledge. I had read what one of the most modest and cautious of these writers has said, namely: "The *somnambule* acquires new perceptions, furnished by interior organs; and the succession of these perceptions constitutes a new life, differing from that which we habitually enjoy: in that new life come to light phases of knowledge other than those which our ordinary sensations convey to us."¹

I concluded that this might be the true explanation; and that the answers I received might be due to the action of the writer's mind in what Andrew Jackson Davis calls its "superior condition." Whether the writer's own ideas were occasionally mixed in I sought to ascertain, asking: —

Question (mental). — Are the opinions which you have expressed in writing in part the opinions of your ordinary individuality?

Answer. — It is so to a certain extent.

¹ *Traité du Somnambulisme*, by Bertrand, member of the Faculty of Medicine in Paris; Paris, 1823, pp. 469, 470.

As the lady who wrote was an utter skeptic in the spiritual theory, I set down the opinion expressed that communion with the spirits of the departed was impossible, as due to that state of unbelief.

Thus, after sixty sittings, running through three months and a half, I had made but little progress toward the solution of the great problem. I was the rather disposed to set down what I had witnessed so far as merely a mesmeric phenomenon, because an intimate and valued friend and colleague, the Viscount de St. Amaro, then Brazilian Minister at the Neapolitan court, had brought to my notice many of the wonders of what has been called animal magnetism, together with cognate subjects of study.

As these opened on me I found it expedient to enlarge my sphere of research and to consult the best professional works on physiology, especially in its connection with mental phenomena; on psychology in general, on sleep, on hallucination, on insanity, on the mental epidemics of Europe and America; together with treatises on the imponderables, including Reichenbach's curious observations, and the records of interesting researches then recently made in Prussia, in Italy, in England, and elsewhere, in connection with the influence of human electricity on the nervous system and the muscular tissues.

I collected, too, from London and Paris, the most noted works containing narratives of apparitions, hauntings, second sight, presentiments, and the like, and toiled through formidable piles of chaff to reach a few gleanings of sound grain.

Gradually I reached the conclusion that what had been regarded by many as new and unexampled phenomena are but modern phases of what has always existed. And I finally became convinced that for a proper understanding of much that had perplexed the public mind under the name of spiritual manifestations, historical research should precede every other inquiry; that we

ought to look throughout the past for classes of phenomena, and seek to arrange these, each in its proper niche.

Nor meanwhile did I neglect my Personal Observations. In the second volume of these I find recorded the results of fifty sittings, running through five months. These were chiefly devoted to the obtaining of communications through table-tipping, and occasionally by means of raps. And here I came upon certain manifestations, often (as at the Russian minister's) incidental and at first blush unimportant; yet, when more closely scrutinized, of startling and suggestive character.

Take this one, as example. August 23, 1856, we had a sitting at the house of an English physician resident in Naples; all present being English or American, yet familiar with the Italian language. The table was boisterous and unmanageable, tilting violently from side to side. At the word of command it waltzed, beat time to the polka, went into the next room, returned, and would hardly remain still. Unable to get any communication, we asked: "Is there any one in the circle who ought to go out?"

Answer. — Sophia Iggulden.

She left the table accordingly, and as soon as she did so the manifestations were quiet.

Question. — Why did you object to Miss Iggulden?

Answer. — She is antipatic his simat—

Here I remarked that it was spelling nonsense. Soon after, we suspended our sitting. Later in the evening a lady who was present for the first time at a spiritual *séance*, looking over my minutes, said: "I understand that sentence; it means: 'She is *antipaticissima* t—' and the *t* is probably the beginning of another word."

When the table was then asked to complete the sentence, it did so, thus: "She is antipaticissima to-night."

It was quite accidentally that we discovered the meaning here; but, once discovered, it was unmistakable. The Italian word *antipatico*, of which the

above is the superlative, feminine gender, is much in use, corresponding to "not sympathetic;" so that the meaning was: "She is very unsympathetic to-night."

It was evident that such an answer, thus obtained, could not be explained on the theory of the reflection of ideas, or that of expectant attention: to us all it was utterly unexpected.

Again, October 19, 1856, at a sitting in my own parlor, present the medium, Mrs. Owen, and myself. The evening before an alleged spirit, purporting to be a deceased sister of the medium, named Maria, had announced herself, and had promised to return this evening. Her sister (the medium), beginning to have faith in the spiritual theory, asked, when the table began to move: "What spirit is here to-night?"

Myself (skeptical). — Oh, don't put it in that way. Ask what force moves the table.

Medium (persisting). — Please tell us your name.

Of course we all expected the name Maria: instead of which we got *Do fo*: and when we asked if that was right, it answered, "Yes."

The medium was much disappointed, and I said: "That can't be right. There's no name beginning *Dofo*; but let us see what it *will* say."

It went on to spell *r c e s* and then the word *speak*. It had spelt as far as *s p e* before any of us had the least idea what was coming. Then suddenly it flashed on me: I had said, "Ask what force moves the table." And the table replies by another question: "*Do forces speak?*"

I stood self-convicted; forces do *not* speak: I had been properly rebuked for asking an absurd question. But who, thus tersely, thus logically, was showing up its absurdity? What intelligence had undertaken thus to reason the matter with me? reminding me that if a mere force moved the table, it was ridiculous to ask it a question or to expect an answer. I gave it up, for there was not a word to say in reply.

Yet again, November 1, 1856; place

and assistants the same as before; spelling steady and regular.

The name Maria announced. The medium, taking it for granted that it was her sister, asked several questions, but got no reply. Then Mrs. Owen spoke, and obtained several answers. The medium was surprised and hurt at this apparent preference. Conjecturing that she might be misled, I asked: "Is it Maria N——?" (the sister's name.)

Answer. — No.

Myself. — What name, then?

Answer. — W——.

Myself. — Was that your married name?

Answer. — No; it was F——.

A lady intimately known to us, more than thirty years ago, at New Harmony, but since deceased. As a test I asked her (mentally) what was her favorite song; thinking of Fairy-like Music, which I had often heard her sing. But the reply was Long, Long Ago; and then Mrs. Owen and I both recalled the fact that that *was* her chief favorite. Then I put this mental question: —

"But was there not another song that you used often to sing at our house?"

No reply for a time. In the interval occurred the following conversation: —

Mrs. Owen. — Poor Maria! How much she suffered in life!

Medium. — Was she unhappily married?

Mrs. Owen. — Very unhappily. She was of a warm, frank, impulsive disposition; while he was cold and bitter. He treated her with great and persistent cruelty.

Medium. — How did she happen to marry such a man?

Mrs. Owen. — They had only known each other about a month, but Maria was to blame in that affair.

Shortly after came five raps (the conventional call for the alphabet) and there was spelled out: —

"Feeling drives pride away."

Mrs. Owen asked whether that was a reply to my mental question or to her

remark, and got for answer: "Remark."

The reply itself (very unexpected, since I was looking for the name of a song) puzzled me, till Mrs. Owen recalled, what I had partially forgotten, the circumstances of Maria's marriage, as follows: —

When Mr. F—— first came to New Harmony, he lodged at the house of Maria's father, seemed much pleased with the daughter, asked her in marriage, and was accepted. A day or two, however, before that set for the nuptials, he wished to break off the match, alleging that he did not love Maria as much as he ought, to make her his wife. But she, doubtless much attached to him (as she proved afterwards by a life's devotion), held him to his engagement, saying she was sure John would love her when she came to be his wife. So the marriage took place on the day appointed.

It was with reference to all this that Mrs. Owen had remarked: "Maria was to blame in that affair." Then how touching, at once, and appropriate the apology: —

"Feeling drives pride away."

It would be difficult, in the same number of words, to reply more pertinently, or probably more truly, to the imputation in question.

I think that brief sentence converted Mrs. Owen — a woman of strong logical mind — to the spiritual theory. It staggered my life-long skepticism. I could not but think of poor Maria as actually making to us, from her home in another world, this excuse for a natural weakness; and I recalled those tender words, spoken of a far greater sinner than she: "To her shall much be forgiven, because she loved much."

I think I should have surrendered my unbelief, as my wife did, seeing that I was wholly unable, on the apneumatic theory, to explain the sudden and startling presentation of these four words, but for the fact that, shortly before, we had received, through the table and purporting to come from three several

spirits, detailed information touching the death of two friends of the medium, every word of which proved false. And in that case we had tried the (alleged) communicating spirits by asking sundry test questions, which were correctly answered; the true answers, however, all being known to us. It had not then occurred to me that spirits from the other world might deceive, as so many men and women do here; and that while some communications, truly spiritual, might be a mere giving back to us of what had been read in our own minds, others might be strictly truthful and wholly independent of our thoughts or knowledge.

But there was something more to come, appealing to the heart as well as to the reason.

I have already, at the close of my last paper, spoken of Violet, and of my grief at her early death. When I first began to receive, through the table, communications purporting to come from the spirits of the deceased, the thought did cross my mind that if those who once took an interest in us were able still to commune with us from another world, Violet's spirit, of all others, might announce itself to me; but when month after month passed without sign, I had quite ceased to expect it, or even to dwell on such a possibility. Great was my surprise and my emotion when, at last, the silence was broken.

The place and persons were the same as in the last two examples. The name of Violet was suddenly spelt out. When my astonishment had somewhat subsided, I asked mentally with what intent a name so well remembered had been announced.

Answer. — Gave pro—

There the spelling stopped. Invitations to proceed were unavailing. At last it occurred to me to ask: "Are the letters *p r o* correct?"

Answer. — No.

Question. — Is the word "gave" correct?

Answer. — Yes.

"Then," said I, "please begin the

word after 'gave' over again;" whereupon it spelled out, —

"Gave a written promise to remember you even after death."

Few will be able to realize the feeling which came over me as these words slowly connected themselves. If there was one memento of my youth valued above all others, it was a letter written by Violet in the prospect of death, and containing, to the very words, the promise which now, after half a life-time, came back to me from beyond the bourn. I have the letter still, but it has never been seen by any one else.

Though many results similar to this have been obtained by others, few reach the public. It needs, as prompting motive to overcome a natural reluctance, the earnest wish by such disclosure to serve truth and benefit mankind.

The circumstances were peculiar. What came was utterly unforeseen. When long-slumbering associations were called up by the sudden appearance of a name, it was in response to no thought or will or hope of mine. And if not traceable to me, it was still less so to either of the others. They knew nothing of my question, for it was mentally propounded; nor of the letter; not even that it existed.

Let us take note of this also. When, at the first attempt to reply to my question, the unlooked-for sentence had been partly spelled out, — "Gave p r o," — it did occur to me that the unfinished word might be "promise;" and it did suggest itself that the reference might be to the pledge made to me, long years before, by Violet. Observe what happened. The letters *p r o* were declared to be incorrect; and I remember well my surprise and disappointment as I erased them. But how was that surprise increased when I found that the correction had been insisted on only to make way for a fuller and more definite wording. It is certain that my mind could have had nothing to do in working out this result. If a spirit-hand had visibly appeared, had erased the three letters, had inserted the word "written," and had then completed the sentence, it

would have been more wonderful, certainly; but would the evidence have been more perfect that some occult will was at work to bring about all this?

The above incident impressed me deeply, yet it needed strong additional evidence, cumulative throughout after years and elsewhere recorded,¹ thoroughly to assure me that it was Violet who had given me this proof of her identity. At the close of the minutes of the sitting, part of which I have here given, I find recorded this scruple:—

“There is, however, in such results as the above, no proof of an occult intelligence which can distinguish and repeat to us *things not in our minds*; but further experiments may disclose a greater power than has yet shown itself.” It was some years, however, before this occurred.

Leaving out a few sittings, as to which I had doubts whether the results were fairly obtained, the character of the sittings for communications through the table recorded in this volume was, as nearly as they could be classified, as follows:—

Serious.	Frivolous.	False.	Boisterous.	Total.
30	3	3	2	38

One example of profanity—the *only* one throughout my experience of eighteen years—occurred October 11, 1856; and for that I was prepared. For, two months before, the Baroness Suckow, of Bavaria, then on a visit to Naples and having brought a letter of introduction to me, related to me some of her spiritual experiences; this among the rest: On one occasion, while sitting in a circle with several young ladies of rank, cultivated and refined, the table gave some answer so evidently absurd that one of them said, “That’s not true!” Whereupon the table, by the alphabet, spelled out such shocking oaths that the ladies, ashamed and terrified, broke up the sitting. The character and demeanor of the baroness, stamped with German ear-

nestness and with a touch of enthusiasm, was to me sufficient voucher for this narrative.

Our experience was similar. At our private circle an (alleged) spirit, assuming to be Mrs. Owen’s mother, made several replies so irrelevant and inconsequent that Mrs. Owen said:—

“You have been deceiving us all the time. You are not my mother.”

Whereupon there came this: “Mary lies, dam you” (thus spelled).

I may add, as to the sittings classified as “frivolous” and “boisterous,” that these occurred, as a rule, when the assistants were numerous and were chiefly young people, or others, who had come together for an evening’s amusement.

In a summing up, at the close of this volume, I find my conclusions, so far, thus recorded:—

“As to the great question touching the alleged agency of spirits in framing communications through involuntary writing, or through the table, I regard it, after eight months’ patient experiments, as still undecided, either in the affirmative or negative. If the proofs for are numerous and striking, the difficulties against are serious and unexplained.”²

Of these difficulties the chief were: false intelligence given; occasional failure, by tests, to detect a spirit afterwards discovered to have assumed a false name; occasional giving back of our own ideas, even when these proved afterwards incorrect; promises to execute certain tests not fulfilled; but chiefly the failure to communicate anything not known to us at the time, and of which we afterwards verified the truth.

But if, on the one hand, I withheld assent from the spiritual theory until further investigation; on the other, my reason rejected the speculations which were put forward, in those days, to disparage the phenomena, or to sustain the apneumatic hypothesis. Of these the most accredited were by two French authors of repute: the Marquis de Mirville³ and the Count de Gasparin.⁴

Paris, 3d ed. 1854. This work reached its fifth edition in 1859.

⁴ Des Tables tournantes, du Surnaturel en géné-

¹ In *The Debatable Land*, pp. 437–450.
² *Personal Observations*, MS. page 293.
³ *Des Esprits et de leurs Manifestations fluidiques*.

They attracted much attention, and obtained a wide circulation. Both writers admitted the reality of the phenomena, as I did; both traced them to the agency of a mysterious fluid; but at that point their conclusions diverged.

De Mirville, a Roman Catholic, admitted an ultramundane agency, but asserted that, except when under ecclesiastical sanction and within the limits of one privileged church, these "fluidic manifestations" (as he called them) were demoniac only. As I never believed in the doctrine of human depravity, so neither could my mind admit the idea that if, under cosmical law, there was influx or intervention from another world, such influence could be accursed in its nature, be controlled by a vagrant devil, seeking whom he might devour.

De Gasparin, on the contrary, rejected all intermundane agency, as cause; assenting to a theory which had previously been set forth by Monsieur de Mousseaux,¹ and thus expressed: "That spirit which you have the generosity to attribute to the table is nothing more than your own spirit replying to your own questions. The act is accomplished by the operation of a fluid which escapes from you, which moves the table unconsciously to you, and which governs it in conformity with your sentiments."

I took pains to make clear to myself the objections to this opinion; and these I recorded at the close of the manuscript volume from which I have been extracting. As they have never been published, I here reproduce them:—

"Let us look narrowly to this theory, and examine what it is that it takes for granted. First, a fluid escapes from our bodies and enters the table; and when we will or request the table to move, *that fluid moves it*.

"I do not assert that, so far, the theory is necessarily incorrect. But yet

this, of itself, would be wonderful, beyond any natural phenomenon with which I am acquainted.² What other example have we, in the whole circle of physical experiments ever made by man, of the human will passing out of the living frame of which it determines so mysteriously the movements, and acting on an inert, inanimate mass which it causes to obey each varying command that may be given?

"The advocates of this theory remind us, in explanation,³ that every day—each moment almost—we transmit motion to external inanimate matter by mechanical action; then why not in some other way? Mechanical action is not the only mode of action in the world: caloric expands bodies; the lodestone draws toward itself the distant iron.

"But the analogy does not hold good. If the fluid, passing from our bodies into the table, uniformly caused it (let us suppose) to split into pieces; or if, in every case, it acted upon it so as to produce rotary or oscillatory motion; then, indeed, we might liken its action to that of heat or mineral magnetism, as being determinate and constant. But, on the contrary, its manifestations are as various as the commands which human caprice can issue. I bid the table lift the leg next to me, it lifts it; the opposite leg, it obeys. I request it to beat polka time or to dance a jig; it conforms, with efforts grotesque and ludicrous, to each requirement. Did the command of any mortal creature ever cause the thermometer to rise one degree beyond the point to which the temperature pervading the surrounding atmosphere had contracted or expanded it? Could the combined will of thousands determine the action of the magnet in a direction at right angles to a straight line drawn from the iron to itself?

"But, secondly, supposing it possible to explain these phenomena on physical

ral et des Esprits. Paris, 1855. This work was translated into English, and obtained, both from the English and the French periodical press, many favorable notices.

¹ Mœurs et Pratiques, pp. 294, 295. But M. de Mousseaux himself dissents from this opinion.

² Except, perhaps, the deflection, under certain

circumstances, of a delicate electrometer. But M. de Gasparin succeeded in getting a table, loaded with one hundred and fifty-two pounds, to raise each leg successively; and at last the weight broke the table (Des Tables tournantes, vol. i. p. 46.)

³ Des Tables tournantes, vol. i. pp. 93, 94.

principles, we have but touched the threshold of the mystery, disposing but of the first and least difficulty. Others far greater are yet to be met.

"A fluid (according to De Gasparin), passing from our bodies into inert matter, not only moves that matter at our bidding, but, from its inanimate abode, it enters into intellectual correspondence with us; it answers, with pertinence, our various questions; it joins in the conversation, and replies, assentingly or dissentingly, to incidental remarks made (as I suppose we must express it) in its hearing. Sometimes, even, it comments on these remarks. Its conversation, though at times carried on with apparent hesitation, as if under the difficulty of a novel attempt, is, in a general way, reasonable and consistent; seldom exhibiting contradictions.

"Let us consider what all this involves. Do we engage in conversation with a fluid? Does one portion of ourselves talk to another portion and receive an answer from it? Is the nervous fluid (if it be a nervous fluid) endowed with intelligence? And does that portion of this intelligent fluid which has passed out of our bodies, to lodge in the table, comment upon what the portion which remains within us thinks and says?

"And yet, even this is not the entire case. A second installment of difficulties remains to be encountered still.

"The fluid gives many indications of being an independent entity. Like any living thing, it shows personal preferences, and, still more strange! it exhibits changeful moods. Usually quiet and earnest, it is yet sometimes boisterous and rollicking; to-day frivolous or petulant, to-morrow mischievous or abusive. And these moods do not uniformly correspond to the state of mind of the assistants.

"More extraordinary yet is the fact that the replies given by this fluid, and the comments and suggestions made by it, are frequently far from being echoes

of the opinions or expectations of the questioners. It makes, unexpectedly to all present, original suggestions, and these of a rational character.¹ It sometimes calls up, from the recesses where they have slumbered for half a life-time, the secret images of the past; and presents these to us in a sudden and startling manner. Occasionally, even, the answers and allegations are contrary to the expectations or belief of the individuals from whose persons the fluid is alleged to have gone out.

"It does more yet. The fluid within the table originates an argument with the fluid within us, objecting to a chance expression which the other has employed. On another occasion, instead of replying, as we expected, to a question asked, it goes out of its way to defend the individual whom it impersonates against an unfavorable opinion casually expressed by one of the assistants; thus, as it were, reproving for undue severity that bodily portion of the fluid of which, but an hour before, it had been a constituent part.

"Then here is not only a duality of intelligence caused by the alleged division into two portions (the internal and the external) of the nervous fluid of the human system, but there is not even harmony between the two. Not only does the external portion, rummaging in the store-house of the mind, drag forth thence unlooked-for thoughts and recollections, but it still more evidently exhibits the attributes of a distinct, reflecting existence. It takes that portion of itself from which it had recently parted by surprise. It begins a controversy with it. It conveys a reproof to it. Finally one portion of this dualized fluid occasionally tells the other portion of it what that other portion knows to be a lie!

"Where, in all human experience, within the entire range of natural science, have we hitherto encountered phenomena bearing any analogy to these?"

¹ As, for example, that by dipping our hands in water, we should facilitate the spelling; which, in effect, proved to be so. (Personal Observations,

vol. ii. p. 244.) The difference was immediate and remarkable.

It seems to me, as I copy this argument, that I had already obtained what should have sufficed to convince me of the reality of an outside thinking entity, not mundane : a conviction which virtually involves the spiritual theory. The recollection of the fact that I still held back, awaiting further evidence, has taught me charity for persistent doubters who must have proof on proof ere they believe. I think my hesitation was chiefly induced by this, that I had not yet become reconciled to the idea that in the next phase of existence there are the same varieties of intelligence and of power as we find in this world; and that, there as here, success in a novel experiment is achieved only by practice and persevering effort.

But I had already abandoned one error; seeing clearly that, whatever else this phenomenon might be, it was not a reflex of one's own opinions.

It needs not, and might be tedious, to go through my third volume of Observations. They corroborate substantially former results, with a few further proofs, toward the spiritual theory, added. Of these last one or two may be worth citing; the first touching that difficult question, identification of spirits.

January 21, 1857, at a private circle, my brother William, who died in 1842, unexpectedly announced himself. He had lived with us, being a widower, during the last few years of his life, and thus Mrs. Owen was intimately acquainted with his habitual feelings. She asked: "If this is really you, William, will you spell out something to assure us of it?"

Answer. — *I am cured: death cured me.*

Mrs. Owen. — I do believe it is William himself.

For five or six years before his death, William Owen was a perfect martyr to dyspepsia; he suffered cruelly, and the care of his health was his constant and absorbing thought. If spirits, when

they return to earth, recur to what were their ruling passions and hopes ere they left the body, Mrs. Owen might well accept this congratulatory statement touching an escape from daily suffering to perfect health, as one of the strongest tests which her brother-in-law could have given in proof of his personal identity.

July 9, 1857, again our own circle. We had ascertained by repeated experiments, that while the table could spell out any word which I thought of, it never, in any instance, seemed able to read a word in Mrs. Owen's mind; and, if urged to persevere in the attempt, would reply: "All dark," or "No light," or employ some similar expression. On one occasion she had thought of the word *soap*; and it declared, as usual, that it could see nothing. Then Mrs. Owen said: "I'll go into my bed-chamber and touch what I thought of." She did so, the room being quite dark; then returned and asked: "What did I touch?"¹

Answer. — No—

Mrs. Owen. — It's going to spell "no light."

I said: "Let us make sure of it. Please go on;" and it spelled *s e*. I urged it in vain to finish the word; I could get nothing more. "Is that all?" I asked. "Yes." "Does it mean that you cannot see?" "No." Then first it occurred to me that it had spelled the word *nose*.

When I suggested this, Mrs. Owen, after reflecting a little, burst into a hearty laugh and asked: "What did I touch it with?"

Answer. — Soap.

Thereupon she explained to us that when she entered the dark room, groping about, she had laid her hands on a cake of scented soap and smelled it; and that she distinctly recollected (but not until the table recalled the fact) that she *did* touch her nose with it. After telling us this, she relapsed into thoughtful gravity. "The THING,"

wrote the word and showed it (even if only under the table), or if she whispered it to me—in each and all of these cases it was spelled out at once. *Something* saw and heard.

¹ We followed up this clew, and ascertained, after repeated trials, that while the table remained unable to spell out the name of any object of which Mrs. Owen thought, yet if she touched the object (either in the room in which we sat or elsewhere), or if she

she exclaimed at last, "must have followed me in the dark, and seen everything I did!"

The Rev. Mr. Godfrey, an English clergyman experimenting in table-moving, recognized the *Thing* as we did; but he, somewhat hastily, concluded that it was Satan himself. The reason he assigns for this belief is that his table remained stationary as often as he laid the Bible upon it, but went on moving under any other book. The experiment may have been suggested to him by a perusal of Saint Anthony's biography, in which we read that the devil appeared to him as "a spirit very tall, with a great show, who vanished at the Saviour's name." As the reverend gentleman's work,¹ then recently published, had obtained a notice from the London Quarterly Review, we decided to spend a few minutes in verifying or disproving his theory. Having put a volume of Tennyson's poems on the table, we asked for three tips, and got them. When we replaced this book by the Bible, the tips came just as freely. A second time we placed Tennyson on the table, and asked to have it shaken: the table obeyed. Again we replaced it by the Bible, and the table was shaken as distinctly as before.

So our table, unlike Mr. Godfrey's, exhibited no inkling of the diabolical.

I find the sittings in this volume thus classified:—

Serious, apparently truthful and exhibiting good feeling . . .	75
Frivolous . . .	3
During which false intelligence was communicated . . .	11
In which a spirit evinced revengeful sentiments . . .	1
Total sittings . . .	90

Thus, five sixths of our sittings were of a serious and satisfactory character: a considerable improvement on last volume.

Also I find recorded that, out of more than two hundred mental questions (216), ninety-three per cent. (202) re-

ceived strictly relevant answers: a very satisfactory proportion. These were important not only as experiments in thought-reading, but as enabling me to eliminate all expectation except my own, as influence in determining or modifying the replies.

The above may suffice as a sketch of my early studies in this field, then little explored. The point of progress which I had reached is indicated by a document recorded at the close of my third volume, and which I here reproduce.

SUGGESTED THEORY.

"A theory for which I have not yet found sufficient proof, but which harmonizes with the phenomena, so far as observed, is the following:—

"1. There is a phase of life after the death-change, in which identity is retained; the same diversity of character being exhibited among spirits, as here on earth, among men.

"2. Under certain conditions the spirits of the dead have the power to communicate with the living.

"3. Spirits, when in communication with earth, have the power of moving considerable weights, and of producing certain sounds: also the power of reading in the minds of some men and women, but perhaps not of all. They experience many difficulties in communicating; and partly because of this, but partly also for other reasons, their communications are often uncertain and unreliable.

"4. Spirits communicate more readily when the communications happen to coincide with the thoughts or expectations of the questioner: yet they do, in many instances, declare what is unthought of and unexpected by those to whom the communications are made.

"5. One of the conditions of spiritual communion is the presence of one or more of a class of persons peculiarly gifted, and who are usually called *mediums*.

"6. This communion occurs, not through any suspension of the laws of nature, but in accordance with certain

¹ Table-Turning the Devil's Modern Masterpiece, by the Rev. N. S. Godfrey; London, 1854, pp. 33, 39.

constant laws, with the operation of which we are very imperfectly acquainted."

To this document I find appended the following

"NOTE. Under the above theory all the chief phenomena we have observed find ready explanation. I have heard of no anti-spiritual hypothesis of which the same can be said. It remains to be seen whether further experiments will confirm or disprove this theory; or whether any other theory can be suggested, involving less of marvel than the above, yet adequate to the explanation of the phenomena in question."

No further than this, and with hesita-

tion, had I made my way, after two hundred sittings, running through sixteen months! Yet I have heard certain persons — cautious and sensible in other things — unscrupulously assume, as the result of a few weeks' experience, that they had probed this matter to the bottom, and ascertained, beyond possible doubt, that it was all mere imposture or delusion!

I purpose, in my next paper, briefly to set forth some general results from my spiritual experience; proposing simply to state these and to glance at their connection with civilization and cosmical progress, not to argue their truth. The arguments for and against modern Spiritualism swell to volumes, and can be found elsewhere.

Robert Dale Owen.

NOCTURNE.

MAIDEN! while thy fairy fingers
Free those prisoned harmonies,
While thy left hand gravely lingers,
And thy right skims o'er the keys,
Darting as hussars manœuvre,
Skirmishing in mazy drill,
Swift to scatter and recover
Order, at their leader's will;

Dreamily I hear two voices:
One in fervent tones of prayer,
One that sparkles and rejoices
As a skylark in the air,
With so wild a jubilation
That its carol seems a taunt,
Till a sterner modulation
Drops it to the dominant.

Then a dialogue more tender,
'Twixt the wooer and the wooed,
Where the latter vows to mend her
Wayward petulance of mood;
And the manly voice responding
Breathes a rapture of content,
As through chords with joy resounding
Both in unison are blent.

Through the moonlit fir-trees, playing
Murmurously, the roving breeze
Kisses the white fingers swaying
Pensively, the ivory keys;
Cools my brow and soothes the beating
Of this scarred and crippled heart,
Still, despite experience, cheating
Me with fond delusion's art.

Me it cheats with phantoms thronging
Dimly up from days of yore,
Shapes of loveliness and longing,
Dead and gone forever more;
And as wizards, from the ashes
Of the rose, evoke its grace,
I recall the spectral flashes
Of a once all radiant face!

S. W.

ROSSIE, August, 1874.

A TRUE STORY, REPEATED WORD FOR WORD AS I HEARD IT.

It was summer time, and twilight. We were sitting on the porch of the farm-house, on the summit of the hill, and "Aunt Rachel" was sitting respectfully below our level, on the steps, — for she was our servant, and colored. She was of mighty frame and stature; she was sixty years old, but her eye was undimmed and her strength unabated. She was a cheerful, hearty soul, and it was no more trouble for her to laugh than it is for a bird to sing. She was under fire, now, as usual when the day was done. That is to say, she was being chaffed without mercy, and was enjoying it. She would let off peal after peal of laughter, and then sit with her face in her hands and shake with throes of enjoyment which she could no longer get breath enough to express. At such a moment as this a thought occurred to me, and I said : —

"Aunt Rachel, how is it that you've lived sixty years and never had any trouble?"

She stopped quaking. She paused, and there was a moment of silence. She

turned her face over her shoulder toward me, and said, without even a smile in her voice: —

"Misto C——, is you in 'arnest?"

It surprised me a good deal; and it sobered my manner and my speech, too. I said: —

"Why, I thought — that is, I meant — why, you *can't* have had any trouble. I've never heard you sigh, and never seen your eye when there was n't a laugh in it."

She faced fairly around, now, and was full of earnestness.

"Has I had any trouble? Misto C——, I's gwyne to tell you, den I leave it to you. I was bawn down 'mongst de slaves; I knows all 'bout slavery, 'case I ben one of 'em my own se'f. Well, sah, my ole man — dat's my husban' — he was lovin' an' kind to me, jist as kind as you is to yo' own wife. An' we had chil'en — seven chil'en — an' we loved dem chil'en jist de same as you loves yo' chil'en. Dey was black, but de Lord can't make no chil'en so black but what dey mother loves

'em an' would n't give 'em up, no, not for anything dat 's in dis whole world.

"Well, sah, I was raised in ole Fo'-ginny, but my mother she was raised in Maryland; an' my *souls*! she was terrible when she 'd git started! My *lan*! but she 'd make de fur fly! When she 'd git into dem tantrums, she always had one word dat she said. She 'd straighten herse'f up an' put her fists in her hips an' say, 'I want you to understand dat I wa' n't bawn in de mash to be fool' by trash! I 's one o' de ole Blue Hen's Chickens, I is!' 'Ca'se, you see, dat 's what folks dat 's bawn in Maryland calls deyselves, an' dey 's proud of it. Well, dat was her word. I don't ever forgit it, beca'se she said it so much, an' beca'se she said it one day when my little Henry tore his wris' awful, an' most busted his head, right up at de top of his forehead, an' de niggers did n't fly aroun' fas' enough to 'tend to him. An' when dey talk' back at her, she up an' she says, 'Look-a-heah!' she says, 'I want you niggers to understand dat I wa' n't bawn in de mash to be fool' by trash! I 's one o' de ole Blue Hen's Chickens, I is!' an' den she clar' dat kitchen an' bandage' up de chile herse'f. So I says dat word, too, when I 's riled.

"Well, bymeby my ole mistis say she 's broke, an' she got to sell all de niggers on de place. An' when I heal dat dey gwyne to sell us all off at oction in Rich'nion', oh de good gracious! I know what dat mean!"

Aunt Rachel had gradually risen, while she warmed to her subject, and now she towered above us, black against the stars.

"Dey put chains on us an' put us on a stan' as high as dis po'ch, — twenty foot high, — an' all de people stood aroun', crowds an' crowds. An' dey 'd come up dah an' look at us all roun', an' squeeze our arm, an' make us git up an' walk, an' den say, 'Dis one too ole,' or 'Dis one lame,' or 'Dis one don't 'mount to much.' An' dey sole my ole man, an' took him away, an' dey begin to sell my chil'en an' take dem away, an' I begin to cry; an' de

man say, 'Shet up yo' dam blubberin',' an' hit me on de mouf wid his han'. An' when de las' one was gone but my little Henry, I grab' *him* clost up to my breas' so, an' I ris up an' says, 'You shan't take him away,' I says; 'I'll kill de man dat tetches him!' I says. But my little Henry whisper an' say, 'I gwyne to run away, an' den I work an' buy yo' freedom.' Oh, bless de chile, he always so good! But dey got him — dey got him, de men did; but I took and tear de clo'es mos' off of 'em, an' beat 'em over de head wid my chain; an' dey give it to *me*, too, but I did n't mine dat.

"Well, dah was my ole man gone, an' all my chil'en, all my seven chil'en — an' six of 'em I hain't set eyes on ag'in to dis day, an' dat 's twenty-two year ago las' Easter. De man dat bought me h'long' in Newbern, an' he took me dah. Well, bymeby de years roll on an' de waw come. My marster he was a Confedrit colonel, an' I was his family's cook. So when de Unions took dat town, dey all run away an' lef' me all by myse'f wid de other niggers in dat mons'us big house. So de big Union officers move in dah, an' dey ask me would I cook for *dem*. 'Lord bless you,' says I, 'dat 's what I 's for.'

"Dey wa' n't no small-fry officers, mine you, dey was de biggest dey is; an' de way dey made dem sojers mosey roun'! De Gen'l he tole me to boss dat kitchen; an' he say, 'If anybody come meddlin' wid you, you jist make 'em walk chalk; don't you be afeard,' he say; 'you 's 'mong frens, now.'

"Well, I thinks to myse'f, if my little Henry ever got a chance to run away, he 'd make to de Norf, o' course. So one day I comes in dah whah de big officers was, in de parlor, an' I drops a kurtchy, so, an' I up an' tole 'em 'bout my Henry, dey a-listenin' to my troubles jist de same as if I was white folks; an' I says, 'What I come for is beca'se if he got away and got up Norf whah you gemmen comes from, you might 'a' seen him, maybe, an' could tell me so as I could fine him ag'in; he was very little, an' he had a sk-yar on his lef' wris', an'

at de top of his forehead.' Den dey look mournful, an' de Gen'l say, 'How long sence you los' him?' an' I say, 'Thirteen year.' Den de Gen'l say, 'He would n't be little no mo', now — he 's a man!'

'I never thought o' dat befo'! He was only dat little feller to *me*, yit. I never thought 'bout him growin' up an' bein' big. But I see it den. None o' de gemmen had run acrost him, so dey could n't do nothin' for me. But all dat time, do? I did n't know it, my Henry *was* run off to de Norf, years an' years, an' he was a barber, too, an' worked for hisse'f. An' lymeby, when de waw come, he ups an' he says, 'I's done barberin', he says; 'I's gwyne to fine my ole mammy, less'n she 's dead.' So he sole out an' went to whah dey was recrutin', an' hired hisse'f out to de colonel for his servant; an' den he went all froo de battles everywhah, huntin' for his ole mammy; yes indeed, he 'd hire to fust one officer an' den another, tell he 'd ransacked de whole Souf; but you see I did n't know nuffin 'bout *dis*. How was I gwyne to know it?

'Well, one night we had a big sojer ball; de sojers dah at Newbern was always havin' balls an' carryin' on. Dey had 'em in my kitchen, heaps o' times, 'cause it was so big. Mine you, I was *down* on sich doin's; beca'se my place was wid de officers, an' it rasp' me to have dem common sojers cavortin' roun' my kitchen like dat. But I alway' stood aroun' an' kep' things straight, I did; an' sometimes dey 'd git my dander up, an' den I 'd make 'em clar dat kitchen, mine I *tell* you!

'Well, one night — it was a Friday night — dey comes a whole platoon f'm a *nigger* ridgment dat was on guard at de house, — de house was head-quarters, you know, — an' den I was jist a-*bilin'*! Mad? I was jist a-*boomin'*! I swelled aroun', an' swelled aroun'; I jist was a-itchin' for 'em to do somefin for to start me. An' dey was a-waltzin' an a-dancin'! *my*! but dey was havin' a time! an' I jist a-swellin' an' a-swellin' up! Pooty soon, 'long comes *sich* a spruce young nigger a-sailin' down de room

wid a yaller wench roun' de wais'; an' roun' an' roun' an' roun' dey went, enough to make a body drunk to look at 'em; an' when dey got abreas' o' me, dey went to kin' o' balancin' aroun', fust on one leg an' den on t'other, an' smilin' at my big red turban, an' makin' fun, an' I ups an' says, 'Git along wid you! — rubbage!' De young man's face kin' o' changed, all of a sudden, for 'bout a second, but den he went to smilin' ag'in, same as he was befo'. Well, 'bout dis time, in comes some niggers dat played music an' b'long' to de ban', an' dey *never* could git along widout puttin' on airs. An' de very fust air dey put on dat night, I lit into 'em! Dey laughed, an' dat made me wuss. De res' o' de niggers got to laughin', an' den my soul *alive* but I was hot! My eye was jist a-blazin'! I jist straightened myself up, so, — jist as I is now, plum to de ceilin', mos', — an' I digs my fists into my hips, an' I says, 'Look-a-heah!' I says, 'I want you niggers to understan' dat I wa'n't bawn in de mash to be fool by trash! I's one o' de ole Blue Hen's Chickens, I is!' an' den I see dat young man stan' a-starin' an' stiff, lookin' kin' o' up at de ceilin' like he fo'got somefin, an' could n't 'member it no mo'. Well, I jist march' on dem niggers, — so, lookin' like a gen'l, — an' dey jist cave' away befo' me an' out at de do'. An' as dis young man was a-goin' out, I heah him say to another nigger, 'Jim,' he says, 'you go 'long an' tell de cap'n I be on han' 'bout eight o'clock in de mawnin'; dey's somefin on my mine,' he says; 'I don't sleep no mo' dis night. You go 'long,' he says, 'an' leave me by my own se'f.'

'Dis was 'bout one o'clock in de mawnin'. Well, 'bout seven, I was up an' on han', gittin' de officers' breakfast. I was a-stoopin' down by de stove, — jist so, same as if yo' foot was de stove, — an' I 'd opened de stove do wid my right han', — so, pushin' it back, jist as I pushes yo' foot, — an' I 'd jist got de pan o' hot biscuits in my han' an' was 'bout to raise up, when I see a black face come aroun' under mine, an' de eyes a-lookin' up into mine, jist

as I's a-lookin' up clost under yo' face now; an' I jist stopped *right dah*, an' never budged! jist gazed, an' gazed, so; an' de pan begin to tremble, an' all of a sudden I *knowed*! De pan drop' on de flo' an' I grab his lef' han' an' shove back his sleeve, — jist so, as I's doin' to you, — an' den I goes for his fore-

head an' push de hair back, so, an' 'Boy!' I says, 'if you an't my Henry, what is you doin' wid dis welt on yo' wris' an' dat sk-yar on yo' forehead? De Lord God ob heaven be praise', I got my own ag'in!'

"Oh, no, Misto C——, I hain't had no trouble. An' no joy!"

Mark Twain.

A REBEL'S RECOLLECTIONS.

VI.

A LITTLE BRIEF AUTHORITY.

THE history of the Confederacy, when it shall be fully and fairly written, will appear the story of a dream to those who shall read it, and there are parts of it at least which already seem a nightmare to those of us who helped make it. Founded upon a constitution which jealously withheld from it nearly all the powers of government, without even the poor privilege of existing beyond the moment when some one of the States composing it should see fit to put it to death, the Richmond government nevertheless grew speedily into a despotism, and for four years wielded absolute power over an obedient and uncomplaining people. It tolerated no questioning, brooked no resistance, listened to no remonstrance. It levied taxes of an extraordinary kind upon a people already impoverished almost to the point of starvation. It made of every man a soldier, and extended indefinitely every man's term of enlistment. Under pretense of enforcing the conscription law it instituted an oppressive system of domiciliary visits. To preserve order and prevent desertion it instituted and maintained a system of guards and passports, not less oppressive, certainly, than the worst thing of the sort ever devised by the most paternal of despotisms. In short, a government constitutionally weak beyond all precedent was able for

four years to exercise in a particularly offensive way all the powers of absolutism, and that, too, over a people who had been living under republican rule for generations. That such a thing was possible seems at the first glance a marvel, but the reasons for it are not far to seek. Despotisms usually ground themselves upon the theories of extreme democracy, for one thing, and in this case the consciousness of the power to dissolve and destroy the government at will made the people tolerant of its encroachments upon personal and State rights; the more especially, as the presiding genius of the despotism was the man who had refused a promotion to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers during the Mexican war, on the ground that the general government could not grant such a commission without violating the rights of a State. The despotism of a general government presided over by a man so devoted as he to State rights seemed less dangerous than it might otherwise have appeared. His theory was so excellent that people pardoned his practice. It is of some parts of that practice that we shall speak in the present paper.

Nothing could possibly be idler than speculation upon what might have been accomplished with the resources of the South if they had been properly economized and wisely used. And yet every Southern man must feel tempted to indulge in some such speculation whenever he thinks of the subject at all, and remem-

bers, as he must, how shamefully those resources were wasted and how clumsily they were handled in every attempt to use them in the prosecution of the war. The army was composed, as we have seen in a previous paper, of excellent material; and under the influence of field service it soon became a very efficient body of well-drilled and well-disciplined men. The skill of its leaders is matter of history, too well known to need comment here. But the government controlling army and leaders was both passively and actively incompetent in a surprising degree. It did, as nearly as possible, *all* those things which it ought not to have done, at the same time developing a really marvelous genius for leaving undone those things which it ought to have done. The story of its incompetence and its presumption, if it could be adequately told, would read like a romance. Its weakness paralyzed the army and people, but its weakness was the less hurtful side of its character. Its full capacity for ill was best seen in the extraordinary strength it developed whenever action of a wrong-headed sort could work disaster, and the only wonder is that with such an administration at its back the Confederate army was able to keep the field at all. I have already had occasion to explain that the sentiment of the South made it the duty of every man who could bear arms to go straight to the front and to stay there. The acceptance of any less actively military position than that of a soldier in the field was held to be little less than a confession of cowardice, and cowardice, in the eyes of the Southerners, is the one sin which may not be pardoned, either in this world or the next. The strength of this sentiment it is difficult, for anybody who did not live in its midst, to conceive, and its effect was to make worthy men spurn everything like civic position. To go where the bullets were whistling was the one course open to gentlemen who held their honor sacred and their reputation dear. And so the offices in Richmond and elsewhere, the bureaus of every sort, on the proper conduct of which so much depended,

were filled with men willing to be sneered at as dwellers in "bomb-proofs" and holders of "life insurance policies."

Nor were the petty clerkships the only positions which brought odium upon their incumbents. If an able-bodied man accepted even a seat in Congress, he did so at peril of his reputation for patriotism and courage, and very many of the men whose wisdom was most needed in that body positively refused to go there at the risk of losing a chance to be present with their regiments in battle. Under the circumstances, no great degree of strength or wisdom was to be looked for at the hands of Congress, and certainly that assemblage of gentlemen has never been suspected of showing much of either; while the administrative machinery presided over by the small officials and clerks who crowded Richmond was at once a wonder of complication and a marvel of inefficiency.

But, if we may believe the testimony of those who were in position to know the facts, the grand master of incapacity, whose hand was felt everywhere, was President Davis himself. Not content with perpetually meddling in the smallest matters of detail, and prescribing the petty routine of office work in the bureau, he interfered, either directly or through his personal subordinates, with military operations which no man, not present with the army, could be competent to control, and which he, probably, was incapable of justly comprehending in any case. With the history of his quarrels with the generals in the field, and the paralyzing effect they had upon military operations, the public is already familiar. Leaving things of that nature to the historian, I confine myself to smaller matters, my purpose being merely to give the reader an idea of the experiences of a Confederate soldier, and to show him Confederate affairs as they looked when seen from the inside.

I can hardly hope to make the ex-soldier of the Union understand fully how we on the other side were fed in the field. He fought and marched with a

skilled commissariat at his back, and, for his further staff of comfort, had the Christian and Sanitary commissions, whose handy tin cups and other camp conveniences came to us only through the uncertain and irregular channel of abandonment and capture; and unless his imagination be a vivid one, he will not easily conceive the state of our commissariat or the privations we suffered as a consequence of its singularly bad management. The first trouble was, that we had for a commissary-general a crotchety doctor, some of whose acquaintances had for years believed him insane. Aside from his suspected mental aberration, and the crotchets which had made his life already a failure, he knew nothing whatever of the business belonging to the department under his control, his whole military experience having consisted of a few years' service as a lieutenant of cavalry in one of the Territories, many years before the date of his appointment as chief of subsistence in the Confederacy. Wholly without experience to guide him, he was forced to evolve from his own badly balanced intellect whatever system he should adopt, and from the beginning of the war until the early part of the year 1865, the Confederate armies were forced to lean upon this broken reed in the all-important matter of a food supply. The generals commanding in the field, we are told on the very highest authority, protested, suggested, remonstrated almost daily, but their remonstrances were unheeded and their suggestions set at naught. At Manassas, where the army was well-nigh starved out in the very beginning of the war, food might have been abundant but for the obstinacy of this one man. On our left lay a country unsurpassed, and almost unequalled, in productiveness. It was rich in grain and meat, these being its special products. A railroad, with next to nothing to do, penetrated it, and its stores of food were nearly certain to be exposed to the enemy before any other part of the country should be conquered. The obvious duty of the commissary-general, therefore, was to draw upon that section

for the supplies which were both convenient and abundant. The chief of subsistence ruled otherwise, however, thinking it better to let that source of supply lie exposed to the first advance of the enemy, while he drew upon the Richmond *dépôts* for a daily ration, and shipped it by the overtaken line of railway leading from the capital to Manassas. It was nothing to him that he was thus exhausting the rear and crippling the resources of the country for the future. It was nothing to him that in the midst of plenty the army was upon a short allowance of food. It was nothing that the shipments of provisions from Richmond by this railroad seriously interfered with other important interests. System was everything, and this was a part of his system. The worst of it was, that in this all-important branch of the service experience and organization wrought little if any improvement as the war went on, so that as the supplies and the means of transportation grew smaller, the undiminished inefficiency of the department produced disastrous results. The army, suffering for food, was disheartened by the thought that the scarcity was due to the exhaustion of the country's resources. Red tape was supreme, and no sword was permitted to cut it. I remember one little circumstance, which will serve to illustrate the absoluteness with which system was suffered to override sense in the administration of the affairs of the subsistence department. I served for a time on the coast of South Carolina, a country which produces rice in great abundance, and in which fresh pork and mutton might then be had almost for the asking, while the climate is wholly unsuited to the making of flour or bacon. Just at that time, however, the officials of the commissary department saw fit to feed the whole army on bacon and flour, articles which, if given to troops in that quarter of the country at all, must be brought several hundred miles by rail. The local commissary officers made various suggestions looking to the use of the provisions of which the country round about was full, but, so far as I

could learn, no attention whatever was paid to them. At the request of one of these post commissaries, I wrote an elaborate and respectful letter on the subject, setting forth the fact that rice, sweet potatoes, corn meal, hominy, grits, mutton, and pork existed in great abundance in the immediate neighborhood of the troops, and could be bought for less than one third the cost of the flour and bacon we were eating. The letter was signed by the post commissary, and forwarded through the regular channels, with the most favorable indorsements possible, but it resulted in nothing. The department presently found it impossible to give us full rations of bacon and flour, but it still refused to think of the remedy suggested. It cut down the ration instead, thus reducing the men to a state of semi-starvation in a country full of food. Relief came at last in the shape of a technicality, else it would not have been allowed to come at all. A vigilant captain discovered that the men were entitled by law to commutation in money for their rations, at fixed rates, and acting upon this the men were able to buy, with the money paid them in lieu of rations, an abundance of fresh meats and vegetables; and most of the companies managed at the same time to save a considerable fund for future use out of the surplus, so great was the disparity between the cost of the food they bought and that which the government wished to furnish them.

The indirect effect of all this stupidity — for it can be called by no softer name — was almost as bad as its direct results. The people at home, finding that the men in the field were suffering for food, undertook to assist in supplying them. With characteristic profusion they packed boxes and sent them to their soldier friends and acquaintances, particularly during the first year of the war. Sometimes these supplies were permitted to reach their destination, and sometimes they were allowed to decay in a depot because of some failure on the part of the sender to comply with the mysterious canons of official etiquette. In either case they were wasted. If they got to

the army they were used wastefully by the men, who could not carry them and had no place of storage for them. If they were detained anywhere, they remained there until some change of front made it necessary to destroy them. There seemed to be nobody invested with sufficient authority to turn them to practical account. I remember a box of my own, packed with cooked meats, vegetables, fruits, — all perishable, — which got within three miles of my tent, but could get no farther, although I hired a farmer's wagon with which to bring it to camp, where my company was at that moment in sore need of its contents. There was some informality, — the officer having it in charge could not tell me what, — about the box itself, or its transmission, or its arrival, or something else, and so it could not be delivered to me, though I had the warrant of my colonel in writing, for receiving it. Dismissing my wagoner, I told the officer in charge that the contents of the box were of a perishable character, and that rather than have them wasted, I should be glad to have him accept the whole as a present to his mess; but he declined, on the ground that to accept the present would be a gross irregularity so long as there was an embargo upon the package. I received the box three months later, after its contents had become entirely worthless. Now this is but one of a hundred cases within my own knowledge, and it will serve to show the reader how the inefficiency of the subsistence department led to a wasteful expenditure of those private stores of food which constituted our only reserve for the future.

And there was never any improvement. From the beginning to the end of the war the commissariat was just sufficiently well managed to keep the troops in a state of semi-starvation. On one occasion the company of artillery to which I was attached lived for thirteen days, in *winter quarters*, on a daily dole of half a pound of corn meal per man, while food in abundance was stored within five miles of its camp — a railroad connecting the two points, and the wagons

of the battery lying idle all the while. This happened because the subsistence department had not been officially informed of our transfer from one battalion to another, though the fact of the transfer was under their eyes, and the order of the chief of artillery making it was offered them in evidence. These officers were not to blame. They knew the temper of their chief, and had been taught the omnipotence of routine.

But it was in Richmond that routine was carried to its absurdest extremities. There, everything was done by rule except those things to which system of some sort would have been of advantage, and they were left at loose ends. Among other things a provost system was devised and brought to perfection during the time of martial law. Having once tasted the sweets of despotic rule, its chief refused to resign any part of his absolute sovereignty over the city, even when the reign of martial law ceased by limitation of time. His system of guards and passports was a very marvel of annoying inefficiency. It effectually blocked the way of every man who was intent upon doing his duty, while it gave unconscious but sure protection to spies, blockade-runners, deserters, and absentees without leave from the armies. It was omnipotent for the annoyance of soldier and citizen, but utterly worthless for any good purpose. If a soldier on furlough or even on detached duty arrived in Richmond, he was taken in charge by the provost guards at the railway station, marched to the soldiers' home or some other vile prison house, and kept there in durance during the whole time of his stay. It mattered not how legitimate his papers were, or how evident his correctness of purpose. The system required that he should be locked up, and locked up he was, in every case, until one plucky fellow made fight by appeal to the courts, and so compelled the abandonment of a practice for which there was never any warrant in law or necessity in fact.

Richmond being the railroad centre from which the various lines radiated,

nearly every furloughed soldier and officer on leave was obliged to pass through the city, going home and returning. Now to any ordinary intelligence it would seem that a man bearing a full description of himself, and a furlough signed by his captain, colonel, brigadier, division-commander, lieutenant-general, and finally by Robert E. Lee as general-in-chief, might have been allowed to go peaceably to his home by the nearest route. But that was no ordinary intelligence which ruled Richmond. Its ability to find places in which to interfere was unlimited, and it decreed that no soldier should leave Richmond, either to go home or to return direct to the army, without a brown paper passport, signed by an officer appointed for that purpose, and countersigned by certain other persons whose authority to sign or countersign anything nobody was ever able to trace to its source. If any such precaution had been necessary, it would not have been so bad, or even being unnecessary, if there had been the slightest disposition on the part of these passport people to facilitate obedience to their own requirements, the long-suffering officers and men of the army would have uttered no word of complaint. But the facts were exactly the reverse. The passport officials rigidly maintained the integrity of their office hours, and neither entreaty nor persuasion would induce them in any case to anticipate by a single minute the hour for beginning, or to postpone the time of ending their daily duties. I stood one day in their office in a crowd of fellow soldiers and officers, some on furlough going home, some returning after a brief visit, and still others, like myself, going from one place to another under orders and on duty. The two trains by which most of us had to go were both to leave within an hour, and if we should lose them we must remain twenty-four hours longer in Richmond, where the hotel rate was then sixty dollars a day. In full view of these facts, the passport men, daintily dressed, sat there behind their railing, chatting and laughing for a full

hour, suffering both trains to depart and all these men to be left over rather than do thirty minutes' work in advance of the improperly fixed office hour. It resulted from this system that many men on three or five days' leave, lost nearly the whole of it in delays, going and returning. Many others were kept in Richmond for want of a passport until their furloughs expired, when they were arrested for absence without leave, kept three or four days in the guard-house, and then taken as prisoners to their commands, to which they had tried hard to go of their own motion at the proper time. Finally the abuse became so outrageous that General Lee, in his capacity of general-in-chief, issued a peremptory order forbidding anybody to interfere in any way with officers or soldiers traveling under his written authority.

But the complications of the passport system, before the issuing of that order, were endless. I went once with a friend in search of passports. As I had passed through Richmond a few weeks before, I fancied I knew all about the business of getting the necessary papers. Armed with our furloughs we went straight from the train to the passport office, and presenting our papers to the young man in charge, we asked for the brown paper permits which we must show upon leaving town. The young man prepared them and gave them to us, but this was no longer the end of the matter. These passports must be countersigned, and, strangely enough, my friend's required the sign-manual of Lieutenant X., whose office was in the lower part of the city, while mine must be signed by Lieutenant Y., who made his head-quarters some distance farther up town. As my friend and I were of precisely the same rank, came from the same command, were going to the same place, and held furloughs in exactly the same words, I shall not be deemed unreasonable when I declare my conviction that no imbecility, less fully developed than that which then governed Richmond, could possibly have discovered any reason for requiring that our

passports should be countersigned by different people.

But with all the trouble it gave to men intent upon doing their duty, this cumbrous passport system was well-nigh worthless for any of the purposes whose accomplishment might have excused its existence. Indeed, in some cases it served to assist the very people it was intended to arrest. In one instance within my own knowledge, a soldier who wished to visit his home, some hundreds of miles away, failing to get a furlough, shouldered his musket and set out with no scrip for his journey, depending upon his familiarity with the passport system for the accomplishment of his purpose. Going to a railroad station, he planted himself at one of the entrances as a sentinel, and proceeded to demand passports of every comer. Then he got upon the train, and between stations he passed through the cars, again inspecting people's traveling papers. Nobody was surprised at the performance. It was not at all an unusual thing for a sentinel to go out with a train in this way, and nobody doubted that the man had been sent upon this errand.

On another occasion two officers of my acquaintance were going from a southern post to Virginia on some temporary duty, and in their orders there was a clause directing them to "arrest and lodge in the nearest guard-house or jail" all soldiers they might encounter who were absent without leave from their commands. As the train upon which they traveled approached Weldon, N. C., a trio of guards passed through the cars, inspecting passports. This was the third inspection inflicted upon the passengers within a few hours, and, weary of it, one of the two officers met the demand for his passport with a counter demand for the guards' authority to examine it. The poor fellows were there honestly enough, doubtless, doing a duty which was certainly not altogether pleasant, but they had been sent out on their mission with no attendant officer, and no scrap of paper to attest their authority, or even to avouch their right to be on the train at all;

wherefore the journeying officer, exhibiting his own orders, proceeded to arrest them. Upon their arrival at Weldon, where their quarters were, he released them, but not without a lesson which provost guards in that vicinity remembered. I tell the story for the sake of showing how great a degree of laxity and carelessness prevailed in the department which was organized especially to enforce discipline by putting everybody under surveillance.

But this was not all. In Richmond, where the passport system had its birth, and where its annoying requirements were most sternly enforced against people having a manifest right to travel, there were still greater abuses. Will the reader believe that while soldiers, provided with the very best possible evidence of their right to enter and leave Richmond, were badgered and delayed as I have explained, in the passport office, the bits of brown paper over which so great an ado was made might be, and were, bought and sold by dealers? That such was the case I have the very best evidence, namely, that of my own senses. If the system was worth anything at all, if it was designed to accomplish any worthy end, its function was to prevent the escape of spies, blockade-runners, and deserters; and yet these were precisely the people who were least annoyed by it. By a system of logic peculiar to themselves, the provost marshal's people seem to have arrived at the conclusion that men deserting the army, acting as spies, or "running the blockade" to the North, were to be found only in Confederate uniforms, and against men wearing these the efforts of the department were especially directed. Non-military men had little difficulty in getting passports at will, and failing this there were brokers' shops in which they could buy them at a comparatively small cost. I knew one case in which an army officer in full uniform, hurrying through Richmond before the expiration of his leave, in order that he might be with his command in a battle then impending, was ordered about from one

official to another in a vain search for the necessary passport, until he became discouraged and impatient. He finally went in despair to a Jew and bought an illicit permit to go to his post of duty.

But even as against soldiers, except those who were manifestly entitled to visit Richmond, the system was by no means effective. More than one deserter, to my own knowledge, passed through Richmond in full uniform, though by what means they avoided arrest, when there were guards and passport inspectors at nearly every corner, I cannot guess.

At one time, when General Stuart, with his cavalry, was encamped within a few miles of the city, he discovered that his men were visiting Richmond by dozens, without leave, which, for some reason or other known only to the provost marshal's office, they were able to do without molestation. General Stuart, finding that this was the case, resolved to take the matter into his own hands, and accordingly with a troop of cavalry he made a descent upon the theatre one night, and arrested those of his men whom he found there. The provost marshal, who it would seem was more deeply concerned for the preservation of his own dignity than for the maintenance of discipline, sent a message to the great cavalier, threatening him with arrest if he should again presume to enter Richmond for the purpose of making arrests. Nothing could have pleased Stuart better. He replied that he should visit Richmond again the next night, with thirty horsemen; that he should patrol the streets in search of absentees from his command; and that General Winder might arrest him if he could. The jingling of spurs was loud in the streets that night, but the provost marshal made no attempt to arrest the defiant horseman.

Throughout the management of affairs in Richmond a cumbrous inefficiency was everywhere manifest. From the president, who insulted his premier for presuming to offer some advice about the conduct of the war, and quarreled with his generals because they failed to

see the wisdom of a military movement suggested by himself, down to the pettiest clerk in a bureau, there was everywhere a morbid sensitiveness on the subject of personal dignity, and an exaggerated regard for routine, which seriously impaired the efficiency of the government and greatly annoyed the army. Under all the circumstances the reader will not be surprised to learn that the government at Richmond was by no means idolized by the men in the field.

The wretchedness of its management began to bear fruit early in the war, and the fruit was bitter in the mouths of the soldiers. Mr. Davis's evident hostility to Generals Beauregard and Johnston, which showed itself in his persistent refusals to let them concentrate their men, in his obstinate thwarting of all their plans, and in his interference with the details of army organization on which they were agreed, — a hostility born, as General Thomas Jordan gives us to understand, of their failure to see the wisdom of his plan of campaign after Bull Run, which was to take the army across the lower Potomac at a point where it could never hope to recross, for the purpose of capturing a small force lying there under General Sickles, — was not easily concealed; and the army was too intelligent not to know that a meddlesome and dictatorial president, on bad terms with his generals in the field, and bent upon thwarting their plans, was a very heavy load to carry. The generals held their peace, as a matter of course, but the principal facts were well known to officers and men, and when the time came, in the fall of 1861, for the election of a president under the permanent constitution (Mr. Davis having held office provisionally only, up to that time), there was a very decided disposition on the part of the troops to vote against him. They were told, however, that as there was no candidate opposed to him, he must be elected at any rate, and that the moral effect of showing a divided front to the enemy would be very bad indeed; and in this way only was the undivided vote of the

army secured for him. The troops voted for Mr. Davis thus under stress of circumstances, in the hope that all would yet be well; but his subsequent course was not calculated to reinstate him in their confidence, and the wish that General Lee might see fit to usurp all the powers of government was a commonly expressed one, both in the army and in private life, during the last two years of the war.

The favoritism which governed nearly every one of the president's appointments was the leading, though not the only, ground of complaint. And truly the army had reason to murmur, when one of the president's pets was promoted all the way from lieutenant-colonel to lieutenant-general, having been but once in battle, — and then only constructively so, — on his way up, while colonels by the hundred, and brigadier and major generals by the score, who had been fighting hard and successfully all the time, were left as they were. And when this suddenly created general, almost without a show of resistance, surrendered one of the most important strongholds in the country, together with a veteran army of considerable size, is it any wonder that we questioned the wisdom of the president whose blind favoritism had dealt the cause so severe a blow? But not content with this, as soon as the surrendered general was exchanged the president tried to place him in command of the defenses of Richmond, then hard pressed by General Grant, and was only prevented from doing so by the man's own discovery that the troops would not willingly serve under him.

The extent to which presidential partiality and presidential intermeddling with affairs in the field were carried may be guessed, perhaps, from the fact that the Richmond Examiner, the newspaper which most truly reflected the sentiment of the people, found consolation for the loss of Vicksburg and New Orleans, in the thought that the consequent cutting of the Confederacy in two freed the trans-Mississippi armies from paralyzing dictation. In its leading ar-

ticle for October 5, 1864, the Examiner said:—

“The fall of New Orleans and the surrender of Vicksburg proved blessings to the cause beyond the Mississippi. It terminated the *régime* of pet generals. It put a stop to official piddling in the conduct of the armies and the plan of campaigns. The moment when it became impossible to send orders by telegraph to court officers, at the head of troops who despised them, was the moment of the turning tide.”

So marked was the popular discontent, not with Mr. Davis only, but with the entire government and Congress as well, that a Richmond newspaper at one time dared to suggest a counter revolution as the only means left of saving the cause from the strangling it was receiving at the hands of its guardians in Richmond. And the suggestion seemed so very reasonable and timely that it startled nobody, except perhaps a congressman or two who had no stomach for field service.

The approach of the end wrought no

change in the temper of the government, and one of its last acts puts in the strongest light its disposition to sacrifice the interests of the army to the convenience of the court. When the evacuation of Richmond was begun, a train load of provisions was sent by General Lee's order from one of the interior dépôts to Amelia Court House, for the use of the retreating army, which was without food and must march to that point before it could receive a supply. But the president and his followers were in haste to leave the capital, and needed the train, wherefore it was not allowed to remain at Amelia Court House long enough to be unloaded, but was hurried on to Richmond, where its cargo was thrown out to facilitate the flight of the president and his personal followers, while the starving army was left to suffer in an utterly exhausted country, with no source of supply anywhere within its reach. The surrender of the army was already inevitable, it is true, but that fact in no way justified this last, crowning act of selfishness and cruelty.

George Cary Eggleston.

MR. PARKMAN'S HISTORIES.¹

It is now nearly twenty-five years since *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* was first published; *The Pioneers of France* in the New World followed fifteen years later; in 1867 *The Jesuits in North America* appeared; in 1869 *The Discovery of the Great West*; and now in 1874 we have *Canada under the Old Régime*, in furtherance of the author's design to present an unbroken series of historical narratives of France and England in North America. This design, though fully formed before the publication of *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, began to be realized in *The Pioneers of France* in the New World, which should be read first in the series of narratives

by such as still have before them the great pleasure of reading the entire work. The Jesuits in North America follows; then the present volume of *Canada under the Old Régime*, and one on the rule of Frontenac, to succeed it; then *The Discovery of the Great West*, and finally *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*. Each of these narratives, however, is complete in itself, and in spite of their irregular and unsequenced production, there is a perfect unity of intention in them, and from first to last the author is more and more fortunate in fulfilling his purpose of giving a full view of the French dominion in North America. One moral is traced from beginning to

West. *Canada under the Old Régime*. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

¹ *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*. Two volumes. *The Pioneers of France in the New World*. *The Jesuits in North America*. *The Discovery of the Great*

end,—that spiritual and political despotism is so bad for men that no zeal, or self-devotion, or heroism can overcome its evil effects; one lesson enforces itself throughout,—that the state which persistently meddles with the religious, domestic, and commercial affairs of its people, dooms itself to extinction. In Canada the Jesuit realized his dream of a church untroubled by a heretic, obedient, faithful, devoted; in Canada the monarchist realized his dream of subjects paternally governed even to the intimate details of social and family life; and these dreams were such long nightmares to the colonists that the English conquest, and the perpetual separation of the colony from the mother-country, was a blessing instinct with life, freedom, and prosperity.

It is in Mr. Parkman's last volume that these facts, tacitly or explicitly presented in all his books on Canada, are most vividly stated; and we do not know where else one should find any part of the past more thoroughly restored in history. In all this fullness of striking and significant detail, one is never conscious of the literary attitude, and of the literary intent to amuse and impress; Mr. Parkman soberly and simply portrays the conditions of that strange colony of priests, lawyers, and soldiers, without artificial grouping, and reserves his own sense of the artistic charm which the reader will be sure to feel in the work.

The first part of Canada under the Old Régime is a study of the interesting period in which the colony grew from a church to a state, or in which it passed from the Jesuits who founded it, to the prince who caressed it into a kind of sickly secularity. It would be supposing altogether too much to suppose that the power of the priests in things spiritual was broken by the change: indeed, they fought hard for the control of the colony in all things, and kept a good share of it; but they were no longer supreme. The reader of *The Atlantic* has already seen such chapters of this section as treat of the Jesuit mission at Onondaga, and of the early

heroes and martyrs of Montreal. After these comes a chapter telling of the brief struggle between the Jesuits and the Sulpitians for the Bishopric of Quebec, in which the latter were defeated, and Laval, the favorite of the Jesuit party, achieved the triumph which he enjoyed so many years while governors and intendants came and went. He was of noble family, and he was a man of such distinguished virtue and piety that he is revered as little short of a saint; the Laval University of Quebec is named after him, and throughout French Canada his memory is devoutly cherished. In Mr. Parkman's history he appears a stern, self-sacrificing zealot, clinging to power as to a special charge from God, and crushing opposition without pity, or artfully circumventing it without compunction.

“On his first arrival in Canada, Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, Superior of the Ursulines . . . describes his austerity of life; how he had but two servants, a gardener—whom he lent on occasion to his needy neighbors—and a valet; how he lived in a small hired house, saying that he would not have one of his own if he could build it for only five sous; and how, in his table, furniture, and bed, he showed the spirit of poverty, even, as she thinks, to excess. His servant, a lay brother named Houssart, testified, after his death, that he slept on a hard bed, and would not suffer it to be changed even when it became full of fleas; and, what is more to the purpose, that he gave fifteen hundred or two thousand francs to the poor every year. Houssart also gives the following specimen of his austerities: ‘I have seen him keep cooked meat five, six, seven, or eight days in the heat of summer, and when it was all moldy and wormy he washed it in warm water and ate it, and told me that it was very good.’ . . .

“Several portraits of Laval are extant. A drooping nose of portentous size; a well-formed forehead; a brow strongly arched; a bright, clear eye; scanty hair, half hidden by a black skull-cap; thin lips, compressed and

rigid, betraying a spirit not easy to move or convince; features of that indescribable cast which marks the priestly type: such is Laval, as he looks grimly down on us from the dingy canvas of two centuries ago."

As soon as he reached Quebec, about the middle of the seventeenth century, his quarrels with the governor began on such points as whether the soldiers should offer the bishop a military salute or kneel to him; whether the priests of the choir should receive incense before the governor; whether the bishop or the governor should first be saluted by the children at "solemn catechism;" and the representative of the king presently found the discomforts of his place so many that he gave it up and went home. A stiff old soldier succeeded him, and proved so unmanageable concerning matters of precedence and power, as well as the brandy traffic with the Indians, which the Jesuits were resolved to break up, that Laval went to France to procure his recall, and he was recalled. Meanwhile a terrible earthquake throughout Canada had testified the disgust of Heaven with the colonists, who bitterly repented their disobedience to the Jesuits, and ceased to sell brandy to the Indians—for some days or weeks, perhaps. By and by, Laval returned with a governor after his own heart, a certain Safray de Mézy, major of the town and citadel of Caen, and a chief member of the band of religious zealots to which Laval had himself belonged. These believers were leagued together for the extirpation of Jansenism, for the glory of God, and for the mortification of the flesh, under the guidance of a pious Monsieur de Bernières, who had retired from the world to a house attached to the Ursuline Convent at Caen, called the Hermitage. Doubtless they were good people, but they do not seem to have been very wise or of very savory observances, if we are to believe the anecdotes that Mr. Parkman quotes concerning them.

Major de Mézy was unquestionably all the better follower of Bernières, from having been rather a bad subject in his

youth, and even a Huguenot. "Among the merits of Mézy, his humility and charity were especially admired; and the people of Caen had more than once seen the town major staggering across the street with a beggar mounted on his back, whom he was bearing dry-shod through the mud in the exercise of those virtues. Laval imagined that he knew him well. Above all others, Mézy was the man of his choice; and so eagerly did he plead for him, that the king himself paid certain debts which the pious major had contracted, and thus left him free to sail for Canada. His deportment on the voyage was edifying, and the first days of his accession were passed in harmony."

But at so great a distance from the Hermitage, and in a new climate, the governor lost his head, and when Laval confidently proposed to gather the reins of power entirely into his own hands, Mézy resisted with such scandalous obstinacy, that the bishop threatened to deny him the sacraments. He went for comfort to the Jesuits, but he did not find it; in his madness at some episcopal usurpation he appealed to the people. That sufficed. As soon as the news of this sin against the king's majesty could be carried to France, Mézy was peremptorily recalled, and tormented by his religious fears and his political chagrins, he died before he could leave the colony. It is pleasant to know that he died repentant, and that Laval himself confessed and absolved him.

Laval had hitherto been vicar-apostolic and titular Bishop of Petraea. He now urged at Rome and at Paris his recognition as Bishop of Quebec, and he gained his point. He proposed the establishment of a seminary at Quebec for the education of Canadian priests, and the king sanctioned and confirmed it. He wished to have all curés removable at the pleasure of the bishop, and in spite of the king's instructions to the contrary, he had his way also in this. He was really the civil as well as the spiritual head of the colony; he made and unmade governors, and sooner or later his will was law in everything.

“ This father of the Canadian church, who has left so deep an impress on one of the communities which form the vast population of North America, belonged to a type of character to which an even justice is rarely done. . . . Tried by the Romanist standard, his merits were great; though the extraordinary influence which he exercised in the affairs of the colony was, as already observed, by no means due to his spiritual graces alone. To a saint sprung from the *haute noblesse*, earth and heaven were alike propitious. . . . Nor is there any reasonable doubt that, had the bishop stood in the place of Brebeuf or Charles Lalemant, he would have suffered torture and death like them. But it was his lot to strive, not against infidel savages, but against countrymen and Catholics, who had no disposition to burn him, and would rather have done him reverence than wrong. . . . To comprehend his actions and motives, it is necessary to know his ideas in regard to the relations of church and state. They were those of the extreme ultramontanes. . . . Christ was to rule in Canada through his deputy the bishop, and God’s law was to triumph over the laws of man. As in the halcyon days of Champlain and Montmagny, the governor was to be the right hand of the church, to wield the earthly sword at her bidding, and the council was to be the agent of her high behests.”

But it was at this moment of the bishop’s confirmed supremacy that Louis XIV. took the fancy to become a father to New France, and to establish there the most intimate system of paternal government that perhaps ever was. The serio-comic history of the experiment forms the second part of Mr. Parkman’s book, which opens with a graphic sketch of the situation in France when in 1661 the young king held his court at Fontainebleau, released from the tutelage of Mazarin, advised and obeyed by Colbert, with feudalism abject before him, and a parliament meekly prompt to register his decrees. “ As king by divine right he felt himself raised immeasurably above the highest of his subjects;

but while vindicating with unparalleled haughtiness his claims to supreme authority, he was, at the outset, filled with a sense of the duties of his high place, and fired by an ambition to make his reign beneficent to France, as well as glorious to himself.”

Unhappily for Canada, he chose that colony, always the favorite of the devout, as the field of a peculiar beneficence. He resolved that Canada should be safe from savage invasion, that it should be populous, that it should be prosperous, that it should know all the blessings which the genius of an absolute, fondly paternal government can bestow upon its subjects. It should of course continue religious and obedient; remain ignorant alike of heresy and of political freedom. It should do nothing for itself, except such things as it had first had done for it and had been taught and bidden to do. It should have a complete feudal system, seigneurs and vassals, but a feudal system, *bien entendu*, with teeth drawn, barons without franchises, and tenants without obligations. Trade should flourish—the king would see that commerce took the right direction, and did nothing wrong; industries should spring up—the king would befriend the smallest industry that showed itself; there should be a ready market for all the natural products of the country—the king would compel the various companies dealing in them to take everything offered at a fixed price.

The government was to be administered by a governor and an intendant, the main business of the latter being the espionage and circumvention of the former; the governor was always a noble, the intendant always a lawyer; they always hated one another and quarreled continually. Before the first governor came out, the Marquis de Tracy arrived with one of the finest of the king’s regiments for the purpose of reducing the Iroquois, and on the 13th of June, 1665, landed at Quebec.

“ The broad, white standard, blazoned with the arms of France, proclaimed the representative of royalty;

and Point Levi and Cape Diamond and the distant Cape Tourmente roared back the sound of the saluting cannon. All Quebec was on the ramparts or at the landing-place, and all eyes were strained at the two vessels as they slowly emptied their crowded decks into the boats alongside. . . .

"Tracy was a veteran of sixty-two, portly and tall, 'one of the largest men I ever saw,' writes Mother Mary; but he was sallow with disease, for fever had seized him, and it had fared ill with him on the long voyage. The Chevalier de Chaumont walked at his side, and young nobles surrounded him, gorgeons in lace and ribbons and majestic in leonine wigs. Twenty-four guards in the king's livery led the way, followed by four pages and six valets; and thus, while the Frenchmen shouted and the Indians stared, the august procession threaded the streets of the Lower Town, and climbed the steep pathway that scaled the cliffs above, . . . and soon reached the square betwixt the Jesuit college and the cathedral. The bells were ringing in a frenzy of welcome.

"A *prie-dieu* had been placed for him (the marquis). He declined it. They offered him a cushion, but he would not have it; and, fevered as he was, he knelt on the bare pavement with a devotion that edified every beholder. *Te Deum* was sung, and a day of rejoicing followed."

With the governor and the intendant came more nobles, and more soldiers a little later. The marquis and his troops set about conquering the Iroquois, which they did very promptly, marching down into New York, destroying the fortified towns of the savages, and for the time humbling them thoroughly. Then the marquis went back to France, and most of the young nobles went with him; but the regiment was disbanded in Canada, the soldiers were granted lands and settled in the colony, and it was intimated to the officers that if they wished to please the king they also would remain. The next thing to do was to supply these colonists with wives, and the king had the requisite brides sent out from France

at once. "Girls for the colony were taken from the hospitals of Paris and of Lyons, which were not so much hospitals for the sick as houses of refuge for the poor. . . . Complaints, however, were soon heard that women from cities made indifferent partners; and peasant girls, healthy, strong, and accustomed to field work, were demanded in their place. Peasant girls were therefore sent, but this was not all. Officers as well as men wanted wives; and Talon asked for a consignment of young ladies. His request was promptly answered. In 1667, he writes: 'They send us eighty-four girls from Dieppe and twenty-five from Rochelle; among them are fifteen or twenty of pretty good birth; several of them are really *demoiselles*, and tolerably well brought up.'

"Three years later we find him asking for three or four more in behalf of certain bachelor officers. The response surpassed his utmost wishes; and he wrote again: 'It is not expedient to send more *demoiselles*. I have had this year fifteen of them, instead of the four I asked for.' . . .

"The character of these candidates for matrimony has not escaped the pen of slander. The canstic La Montan, writing fifteen or twenty years after, draws the following sketch of the mothers of Canada: 'After the regiment of Carignan was disbanded, ships were sent out freighted with girls of indifferent virtue, under the direction of a few pious old duennas, who divided them into three classes. These vestals were, so to speak, piled one on the other in three different halls, where the bridegrooms chose their brides as a butcher chooses his sheep out of the midst of the flock. . . . At the end of a fortnight not one was left. I am told that the plumpest were taken first, because it was thought that, being less active, they were more likely to keep at home, and that they could resist the winter cold better. Those who wanted a wife applied to the directresses, to whom they were obliged to make known their possessions and means of livelihood before taking from one of the three classes the girl whom they found

most to their liking. The marriage was concluded forthwith, with the help of a priest and a notary, and the next day the governor-general caused the couple to be presented with an ox, a cow, a pair of swine, a pair of fowls, two barrels of salted meat, and eleven crowns in money.'

"So far as regards the character of the girls, there can be little doubt that this amusing sketch is for the most part untrue. Since the colony began, it had been the practice to send back to France women of the class alluded to by La Hontan, as soon as they became notorious. . . . Mistakes nevertheless occurred. 'Along with the honest people,' complains Mother Mary, 'comes a great deal of *canaille* of both sexes, who cause a great deal of scandal.' After some of the young women had been married at Quebec, it was found that they had husbands at home. The priests became cautious in tying the matrimonial knot, and Colbert thereupon ordered that each girl should provide herself with a certificate from the curé or magistrate of her parish to the effect that she was free to marry. Nor was the practical intendant unmindful of other precautions to smooth the path to the desired goal. 'The girls destined for this country,' he writes, 'besides being strong and healthy, ought to be entirely free from any natural blemish or anything personally repulsive.'"

These paternally united pairs were encouraged by rewards from the king to multiply the number of his subjects as rapidly as possible. Premiums were offered for early marriages, and for large families. One summer a shipment of young women takes place, and the next year the intendant writes home that nearly all are in a forward way to gratify the king's wishes; that year seven hundred children are born. The whole chapter devoted to marriage and population is very curious and amusing, and it is lamentable to know that after all the king's cares and pains the population only increased twenty-five thousand in fifty years. Many children died of the cruel climate and the hard life; of those

that grew up, vast numbers found the perfection of church and state intolerable, and escaping into the wilderness became *coueurs de bois*. But, the impulse once given, the habit of having large families still continues in Canada, where ten, twelve, or fifteen children from one marriage are common, while a meagre three or four constitute a family south of the border.

In his notices of that picturesque offshoot of the Canadian civilization, the *coureur de bois*, Mr. Parkman has given a picture of the wilderness which affects us like a vigorous sketch made by some quick-eyed, sure-handed painter in the presence of the scene; the desert breathes from it; the canvas has the very light and darkness of the primeval woods on it: "Perhaps he could sometimes feel, without knowing that he felt them, the charms of the savage nature that had adopted him. Rude as he was, her voice may not always have been meaningless for one who knew her haunts so well: deep recesses where, veiled in foliage, some wild shy rivulet steals with timid music through breathless caves of verdure; gulfs where feathered crags rise like castle walls, where the noonday sun pierces with keen rays athwart the torrent, and the mossed arms of fallen pines cast wavering shadows on the illumined foam; pools of liquid crystal turned emerald in the reflected green of impending woods; rocks on whose rugged front the gleam of sunlit waters dances in quivering light; ancient trees hurled headlong by the storm to dam the raging stream with their forlorn and savage ruin; or the stern depths of immemorial forests, dim and silent as a cavern, columned with innumerable trunks, each like an Atlas upholding its world of leaves, and sweating perpetual moisture down its dark and channeled rind; some strong in youth, some grisly with decrepit age, nightmares of strange distortion, gnarled and knotted with wens and goitres; roots intertwined beneath like serpents petrified in an agony of contorted strife; green and glistening mosses carpeting the rough ground, mantling the rocks,

turning pulpy stumps to mounds of verdure, and swathing fallen trunks as, bent in the impotence of rottenness, they lie outstretched over knoll and hollow, like moldering reptiles of the primeval world, while around and on and through them, springs the young growth that battens on their decay, — the forest devouring its own dead.”

Mr. Parkman gives with the greatest fullness the particulars of that fond despotism which made life in the colony insufferable to all free and generous spirits. The government concerned itself with everything: when the marriages were made and the population produced under its patronage, it took absolute charge of the people. “If the population does not increase in proportion to the pains I take,” writes the king to one of the intendants, “you are to lay the blame on yourself for not having executed one of my principal orders,” and the intendants acted up to the spirit of the king’s orders. Early in the eighteenth century the intendant Randot conceived that the Montreal farmers were raising too many horses; he ordered them to raise more sheep and cattle, and to kill off the next year all beyond a certain number of horses. The intendant Bigot forbade farmers to remove to Quebec under pain of the confiscation of their goods, and he forbade the towns-people to let lodgings to them under pain of a hundred livres fine. The king, to prevent subdivision of farms, ordered that no buildings should be put up on lands of less than a certain extent, and that all buildings then standing on such lands should be torn down.

“The due subordination of households had its share of attention. Servants who deserted their masters were to be set in the pillory for the first offense, and whipped and branded for the second; while any person harboring them was to pay a fine of twenty francs. On the other hand, nobody was allowed to employ a servant without a license.”

“Public meetings were jealously restricted. Even those held by parishioners under the eye of the curé, to estimate the cost of a new church, seem to have required a special license from the

intendant. During a number of years a meeting of the principal inhabitants of Quebec was called in spring and autumn by the council to discuss the price and quality of bread, the supply of fire-wood, and other similar matters. Such assemblies, so controlled, could scarcely, one would think, wound the tenderest susceptibilities of authority; yet there was evident distrust of them, and after a few years this modest shred of self-government is seen no more. The syndic, too, that functionary whom the people of the towns were at first allowed to choose, under the eye of the authorities, was conjured out of existence by a word from the king. Seigneur, *censitaire*, and citizen were prostrate alike in flat subjection to the royal will. They were not free even to go home to France. No inhabitant of Canada, man or woman, could do so without leave; and several intendants express their belief that without this precaution there would soon be a falling off in the population.”

If the government was annoying and vexatious in its interference with social and family life, it was calamitous in its patronage of trade. None of the enterprises which the king encouraged came to anything; the natural commerce of the colony in furs was made ruinous to the merchants by his meddling. A change in the fashion of hats reduced the demand for beaver; but the king had ordered that the monopolists of the fur-trade should take every beaver-skin brought them at a certain price, and more than once the hapless merchants, to rid themselves of their unsalable stock, were obliged to burn hundreds of thousands of pounds of furs. At the same time the colony was flooded with worthless currency invented to prevent the return of money to France. The only trade that flourished was the brandy trade with the Indians, and this the Jesuits, the first prohibitionists on our continent, strove unceasingly to destroy. The king would perhaps have been glad to join hands with them in the work, but it was represented to the government that if the French did not sell the Indians brandy, these savage allies

would give their friendship to the Dutch and English, and would not even come near enough to be converted by the Jesuits. Besides, the traders were beyond the king's power, which they evaded or defied. Indeed, under this government, which possessed itself so perfectly of every fact of life that it knew as well as the neighborhood gossips when a wife was about to bless her husband with offspring, speculation and dishonesty of all sorts were rife. Nothing was impossible but decent privacy, free opinion, and independent industry.

We regret that we have not space for comment on the chapters relating to the feudal system in Canada, which we commend specially to the reader's notice. There is also a most delightful chapter on the morals and manners of the colonists, in which we find this sketch by the Swedish botanist Kalm, who visited Canada in the early half of the last century.

"The men here (at Montreal) are extremely civil, and take their hats off to every person indifferently whom they meet in the streets. The women in general are handsome; they are well bred and virtuous, with an innocent and becoming freedom. They dress out very fine on Sundays, and though on the other days they do not take much pains with the other parts of their dress, yet they are very fond of adorning their heads, the hair of which is always curled and powdered and ornamented with glittering bodkins and aigrettes. They are not averse to taking part in all the business of housekeeping. . . . Those of Quebec are not very industrious. The young ladies, especially those of a higher rank, get up at seven and dress till nine, drinking their coffee at the same time. When they are dressed they place themselves near a window that opens into the street, take up some needle-work, and sew a stitch now and then, but turn their eyes into the street most of the time. When a young fellow comes in, whether they are acquainted with him or not, they immediately lay aside their work, sit down by him, and begin to chat, laugh, joke, and invent *double-entendres*, and this is reckoned be-

ing very witty. In this manner they frequently pass the whole day, leaving their mothers to do the business of the house. The girls at Montreal are very much displeased that those at Quebec get husbands sooner than they. The reason of this is that many young gentlemen who come over from France with the ships are captivated by the ladies at Quebec and marry them; but, as these gentlemen seldom go up to Montreal, the girls there are not often so happy as those of the former place."

The final chapter is mainly a comparison of the fortunes of Canada with those of the Puritan colonies to the south of her; and this is not, as one can easily believe, to the disadvantage of New England. It fitly closes a work which, freely as we have quoted from it, we have scarcely represented in the fullness with which it pictures the old colonial life of Canada. We may safely say that it leaves untouched no point of interest or significance in that life, and we must again praise the excellent taste of the whole work. If one will think with what good sense and discretion the rich material is managed, in a time when there has been so much meretricious historical writing, disfigured by the wretched egotisms of the writers, and falsified by their literary posturing and their disposition to color whole epochs from a single picturesque event, — in a time when, to say it briefly, Hepworth Dixon has descended directly, however illegitimately, from Thomas Carlyle, — one will be the more grateful to the author who has given us this valuable and charming book. There is material enough in it for innumerable romances, for many volumes of historical sketching, eked out as such things are with plausible conjecture and conscious comment. Mr. Parkman — one readily sees it — does not lack at any moment due sense of the strangeness of the situation he depicts; a lurking smile lights up the gravity of his narrative at times; and it all glows from an imagination which the sublime and poetic facts never fail to kindle. But he addresses himself with direct simplicity to the business of

making the reader understand him and discern the characters and events; this accomplished, he leaves the story to the possession of the delighted fancy.

Mr. Parkman has been most fortunate, of course, in his subject. The period which he presents lies comparatively near at hand; its outlines are distinctly marked; its characteristic traits are broad and clear. If his researches have not exhausted the whole material, they have explored everything that was attainable in Canada and France, and they have developed so much fact that the reader may feel full security that nothing essential is lacking. It seems to us that it must be the last word on the subject—except, of course, from those Catholic critics who will disagree with Mr. Parkman's opinions and inferences, and from whom he will probably not soon hear the last word. But here—we comfort ourselves in a world which is continually rebuilding—seems really to be work that need not be done over again.

We have this feeling in regard to Mr. Parkman's other histories. He would probably be the last to allow that his efforts had left nothing for future workers in the same field to do; but we believe that whatever may be added to his labors, they will remain undisturbed as thorough, beautiful, and true. He has, no doubt, worked from a purpose inspired by the charm of his theme, and sustained under manifold discouragements and fatigues by a sense of its importance—an importance to us whose race has inherited Canada, and whose polity has shaped its present national existence, far surpassing that of the Spanish American conquests. The story of these conquests will always fascinate us, but their interest is a vulgar one compared with that of the story of the French dominion in North America. Here is no tale of lawless and cruel adventure, but the annals of an attempt so grand and generous that its most comical and most ruinous consequences are never less than heroic. Setting aside such vague episodes as that of the Huguenots in Florida, and beginning

with Champlain at Quebec, in 1606,—or with Jacques Cartier nearly a century earlier,—we have an unbroken chain of magnificent errors in colonization, illustrated by every virtue, except tolerance and forbearance, that can ennoble success. The history of the Jesuit martyrdoms and sacrifices, as Mr. Parkman tells it, abounds in testimony to their unselfish and saintly zeal in the attempt to found in the New World a church which should be the state of the whole red race religiously civilized under them. The history of Louis XIV.'s persistent purpose to plant in the frozen wilderness a regenerate monarchical France, free from the seeds of heresy or independent political life, is the record of an ambition almost unexampled in sincere benevolence. The priest was not more determined or well-meaning than the king; it is hard to say which was the more disastrously mistaken, or which did more to prepare the colony, on which so much blood and treasure had been lavished, for conquest by the enemies of both. The time came, with Wolfe, when France was almost glad to be rid of her helpless offspring; but meanwhile there was a long interval, in which such achievements as La Salle's Discovery of the Great West added to the glory of the French name, and of which Mr. Parkman promises the full narrative. The time came after Wolfe, when the French power, which could alone have preserved the native tribes on the continent, forsook them, and left them to make under their chief Pontiac a last general stand against the English; left them to be driven from place to place, to be trodden out, to linger at this day a feeble and vicious remnant on the Western plains, the scourge of the settlers, the prey of the Indian rings.

If we have objected to nothing in these histories, it is because we have no fault to find with them. They appear to us the fruit of an altogether admirable motive directing indefatigable industry, and they present the evidences of thorough research and thoughtful philosophization. We find their style delightful always.

W. D. Howells.

PROFESSOR JEFFRIES WYMAN.

A MEMORIAL OUTLINE.

THE visitor who has passed through the halls of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, and surveyed with astonishment those vast collections brought together and built up under the eye of the great master whom the Old World bred and educated for us and lent us, may perhaps be reminded that there is another collection not far distant which it will be worth his while to visit. He has just seen what can be done by a man of extraordinary genius, trained by the most distinguished teachers of Europe, aided by large private munificence and public appropriations, and assisted by a numerous corps of skilful and enthusiastic fellow-workers. The result, fragment as it yet is of a colossal plan, is worthy of the man and the agencies which by the force of his will, the influence of his example, the renown of his name, the seductions of his eloquence, the charms of his companionship, and above all the devotion of his life, he obtained the mastery of, and wielded for his one grand purpose, that of building up a museum such as the country of his adoption might be proud to show the land of his birth and the world of science. After what the visitor has just passed in review, the grand achievement of so many co-laborers under such guidance, it may seem like asking too much to call on him again for his admiration in showing him another collection, not wholly unlike the last in many of its features, the work almost entirely of a single hand.

We enter the modest edifice known as Boylston Hall, and going up a flight of stairs find a door at the right, through which we pass into a hall extending the whole depth of the building. The tables in the centre of the floor, the cases surrounding the apartment, and the similar cases in the gallery over these, are chiefly devoted to compara-

tive anatomy. Above the first gallery is a second, devoted to the archæological and ethnological objects which make up the Peabody Museum.

The fine effect of the hall and its arrangements will at once strike the observer. In the centre of the floor stands the huge skeleton of a mastodon found in Warren County, New Jersey, in 1844. Full-sized casts of the "fighting gladiator," as it was formerly called, and the Venus of Milo stand at the two extremities of the hall, and one of the Venus de Medici opposite the door. Stretched out at length in glass cases are the anatomical wax figures, male and female, which used of old to be so wondered over by the awe-struck visitors who had gained admission into little Holden Chapel. The skeletons of a large alligator, and of an overgrown ant-eater; a rattlesnake of fearful size and aspect, and a youthful saw-fish, both in alcohol; a slab with fossil foot-prints from the Connecticut River valley, and cases of separate bones from the four animal kingdoms, are the other principal objects grouped about the mastodon.

In the cases around the room are great numbers of fine skeletons, of man and of various animals, — among them of the jaguar, the ostrich, the boa-constrictor, and of immense sea-turtles. Most interesting of all are the skull and other bones of a mighty gorilla. His head and pelvis are far from human in their aspect, but his arm-bone is so like that of his cousin Darwinian, that it looks as if it might have belonged to Goliath of Gath, or Og, king of Bashan. The skeleton of a young chimpanzee, by the side of that of a child, has a strongly marked effect of similar significance. There are also whole series of special preparations to show the parts of the skeleton concerned in locomotion in different classes of animals.

The cases in the gallery contain a vast number of wet and dry preparations, of which a very few may be indicated. One of Professor Wyman's last labors was to refill the jars of the wet preparations with alcohol, and they are in excellent condition. Among these are many careful dissections of the nervous centres and the organs of sense, and a series of embryological specimens which cannot fail to arrest the most careless observer. There are the Surinam toads with their ova on their backs, like potatoes in their hills; there are the strange fishes with their mouths full of eggs; there is the infant skate with a broad laugh on his face as if he thought it a good joke to have been hatched, and forthwith drowned in proof-spirit, like Clarence in his butt of malmsey. Then come monstrosities of various kind and degree, wonders and nothing more to the vulgar, keys to some of nature's deepest secrets to the man of science. We pass next to the nests of wasps and hornets, and the combs of bees, with casts of the cells, from some of which, it may be mentioned, Professor Wyman took impressions directly upon paper, thus insuring that accuracy for which he was almost unrivalled. The nests of the great ants will next attract the eyes of the curious, and near these, the wonderful carpentry of the beavers, as shown in the sticks they have cut into lengths as if with tools of human workmanship. The great chisels of the rodents, those enamel-faced incisors which are so contrived as to keep their sharp bevel by the mere wear of use, grin in the crania ranged in rows above. And so we might go on through almost innumerable specimens filling the shelves, not with the rubbish of cheap collections, but with objects each of which has an idea behind it, and each important series of which has been illustrated by a paper well known to the scientific world.

If the view of this anatomical and physiological collection has excited wonder and admiration, the sight of the archæological and ethnological collections in the gallery above the last, constituting the Peabody Museum, will be

sure to give a not less admiring delight. Would the visitor see how his ancestors lived when they fought for the cave they wanted as a dwelling with the bear and the hyena; when the disposal of their dead was not a question of sepulture or cremation, but a simple matter of digestion: there are the bones of their loved ones, cracked for the marrow they held, or broken in pieces for easier culinary management, or marked by the well-developed canine teeth of the weeping but hungry mourners. There are the idols, the implements of war and peace, the utensils, of races of all grades of humanity; the flint tools and weapons from all quarters of the globe, startling us with the evidences of savage primeval Adams everywhere; relics of extinct tribes exhumed from shell-heaps in Denmark, in Florida, in Massachusetts; mummied remains from Egypt and Peru, images that Mexicans worshipped, pestles with which our Indians pounded their maize, bowls from which Alaskans drank their train-oil, helmets worn by chiefs of Pacific islands, bracelets and breastpins which once adorned the beauties of the lacustrine dwellings. No miscellaneous collection of "curiosities," but a well-ordered display of classified objects to illustrate the earlier stages of those processes by which a naked and defenceless biped, living in a hole like the foxes of the earth, has, in his descendants, subdued the hostile forces of nature to his will, and developed at length into a being of that luminous intelligence, those commanding powers, those benign graces, those far-reaching aspirations, that empire over the instincts and passions, which show him, in his best estate, as but a little lower than the angels. Before us are the relics of the troglodyte's unhallowed feast; what a mental and moral space between him who left his tooth-mark on the bone and him who wrote its label!

There is not one object among these many thousands which was not placed just where we see it by one and the same careful hand. On every label is seen the same delicate handwriting, slender, vertical, uniform, perfectly legible, and

of a characteristically elegant neatness. Of the multitude of skilful and exquisite preparations, there are few that do not betray the workmanship of the master who planned the whole arrangement of these long series of specimens for the illustration of nature in her uncounted variety of forms and functions, and of human existence in its unwritten records.

It is the history of a life which is spread out on these well-filled shelves. Its years might have been counted by their growing rows, as that of a tree is counted by its rings. There is the frog's skeleton the boy made when he was a student in college. Here are the relics he took with his own hands from a Florida shell-heap when threescore years had passed over his head; the last of which found him as full of zeal and of work as the first.

No one can look at this beautiful monument of science, skill, and industry, without wishing to know how it was constructed, what to record, and for whom it was so painfully and patiently reared. He will learn, as we already know, that the genius and the industry of a single lover and student of nature conceived its plan and carried it to completion. He can see that on its walls is engraved a chapter of the new revelation to which the world is listening, for those who come after its founder to study and interpret. And after all this he will search for some tablet that shall teach him something of the man who had dared single-handed to attempt such a task, and left it so nobly accomplished. Here is what such an inscription might tell him, prefaced with a few words of introduction.

In preparing the following brief account of the man at the work of whose hands we have been looking, wondering how they could have wrought so much and done it so well, the writer has been assisted by a full and most interesting communication from one who knew him and loved him very dearly, not only as a brother, but as a friend whose life he shared as if they had always remained

under the same roof. Professor Samuel Kneeland and Mr. Alexander Agassiz have also written in the terms of affection and respect which the mention of his name was always sure to call forth from those who knew him. It matters little from whom we borrow, for all the friends who speak of him are alike eloquent with the unmistakable accents of sincerity and warmth of feeling. It is the man himself, and not the phrases in which he is pictured, of which we must all be thinking.

Jeffries Wyman was born in the town of Chelmsford, Massachusetts, a few miles from what is now the city of Lowell, on the 11th of August, 1814. His father, Dr. Rufus Wyman, was the first physician of the Maclean Asylum for the Insane, the earliest institution of this kind in New England. He was held in the highest esteem as a man of wisdom and of character, and gave that standing to the institution, over which he presided many years with great success, which it has maintained up to the present time. Jeffries, his third son, named after his father's instructor, Dr. John Jeffries, was fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Exeter, entered Harvard College in 1829, and graduated in regular course in 1833. He studied medicine with the late Dr. John Call Dalton and with his own father, and took his medical degree in 1837. Though he must have been well qualified for practice, and had enjoyed the great advantage of having served as house-physician at the Massachusetts General Hospital, he does not appear to have ever become largely engaged in professional business.

Dr. Wyman's first appointment after graduation was as Demonstrator to Dr. John Collins Warren, the Hersey Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University. He was unwilling to tax the limited resources of a father to whom he was fondly attached, and was living at this time with an economy which it would be painful to think of, if we did not remember how many of the heroes of knowledge have eaten the bread of poverty, and found in it the nourishment of steady endeavor and se-

rene self-possession. Soon afterwards he received the appointment of Curator of the Lowell Institute from Mr. John Amory Lowell, who has long administered its important trust in the interest of the able teachers, as well as the intelligent students of every form of knowledge. In 1841 he delivered a course of lectures before the Institute, and with the money received for this service he was enabled to visit Europe for the purpose of pursuing his favorite branches of study. It became evident enough in what direction his choice lay. He gave his time chiefly to the study of human and comparative anatomy, and of natural history and physiology, attending the lectures of Flourens, Magendie, Longet, De Blainville, Valenciennes, Duméril, Isidore St. Hilaire, and Milne-Edwards. Going thence to London he studied the collections of the Hunterian Museum, and was thus busied when the news of his father's death summoned him back to his own country.

In 1843 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical Department of Hampden Sidney College, Richmond, Virginia. He resigned this office in 1847, at which time he was chosen Hersey Professor of Anatomy in Harvard University. To illustrate his lectures he began the formation of that Museum of Comparative Anatomy at which the reader has taken at second-hand a rapid glance. He made several voyages, partly, at least, with the object of making additions to his collections; one in 1849 to Labrador, where he came into relation with the Esquimaux and learned something of their modes of living.

In the spring of 1833, while a senior in college, he had suffered from a dangerous attack of pneumonia, which seems to have laid the foundation of the pulmonary affection that kept him an invalid, and ended by causing his death. The state of his health made it necessary for him to seek a warmer climate, and in 1852 he went to Florida, which he continued to visit during many subsequent years; for the last time during the spring of the present year. Besides

these annual migrations he revisited Europe in 1854 and 1870, and made a voyage to Surinam in 1856, and one to La Plata in 1858.

All these excursions and seasons of exile, rendered necessary by illness, were made tributary to his scientific enterprise. His museum kept on steadily growing, and the students who worked under his direction or listened to his lectures, the associations with which he was connected, and the scientific journals, reaped the rich fruit of his observations and his investigations during these frequent and long periods of absence.

So he went on working for about twenty years, quietly, happily, not stimulated by loud applause, not striking the public eye with any glitter to be seen afar off, but with a mild halo about him which was as real to those with whom he had his daily walk and conversation, as the nimbus round a saint's head in an altar-piece. It was near the end of these twenty years, in 1866, that Mr. George Peabody, of London, laid the foundation, by the gift of a large sum of money, of an archaeological and ethnological museum, having particular reference to the antiquities illustrating the history of the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent. No professorship was yet provided for, and the modest title of Curator was all that was offered to Wyman when his services were called for in this new capacity. He entered with the enthusiasm of youth upon the duties of the office. What he accomplished in the way of personal contributions, obtaining donations, making judicious purchases, classifying, distributing, arranging, describing, repairing, labelling, the visitor whom we have supposed to have walked around the gallery would not expect to be told within the limited compass of these pages. How many skulls broken so as to be past praying for he has made whole, how many Dagons or other divinities shattered past praying to he has restored entire to their pedestals, let the myope who can find the cracks where his cunning hand has joined the fragments tell us. His ma-

nipulation of a fractured bone from a barrow or a shell-heap was as wonderful in its way as the dealing of Angelo Mai with the scraps of a tattered palimpsest.

The two offices, that of Hersey Professor of Anatomy and that of Curator of the Peabody Museum, he held until the time of his death. He was one of the four members in addition to Professor Agassiz himself who constituted the Faculty of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy. He entered with the most unselfish interest into all the large designs and complex operations of his illustrious colleague, who regarded him as standing on an equal footing with the greatest living comparative anatomists. From 1856 until 1870, when his health forced him to resign, he held the office of President of the Boston Society of Natural History. In 1857 he was chosen President of the American Association for the Promotion of Science. He neither courted nor was in need of any such honors, but they came to him unsought.

During the few months preceding his death he was well enough to work as usual, and had the satisfaction of placing both his museums in perfect order before leaving Cambridge in the month of August, on a visit to the White Mountains. He was subject to the periodical catarrh of which his brother, Dr. Morrill Wyman, has written the history, and for which he has pointed out the cities of refuge to be found among the hills of New Hampshire. Shortly before the usual time of the return of the complaint he had gone for a brief residence to the little town of Bethlehem. He had experienced several slight attacks of bleeding, when on the night of Friday, the 4th of September, a sudden and copious hemorrhage came on and proved almost immediately fatal.

Funeral services were held on the Tuesday following at the Appleton Chapel in Cambridge, and at the place of interment at Mount Auburn. Sir Henry Wotton's noble hymn,

"How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will,"

was felt by all who heard it read as a part of the service to be a true picture

of the pure, simple-hearted, high-souled man upon whose calm features we had looked for the last time.

Professor Wyman was twice married, and leaves three children heirs of his honored and memorable name.

We have begun with a rapid glance at the work of his hands. Let us now look at the printed record of what he did in science. No attempt will be made here to exhaust the catalogue of his Essays, his Reports, and the remarks full of significance which are to be found scattered through the scientific periodicals of the last thirty years. That task must be left for others. Our readers will, we trust, ask for nothing more in these pages than a very general view of his scientific labors, followed by such comments upon them and upon the man as cannot fail to suggest themselves.

The earliest article of his in print of which I have found any notice is "On the Indistinctness of Images formed by Oblique Rays of Light," published in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal for September, 1837.

In the Catalogue of Scientific Papers compiled and published by the Royal Society of London is a list of sixty-four papers by Professor Wyman, and a mention of four others bearing his name in conjunction with those of Professor Hall, Professor Horsford, and Dr. Savage. This list brings the record down only to the year 1863. His contributions to science were kept up to the present year, the last, as yet unpublished, paper being dated May 20th, 1874. This will be again referred to in the course of the present article.

The papers published from 1837 to 1874 embrace a wide range of subjects: anatomy, human and comparative; physiological observations; microscopic researches; paleontological and ethnological studies of fossils and relics; notices of the habits of animals, and curious experiments bearing on different points of interest, as for instance the formation of fossil rain-drop impressions, and the questions relating to the planes and angles of the cells of bees. To these

should be added those memoirs in which he has drawn with fidelity and tenderness the characters of fellow-students of nature who were called from their work before him.

Professor Wyman may be said to have illustrated rather than to have made a principal study of human anatomy. Much as there is to learn in this, there are fresher fields, where labor may be bestowed with larger promise of new facts, and such, too, as oftentimes throw more light on the significance of parts of the human structure than their immediate exploration would have afforded. His most important contribution to human anatomy is his paper entitled *Observations on Crania*, published in the *Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History*, April, 1868. This is full of new and valuable information, the result of much patient and ingenious labor. He made and reported an examination of the skeleton of a Hottentot who died in this city. He has given an admirable description of the arrangement of the spicula of bone in the neck of the human femur, and contrasted this arrangement with that observed in other animals not destined for the erect posture. All his figures of the internal structure of this and other bones of the human frame are, like other illustrations from his own skilful pencil, clear and bold. He knew just what he wanted to show, and his hand obeyed his intelligence. Another article of more popular interest is his description of the brain and cranial cavity of Daniel Webster. Of a more practical bearing is his account of a hitherto unnoticed fracture of the two lower lumbar vertebræ, dependent on their anatomical peculiarities. In a memorable trial his evidence relating to the bones which had been submitted to great heat is of singular excellence as testimony, and his restoration of the fragments is a masterpiece of accuracy and skill. It need hardly be said that while he did not concentrate his attention chiefly on human anatomy, few of those who teach that branch alone are as thoroughly masters of it as he was.

One of his earlier publications in comparative anatomy and paleontology made the name of Wyman known to many outside of the scientific world. This was his paper on certain fossil animal remains which were for a time on public exhibition in Boston. They consisted of a chain of vertebræ one hundred and fourteen feet long, a few ribs, and portions of what were said to have been the paddles. This formidable antediluvian, obtained by a Mr. Koch from the marly limestone of Alabama, was christened by the name *Hydrarchus Sillimani*, and was advertised as an extinct form of sea-serpent. Dr. Wyman showed conclusively that the "king of the waters" was no reptile at all, but a warm-blooded mammal, that the bones were never parts of one and the same individual creature, and that some at least of the so-called paddles were casts of the cavities of a chambered shell. He has left on record many other studies of fossils; among the rest, of the remains of vertebrated animals from Richmond, Virginia, and from Memphis, Tennessee, of the fossil elephant and megatherium, and of the cranium of the mastodon. In this connection may also be mentioned his experiments on the impressions left by rain-drops, spray, and hail upon soft clay, intended to illustrate the fossil marks of similar origin, a variation of those of Professor Rogers in which plaster was used.

In comparative anatomy his most elaborate essays are that on the Nervous System of *Rana Pipiens*, to be found in the *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge*, and that on the Embryology of *Rana Batis*, in the *Transactions of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences*. Other papers of special interest are on the gorilla, which owes to him its famous name, borrowed from the *Periplus of Hanno the Carthaginian*. This was six months before Mr. Owen published on the same subject. To these may be added several articles on the eye and organ of hearing in the "blind fishes" of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; on the passage of nerves across the median line; on a thread-worm in the brain

of the snake-bird — a very curious observation illustrating his perpetual vigilance, which never let a significant fact escape him as an unmeaning accident.

In physiological research his most noted experiments are those on the formation of infusoria in boiled solutions of organic matter contained in hermetically sealed vessels. These were continued for years, and are among the most important which have been made on the great question of biogenesis. — His observations on the development of mould in the interior of eggs point in the same direction, as do his experiments on the effects of heated water on living organisms. — The effect of absence of light on the development of tadpoles, long since illustrated by the noted experiments of W. F. Edwards, is another matter which he studied and reported upon. — He contrived an exquisite arrangement by which he measured the velocity and force of the ciliary movement. — He explained with his accustomed ingenuity the mechanism of the tibio-tarsal joint in the ostrich. But of all his contributions to science no one compares for boldness and brilliancy with the Description of a Double Fœtus, and the illustration of the formation of that and similar monstrosities by the action of bar-magnets on iron filings. The way in which “polar force,” as it had been vaguely called, might be supposed to act in the arrangement of the parts of a forming embryo, normal or abnormal, was shown in a manner so startling, yet so simple, that to see him, by the aid of a couple of magnets, give the formula, as it were, of Ritta Christina, or of that “double-headed (and bodied) lady” who was lately exhibiting her accomplishments before us, was like being taken into the workshop of the sovereign Artificer, engaged in the last and greatest of his creative efforts.

In connection with this remarkable paper are published his views on the symmetry and homology of limbs, a subject which has of late received elaborate treatment at the hands of one of his most distinguished former pupils, Professor Wilder, of Cornell University.

In speaking of the law of “antero-posterior symmetry” Professor Wilder says of his instructor that he, “almost alone in this country, has devoted time to eliminating, from the indefinite and often extravagant and absurd shape in which it was left by Oken, the real truth of a principle the most potent and elevated of which the vertebrate body, considered by itself, is capable.” Just such a mind as Professor Wyman’s is needed to hamstring the vaulting idealisms of men like Oken and Carus. It is not science to say with the first that “the universe is God rotating;” it is not science to confound, with the second, the articulates and the vertebrates in a communism of forced homologies.

Scarcely separable from this class of observations and experiments are those which relate to points of what would have been commonly called natural history. Of these the most noticeable are his studies of the unusual modes of gestation in certain fishes. His attention had been called in the year 1854 to this curious phenomenon by Dr. Cragin, formerly United States Consul at Paramaribo, the capital of Dutch Guiana. In 1857 he visited the market of this place, and there found several species of fish, the males of which had their mouths “crammed to the fullest capacity” with the eggs which the females had laid. None were found in the stomach, and Professor Wyman was of the opinion that the eggs must be disgorged during the time when the animals were feeding. His paper published in Silliman’s Journal for 1859 gives an interesting account of this singular partnership in the parental duties. — He describes a species of hornet which builds its nest on the ground. — There is a certain strange reptile, known to science as the *Scaphiopus solitarius*, of which a single specimen had been found in this region by an inquiring country doctor whom some of us well remember, Dr. Andrew Nichols of Danvers. Wyman, who saw where others only looked, dug one up in his own garden, and had very soon found some thirty more in the neighborhood, and gives a description

of them. — He sees the flies dying on the panes of his windows, as we all have seen them, leaving a certain white dimness on the glass, and submitting the appearances to microscopic examination makes out the characters of the vegetable parasite which, reversing the common order of nature, has fed upon the body of the little animal. — “Do snakes swallow their young?” asks Mr. F. W. Putnam, and the great naturalist, who, as we remember, did not find ova in the stomach of his strange fishes, answers him not incredulously, but rather as if it were not unlikely, in a quotation from Spenser’s *Faery Queen*, of which these lines form a part: —

“A thousand young ones which she daily fed;

Soon as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept and suddain all were gone.”

Nothing can be more modest than the title of his pamphlet of eighteen pages, *Notes on the Cells of the Bee*. But if Lord Brougham could return from the pale realms where he has learned before this time the limits of his earthly omniscience, he would find his stately approval of the divine geometry un-called-for compliment. John Hunter’s “Don’t think, but try,” perhaps modified to “Think and try,” inasmuch as experiment must choose some direction or other, was the rule by which Professor Wyman worked here as in all cases; and trial led him to quietly set aside the confident assertion of Lord Brougham as to the “absolute and perfect agreement between theory and observation” with reference to the sides and angles of the cells.

After Professor Wyman’s appointment as Curator of the Peabody Archaeological and Ethnological Museum, his time was largely devoted to the formation and arrangement of the collection which has already become so rich in objects of interest. The liberality of Professor Agassiz transferred from the great Museum of Comparative Zoölogy many of those relics, lacustrine and other, which seemed to find an appropriate place in the new collection. Other additions came from gifts of as-

sociations and individuals, including a large number of Mexican antiquities from the Honorable Caleb Cushing, and others still were acquired by purchase. The Curator himself was constantly adding something whenever he had an opportunity, and even during his involuntary exile to a warmer climate on account of his impaired health, he was always busy, as we have said, in those curious explorations, his record of some of which is his last contribution to the pages of a scientific journal.

In 1867 he published, in the *American Naturalist*, *An Account of some of the Kjøkkenmøddings (kitchen-middens), or Shell-Heaps in Maine and Massachusetts*. In the same year he visited, in company with Mr. G. A. Peabody, of Salem, and Mr. George H. Duncombe, of Canada West, no less than thirty-two of these shell-heaps. The communication already referred to as his last record in the pages of science was read at a meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, and is thus mentioned in the as yet unpublished report: —

“May 20, 1874.

“Professor Jeffries Wyman read an account of the discovery of human remains in the fresh-water shell-heaps of Florida, under circumstances which indicate that cannibalism was practised by the early inhabitants living on the shore of the St. John’s River.”

Here follow some particulars which we may pass over.

“Professor Wyman also gave an account of cannibalism as it existed in the two Americas at the time of the discovery of the country, as well as in later years, and gave the documentary evidence for his statements, the most complete and conclusive of which is derived from the relations of the Jesuits.”

In reply to a question as to the evidences of cannibalism in New England, put by Mr. F. W. Putnam, —

“Professor Wyman thought there was no sufficient evidence for such a belief, and he also stated that he had never known a case of burial in a shell-heap, but at Doctor’s Island, Florida, he had

found a portion of a skeleton apparently buried *under a heap*, as Mr. Putnam had done in a heap near Forest River at Marblehead."

Such a list of papers as has been given bears the relation of a partial index to the papers themselves. The papers, again, bear the relation of an index to his labors, and to the collections of that beautiful museum which is the ample volume in whose pages those who come after him will read the truest record of his life-long services to science.

Besides the long array of scientific papers, some of the more interesting and important of which have been briefly referred to, mention should be made of the course of twelve lectures on Comparative Physiology, delivered in 1849 before the Lowell Institute, reported by Dr. James W. Stone, and published originally in *The Traveller* and afterwards in a separate pamphlet. They are characterized by the clearness, method, soundness, and felicity of illustration which always belonged to him as a teacher. To these writings should be added his tributes to the memory of the distinguished surgeon and lover of science, Dr. John Collins Warren, of Dr. Augustus Addison Gould, the hard-working and enlightened student of nature, and of that young man too early lost to science, of a promise so large that no one dared to construct his horoscope and predict his scientific future, Dr. Waldo Irving Burnett.

Those last offices of friendship which he performed with pious care for others, others must now perform for him; some of those, it may be hoped, who knew him most intimately. We know what he would have wished of his eulogist. He would not have suffered that he should indulge in the loud lament justified by the Roman poet, which would acknowledge no restraint of conventional propriety or measure of intensity in grief. He would rather have had him remember the sober words of the Roman philosopher: *Est aliquis et dolendi decor — et quemadmodum in ceteris rebus, ita in lachrymis aliquid sat est.* Much as we

feel that we have lost, we must also remember how much of him remains. His mind has recorded itself in his collections and in his writings; his character lives in the memory of all who knew him as free from spot or blemish, as radiant with gentle graces as if he had come a visitor from some planet of purer ray than this earth, where selfishness and rivalry jostle each other so rudely in the conflicts of our troubled being.

We naturally wish to know something of the personal traits of such a man in his earlier years. An extract from the communication kindly furnished by his brother, Dr. Morrill Wyman, will call him up before us as a boy and youth.

"He early showed an interest in natural history. When less than ten years old he spent half his holidays in solitary walks along the banks of the Charles River and the margin of the creek near the Asylum, to pick up from the sedge anything of interest that might be driven ashore. It was seldom that he returned from these walks without something either dead or alive as a reward of his search. In college the same preference continued, and although he did not neglect the prescribed course, he made many dissections and some skeletons, especially one of a mammoth bull-frog, once an inhabitant of Fresh Pond, which was a subject of interest to his classmates and is now, I believe, in his Museum of Comparative Anatomy. He early commenced drawing, but with very little regular instruction; — he also, when ten or twelve years old, painted on a panel with house paints a portrait of himself which was something of a likeness, but deficient in proper tints; the nearest approach he could make to the color of his hair was — green. His facility in sketching in after life was remarkable; he drew anatomical subjects with great accuracy and rapidity. His drawing upon the blackboard in illustrating his lectures, done as it was as he lectured, was most effective. His diagrams for his lectures to the undergraduates of Harvard College were nearly all drawn and colored by his own hand."

In a very pleasant letter, received

while this article is going through the press, Professor Bowen, a college classmate, who was a fellow-student with Wyman at Exeter, speaks of him, then a boy of fourteen, as pure-minded, frank, playful, happy, careless, not studious, at least in his school-books, but not mischievous. "He *would* take long rambles in the woods, and go into water and a-fishing, and draw funny outline sketches in his school-books, and whittle out gimcracks with his penknife, and pitch stones or a ball farther and higher than any boy in the academy, when he ought to have been studying his lessons. Only a few years ago, when we were chatting together about our early life at Exeter and in college, he said in his frank and simple way, with a laugh and half a sigh, 'Bowen, I made a great mistake in so neglecting distasteful studies, though you may think I made up for it by following the bent of my inclination for catching and dissecting bull-frogs. I have been obliged, even of late years, to study hard on some subjects distinct from and yet collateral with my special pursuits, which I ought to have mastered in my boyhood.' The boy was very like the man, only with age, as was natural, he became more earnest, persistent, and methodical."

One need not be surprised to learn from another classmate, himself distinguished as a scholar, that many of those whom Jeffries Wyman distanced and left out of sight in the longer trial of life stood above him in scholarship during his college course.

We have seen that he early left the ranks of the profession which he had studied, at least as a working member. Kind-hearted, sagacious, thoroughly educated, it might have seemed that he was just the man to be useful, and to gain fortune and renown, as a physician. Why have he and so many others, eminently furnished for professional success, seen fit to give up all their professional prospects and take the almost monastic vows of the devotee to science? Doctor Louis Agassiz, Doctor Asa Gray, Doctor Jeffries Wyman, were all duly qualified to exercise the healing art. They each

left its beaten road for the several paths to which they found themselves called. The divinity which shapes our ends was working through the instincts which they followed. We may pause a moment to contrast their early calling with their actual pursuits.

The art of healing is an occupation worthy of the best and ablest men, but it is less entirely satisfying to the purely scientific mind than other pursuits of equal dignity. Like meteorology, it can watch, and to some extent predict the course of events; it can hang out cautionary signals, and help us to protect ourselves by its counsels; but its problems involve elements which defy our analysis, and health and disease come and go in spite of it, like storm and sunshine. The uncertain and importunate calls of suffering interfere with connected investigations. A physician will have to count the pulses of thirty patients while a physiologist is watching the circulation of a single tadpole. The feelings are too often excited when the observing faculties should be undisturbed; too much time is demanded for that half-social, half-professional intercourse which tends, except in the strongest brains, to partial atrophy of some of the dominant cerebral convolutions. The physician's path is obscured by deceptive appearances which he has no means of clearing up, and obstructed by practical difficulties which he has not the power of overcoming. Disease which he has an hour to study and prescribe for has been silently breeding in the individual for years, perhaps in the family for ages. The laboratory of the pharmacist is a narrow-walled apartment, but the earth, the air, the sea, the noonday sun, and the midnight dew distil, exhale, mingle, or convey the poisons that enter at every pore of the double surface of our bodies. It is a weary conflict when one must strike at an unseen foe with an uncertain weapon. Those cruel old verses which ridicule this random warfare with the common enemy — written probably by some poor creature who would have screeched for medical aid at the first twist of a colic — are not wholly without

a sting in these days of larger and surer knowledge : —

" Si vis sanari de morbo nescio quali

*Accipias herbam, sed quam vel nescio qualem,
Ponas nescio quo, sanaberis nescio quando."*

We need not wonder or regret that while Sydenham was reforming the English practice of medicine, his fellow-student Doctor John Locke gave up his profession to devote himself to the study of the human understanding; that Doctor Carl von Linné became known to all the world as Linnaeus the naturalist; that Doctor Thomas Young gradually relinquished physic for physics, and found himself happier in reading the hieroglyphics of Egypt than in unravelling the mysteries of disease; that Doctor William Hyde Wollaston became a chemist, and Doctor Thaddeus William Harris an entomologist. And so we may feel about our good Doctor Jeffries Wyman; excellent as he would have been as a physician, welcome as his gentle voice and pleasant smile would have been at the bedside, keen as he would have been in detecting the nature and causes of disease, and conscientiously assiduous as he would have shown himself in doing all he could to alleviate it, many of his most precious natural gifts would never have found a full opportunity of exercise if he had not followed the course for which nature had marked him out from his boyhood.

For this course he was endowed with the rarest attributes. His acuteness and accuracy of observation were so great that an oversight or an error was not likely to be detected in any of his work by any other than himself. His mental eye was not only, as we should say of a good microscope, at once remarkable for penetration and definition, but it was as nearly achromatic as we can hope to find any human organ of intellectual vision. His word was as trustworthy as a plumb-line or a spirit-level. If Jeffries Wyman had asserted that he had himself seen a miracle, there are not a few questioners of tradition who would accept a revelation on the strength of it.

In his laboratory he commonly made use, as Wollaston did, of the simplest

appliances. Give him a scalpel, a pair of forceps, a window to work at, and anything that ever had life in it to work on, and he would have a preparation for his shelves in the course of a few hours or days, as the case might be, that would illustrate something or other which an anatomist or a physiologist would find it a profit and pleasure to study. Under a balanced bell-glass he kept a costly and complicated microscope, but he preferred working with an honest, old-fashioned, steady-going instrument of the respectable, upright Oberhaeuser pattern. His outfit for happy employment was as simple as John the Baptist's for prophecy. Who are so rich as the poet and the man of science? "The meanest flower that blows" is an unfathomable mine of thought to the one, and "the poor beetle that we tread upon" holds a whole museum of nature's miracles for the other.

He was never so busy that he would not turn aside to answer a student's question or show a visitor any object he might wish to see. Where he was in doubt, he never made any pretence of knowing, and like all wise men he knew well of how much we are all ignorant.

If he had ambition it was latent under other predominating characteristics. So far as could be seen, his leading motive was an insatiable, always active, but never spasmodic desire of learning some new secret of nature. If a discovery came in his way he told of it without any apparent self-applause or vanity. He, who never made blunders, might fairly be indulged in a quiet smile at those of his neighbors, but he was considerate with scientific weaklings, and corrected them as tenderly as Isaac Walton would have the angler handle his frog. Dr. Kneeland speaks of him in his letter to the writer, as he appeared in the chair as President of the Natural History Society: —

"He presided with the gentleness and courtesy so characteristic of him; he was always ready with some fact from his carefully arranged storehouse to confirm or disprove statements made before the Society. He was patient of

ignorant contradiction, sure of final approbation; never captious; never annihilating his tyro antagonists, as he easily could, by the weight of his scientific blows. His benign countenance many a time has checked the rising excitement of hot discussions."

"He never took part in any personal controversy," says Mr. Alexander Agassiz in his letter, and on one occasion to which Mr. Agassiz refers, when he was unfairly treated by a leading man in science, "he never complained of it or even mentioned it." — "Unless he could add something of importance to the memoirs of his predecessors, he never allowed himself to print his observations if they were mere confirmations. At the time Owen and the younger Milne-Edwards published their memoirs on the Dodo, he had been at work for a long time on the same material in the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, and was just ready to commence; yet he was satisfied in criticising a few points in the above papers, and returned the series of bones, all carefully labelled, saying he should have no further use for them."

Professor Wyman would have been more famous if he had been less modest. Whether it be true or not that the world knows not its greatest men, it certainly knows very little of many of its best men; nothing at all of most of its best women. The bolts and pins that fasten the walls of our dwellings are mostly buried out of sight, and so it is with the virtues that hold society together. Professor Wyman did a man's work with a woman's patience, meekness, fidelity, and noiseless efficiency. He was born with those gifts of "nature" which the excellent Bishop Hall would put before "grace" in the choice of a partner for life. He was too good a man for any creed to confiscate his virtues to its private exchequer. We do not inquire so narrowly or so severely into a good man's special dogmas as our worthy ancestors were in the habit of doing. President Increase Mather burned Robert Calef's book of Sadducee infidelities about witchcraft in the

college yard, but we do not expect President Eliot to preside over a similar *auto-da-fé* in which Mr. Tyndall's Belfast address is to be the combustible. Many, however, will be pleased to know that Professor Wyman was a regular attendant on divine worship, and that the want of reverence sometimes attributed to men of science was no part of his character. The following extract from his own tribute to the memory of Waldo Irving Burnett came evidently from the heart of one who shared his devout habits of thought and emotion: —

"In all of his studies of nature he seems to have had a pervading perception of God in his works, and often in eloquent words gives expression to his feelings when some new manifestation of divine wisdom was uncovered to his inquiring mind."

The seer of the past was the man of mysteries. The veil within which none but the high-priest must enter, the ark which the well-meaning attendants tried to steady when it was like to fall, and were smitten dead for touching it, — these are the symbols of that venerable antiquity whose traditions are the cement in which the stones of all these temples rising around us are laid.

The seer of to-day is the man of explorations and explanations. Moses is busy with his microscope, and Daniel prophesies from the meteorological headquarters at Washington. The old bottles cannot hold all the new wine. We must not expect all our saints to come up to the doctrinal standards of the Reverend and biographical Dr. Allen's moribund theologians, but when we find a man who has passed his days in the study of materialized phenomena living a life which would reflect credit on any church, we need not be afraid to honor him, even if he is given over to that branch of science which poor dear Hester Piozzi says "leads into doubts destructive of all comfort in this world and all happiness in the next" — that wicked geology.

Who has ever preached such a sermon as this sweet and lovely life has been always setting forth in the gold-

en letters, of daily actions? If he had been one of the twelve around the Master, whom they had seen hanging on the Cross, no doubt he, like Thomas, would have asked to see the print of the nails, and know for himself if those palms were pierced, and if that side had received the soldier's spear-thrust. But if he had something of the questioning follower, in how many ways he reminded us of the beloved disciple! His characteristic excellences recall many points of the apostle's description of the virtue which never faileth. He suffered long and was kind; he envied not; he vaunted not himself; he was not puffed up; he sought not his own; was not easily provoked; thought no evil; and rejoiced in the truth. If he differed from Charity in not believing all things, he followed the apostolic precept of trying all things, and holding fast that which had stood the trial. Many scientific men of great note have had too obvious failings. Hunter was ill-tempered; Davy was ill-mannered; Wollaston was acquisitive. It is with men like Faraday and Edward Forbes that we would name Jeffries Wyman, — Faraday, living in uncomplaining poverty, happy in the incessant pursuit of knowledge, absorbed and "earnest as a child over his toys" in performing his wonderful experiments at the Royal Institution, simple-hearted, devout in his adhesion to his singular and self-denying creed; Edward Forbes, as shewn in Dr. John Brown's eloquent pages, "the delightful man, the gifted teacher, the consummate naturalist," "a child of nature who lived in her presence and observance," to whom all were welcome, and who was welcomed by all, "who won all hearts" by his gifts and "his unspeakable good-nature," who lived for science, and, when his summons came,

"behaved at the close with his old composure, considerateness, and sweetness of nature."

Jeffries Wyman looked his character so well that he might have been known for what he was in a crowd of men of letters and science. Of moderate stature, of slight frame, evidently attenuated by long invalidism, with a well-shaped head, a forehead high rather than broad, his face thin, his features bold, his expression mild, tranquil, intelligent, firm, as of one self-poised, not self-asserting, his scholarly look emphasized by the gold-bowed spectacles his near-sightedness forced him commonly to wear; the picture of himself he has left indelibly impressed on the memory of his friends and pupils is one which it will always be a happiness to recall.

The work of his busy hands is done; the sound of his cheerful voice is heard no more; his smile will never welcome us again at the threshold of his beautiful museum; the benediction of his presence will no more hallow our friendly meetings. It is a pleasure of the purest nature, and not easily to be forgotten, to associate one's name but for an hour with such a fragrant memory. It may seem as if too much had been made of his virtues and graces. But all that has been said is no more than all that knew him are saying, and less — how much less! — than such a life is entitled to claim. To other hands which will fill out this imperfect outline and add color to these scarcely tinted features, which will show his intellect in its full proportions, his labors in their entire extent, his thoughts in their complete expression, his character in its noble sincerity, the sweet remembrance of Jeffries Wyman is lovingly commended.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RECENT LITERATURE.¹

AMONGST the works of fiction printed in the English language this year, there can hardly be any so remarkable in some aspects as the idyllic story which Mr. Boyesen tells us. It is not only remarkable for being a good story, which is distinction enough, but it ought to be known to every one who takes it up as an achievement almost singular in letters. It is not a translation from the Norwegian, as one might guess, but is the English of a Norwegian, thinking and expressing himself in our tongue with a grace, simplicity, and force, and a sense of its colors and harmonies, which we should heartily praise in one native to it. Mr. Boyesen has proved his genius both for literature and for language. The example of the Italian Ruffini, who writes charming novels in English, and the case of the Italian Gallenga, whose work is a model of journalistic writing in our language, are the only instances worthy to be compared with the present; and we believe that these authors have lived a long time in England; whereas Mr. Boyesen's citizenship is as new as the last election.

But it is not on his phenomenal side that we care mostly to regard him, and if his English were not joined with poetic instinct and a rare artistic power, it might remain for the gratification solely of persons of "culture." We like his Gunnar because it is the work of a poet, and announces its origin in all characteristics. It is of that good school of which Björnsterne Björnson is the head, and to which we have nothing answering, of English root. It is an idyllic sort of story which regards simple things naturally, but at the same time poetically. As our readers know, the scene is almost entirely among the Norwegian peasants; the plot is the love of a houseman's (or tenant's) son for the daughter of a rich peasant landowner, and relates to

Gunnar's growth from a dreamy boyhood to the manhood of a young painter, who comes back from Christiania crowned with academic glories, and weds his faithful Ragnhild. To this end much doubt and anxiety are of course accessory; and Gunnar does not fail to stab his rival, like a true Norseman; but his rival gets well, and there is no distress in the book which we do not confidently accept as temporary. In other words, Gunnar is not that sort of fiction in which the reader's interest is made to depend upon his uncertainty as to how it is all going to come out. It concerns itself with the development of an artistic mind as it gropes darkly upward through the narrow conditions of a peasant's life, half-consciously reaching to the light and air; and this study is made dramatically, not analytically, so that it is a work of fine art.

If we were to say what was the best thing in the book, we should name that pretty *Stev* which Gunnar and Ragnhild sang, one answering the other, at the "Wild-Duck's" wedding; it has a charming movement, and it is so fresh and sweet and authentic that it might have been made when song was new, rather than in our sad, old, rhyme-worn world. The chapter in which this *Stev* comes is also as much above the others as the *Stev* is better than the other poems in the book. The worst you can say of other chapters is that they do not advance the story, but seem to have been done more for the author's than the reader's pleasure; they indulge poetic fancies, and reveries about his material, and do not actively shape it. But the chapter to which we refer paints boldly a very striking scene full of strong, original figures, and has humor, which is a quality that Mr. Boyesen's lyrical genius does not often show. The skee-race is a good scene, too, and all

¹*Gunnar: A Norse Romance.* By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYSEN. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Hours in a Library. By LESLIE STEPHEN. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1874.

Field Ornithology. Comprising a Manual of Instruction for Procuring, Preparing, and Preserving Birds, and a Check-List of North American Birds. By DR. ELLIOTT COUES, U. S. A. 8vo. Salem: Naturalists' Agency. 1874.

Arctic Experiences: Containing Captain George E. Tyson's Wonderful Drift on the Ice-Floe, a History of the Polaris Expedition, the Cruise of the

Tigress, and Rescue of the Polaris Survivors. To which is added a general Arctic Chronology. Edited by E. VILA BLAKE. New York: Harper and Brothers 1874.

The Anæsthetic Revelation and the Gist of Philosophy. By BENJAMIN PAUL BLOOD. Amsterdam, in New York, America. 1874.

The Philosophy of Spiritualism and the Pathology and Treatment of Mediomania. Two Lectures by FREDERIC R. MARTIN, M. D. New York: Asa K. Butts & Co. 1874.

the passages about the free saeter-life are good. The landscapes and customs of Norway are constantly sketched, and the glamour of the folk-lore is softly shed over all from a memory stored full of the wild superstitions of the North. Some of the characters strike us as particularly well done. Thor, Gunnar's father, is excellent, and so is Gunnar's grandmother. Ingeborg, Ragnhild's mother, is admirable in the early parts of the story, but her character is not so well sustained throughout. What is more important is that the lovers are always good — Ragnhild the woman is especially very sweetly and truly evoked from Ragnhild the child. Other personages, and some of the situations, show the faltering of a youthful touch, for Gunnar is the first fiction of a romancer still far on the sunny side of the thirties, and if it is somewhat conventionally Norse in certain traits, it is so novel in most things that it is like a fresh draught from a clear spring, after many effervescent summer-drinks that our own shoppy fountains serve us. And it is so good to have quite a new poet to rejoice over that we would rather not find out all his faults at once.

— It is a very agreeable volume that Mr. Stephen has made by collecting a number of his essays on literary subjects; they are all critical, and all treat of matters of great importance to those who take any interest in books and writers. These are the titles of the different essays: *De Foe's Novels*, *Richardson's Novels*, *Pope as a Moralist*, *Mr. Elwin's Edition of Pope*, *Some Words about Sir Walter Scott*, *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, *Balzac's Novels*, *De Quincey*. Mr. Stephen has the advantage over many critics that he has no special theory to uphold, like Taine, for example, and he is able to address himself to the matter he is discussing with so much more chance of freedom from prejudice. He belongs to no school of criticism, or, in other words, he does not seek to hit any one over the head of the man he is writing about; he is content to point out what seems to him good in an author, and what bad, with the reasons for his opinions, without indulging either in clever epigram that shall please the ear for a time, but do no more, or in vague philosophizing. The essays are noticeably like the conversation of an intelligent man, which is after all the best, as it is the final criticism. It is often clever, and always temperate. The reader will continually come across remarks with which

he cannot agree, as is only natural, but in general he will agree with Mr. Stephen's intelligence, wit, and good sense. For ourselves we should say that it might be easy to fall foul of him most readily with regard to what he says of Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*. We would not dissent from all that he says about the priggishness of Sir Charles Grandison, but is it quite fair to speak of *Clarissa's* having undue respect for paternal authority? He compares her with one of George Sand's heroines, and with Maggie Tulliver, as if Richardson were a contemporary of the two great female novelists, and as if the different position of woman in the last hundred years were not to be taken into account. In the last century it is tolerably certain that one of George Sand's heroines would have had all the immorality they rejoice in at present, and none of the unsatisfied aspirations; these would seem to have come into fashion with the romantic school. Nowadays parents get off well if they are argued with; formerly their word was law. In fact, the whole essay on Richardson seems rather too light in its tone.

In his essay on Pope as a Moralist, Mr. Stephen hardly meets the objection of those who deny Pope's poetical abilities; but he has written an admirable chapter on this writer, about whom the last word has not yet been said. In the next essay he goes on in the same way, defending him from the foolish criticisms of his last editor, Mr. Elwin, and expounding some of his poems. He calls Pope a great poet and sets out to show us the grounds on which his reputation rests; it all would seem to show, however, that Pope was "the incarnation of the literary spirit," with his wit, and keenness of mind, and that while every quality that his admirers claim for him may be acknowledged to exist, yet that a poet does not come within the definition. But these are turbid waters, and we forbear.

There may be something fantastical in the essay on Hawthorne, where the connection between him and the witch-burners is traced, but every one will agree with what is said of the possibility that Hawthorne might have been overborne by the romantic wealth of Europe, had that been his home. There is no undue stress laid on this supposition, however; it is merely given for what it is worth.

One of the best of the essays is that on De Quincey, which forms, to our thinking, the best summary of the powers of that

strange man, who is still so frequently the object of a slavish adoration from many people. He is not denounced, but many of his follies, which have made some people deny him the qualities that he really has, are set in plain sight; especially good is the little exposition of De Quincey's wonderful logic.

— Dr. Cones's book is not a mere manual of taxidermy, as we at first supposed. Its briefer title truly indicates its real character, in that it is mainly adapted to the out-door use of our young ornithologists, whose wants are very different from the wants of ornithologists a generation ago. One great merit of this work consists in the careful directions given to insure the scientific value of birds after they are shot; and it is filled with useful hints which prove the long practical experience of the writer, and contains sound and sensible advice throughout. Beyond question, it is the best thing of the sort yet published, and every boy showing a passion for birds should accept this work for his daily guide; it will carry him at once into the open air, for its pages breathe of the woods and fields, and the directions for out-door life are full and explicit, from those which speak of the care of a gun to those which concern the haunts of birds and the use and abuse of stimulants. It is written by an enthusiast, one who would gladly undergo any hardship to gain his end; we always imagined naturalists to be differently constructed from other men, holding in ill-concealed contempt the fleshly frailties of less favored classes, but here we have a frank confession: "I have my opinion of those who like the world before it is aired; I think it served the worm right for getting up when caught by the early bird; nevertheless I go shooting betimes in the morning, and would walk all night to find a rare bird at daylight."

The book, we said, breathes of the woods and fields; notice the following passage, which one would scarcely anticipate in a work of this nature: Birds "come about your doorstep to tell their stories unasked. Others spring up before you as you stroll in the field, like the flowers that enticed the feet of Proserpine. Birds flit by as you measure the tired roadside, lending a tithe of their life to quicken your dusty steps. They disport overhead at hide-and-seek with the foliage as you loiter in the shade of the forest, and their music now answers the sigh of the tree-tops, now ripples an

echo to the voice of the brook. But you will not always so pluck a thornless rose. Birds hedge themselves about with a bristling girdle of brier and bramble you cannot break; they build their tiny castles in the air surrounded by impassable moats, and the draw-bridges are never down. They crown the mountain-top you may lose your breath to climb; they sprinkle the desert where your parched lips may find no cooling draught; they flock the snow-wreath where the nipping blast may make you turn your back; they breathe unharmed the pestilent vapors of the swamp that mean disease if not death for you; they outride the storm at sea that sends strong men to their last account. Where now will you look for birds?"

Evidently our author does not write at second-hand; he has been in the woods himself; yet he says: "I have never walked in the woods without learning something pleasant that I did not know before;" we should prize the companionship of such a man in nature's solitudes; they would be no solitudes to him. And when we see this professional bird-hunter writing in the following vein,—"Never shoot a bird you do not fully intend to preserve or to utilize in some proper way. Bird-life is too beautiful a thing to destroy to no purpose; too sacred a thing, like all life, to be sacrificed, unless the tribute is hallowed by worthiness of motive;"—or, when telling you how to kill most quickly a wounded bird, he adds: "I assure you, it will make you wince the first few times; you had better habitually hold the poor creature behind you,"—we are at once sure that we have found one in whom familiarity with suffering does not breed callousness of heart.

The check-list is of course but a reflection of the author's larger work, the key, already noticed, and to which this book is an accompaniment. It is unfortunate, that, owing partly to the author's absence during printing, there are no less than a dozen pages of additions and corrections. This in no way reflects upon the Salem Press; the typography is good, and the difficult check-list remarkably correct.

— Mr. E. Vila Blake's volume, *Arctic Experiences*, gives us a full record of the various mishaps that befell the *Polaris* expedition, and it is with a very mixed feeling that the reader will lay down the book. There are so many proofs given of the incongruity of the men composing the expedition, of culpable breaches of discipline,

of indifference to its object, of want of sympathy with the commander, and of lack of authority on his part, that one may well be excused for a certain amount of despondency; but a brighter view will be taken as one thinks over the record of Captain Tyson's drift of fifteen hundred miles on an ice-floe during an Arctic winter. The public will remember the preparations made to insure the success of the *Polaris* expedition, which started with as good promise as any that ever set sail. Prominent among its superior advantages was the full corps of scientific men on board, but before the ship had reached Greenland discord had broken out, apparently between the scientific men and the captain, which, coupled with Captain Hall's death, brought about the failure of the expedition. Mr. Blake tells us that the reason why Captain Hall was willing to overlook the first breaking out of discord was his intense desire to make his way to the far north. And it would be hard to deny that he acted wisely. It was the 3d of July when he set sail from New London, and owing to various delays he did not reach Upernavik until the 18th of August. If he had sent back the disaffected men at that time, he would have been short-handed; and if he had returned with them, the expedition might probably have been indefinitely postponed. He preferred to go on, and yet Captain Tyson has recorded in his diary under the date of August 10th, "There are two parties already, if not three, aboard. All the foreigners hang together, and expressions are freely made that Hall shall not get any credit out of this expedition." September 13th they went into winter-quarters in lat. $81^{\circ} 38' N.$, long. $61^{\circ} 45' W.$ November 8th Captain Hall died; the fears of his having met his death by foul means may be considered as being wholly dispelled. The command then fell into the hands of Captain Buddington, an officer who had been of no service in maintaining discipline on board of the ship, and who was much more anxious to return home than to try to make any farther advance northward. The next summer sledge-journeys were undertaken, but without getting farther north than lat. $81^{\circ} 57' 26''$. On the 15th of October the alarm arose which caused about half of the ship's company to get upon the ice, while the others were engaged in throwing out provisions and clothing, for they all expected that the *Polaris* would soon sink. The ice broke, the ship

was free, and Tyson, with nine men, two Esquimaux, Joe and Hans, their two wives and four children, was adrift in Baffin's Bay. Captain Tyson's journal gives a most interesting account of their sufferings during that winter. Discipline was slack, for many of the men were sailors, unfamiliar with the English language, spoiled by the lax discipline of the *Polaris*, and deceived by Mr. Meyers, one of the scientific men with them, who led them with delusive hopes of reaching the coast of Greenland. It was not until April 30th that they were rescued, and that the party should have endured the cold, hunger, and squalor which they did for so long a time, seems really incredible. It would be hard to praise too highly Captain Tyson's heroism. The remainder of the book is not without interest. Those left on board the *Polaris* had supplies enough to live in comfort, and after spending one season in winter-quarters, they, as is well known, managed to reach civilization. The only death was that of the unhappy Captain Hall; we may be sure that if his life had been spared there would have been a very different story to record. The expedition was not wholly without results, though these were in a great measure of a negative character, for the inaccuracy of previous charts was clearly shown, and Dr. Kane's open sea was not found where it was thought to be. Like many Arctic expeditions, this was of service as showing us rather what is to be avoided in such undertakings than the un-failing way of securing success.

The table of Arctic chronology at the end of the volume is valuable; we notice, however, that Lord Dufferin's yacht-voyage is put down under the year 1867; it took place ten years earlier. The introductory voyage, containing a brief synopsis of what had been done in northern waters, is an important and useful abridgment.

—What we are, we are! Fear not, gentle reader, we are only thus beginning to give you a brief account of *The Anæsthetic Revelation*, a privately printed pamphlet which its author has sent us. What we are, we are, whether we be aware of it or not! The stuff of which we and our universe are made cannot be helped by knowledge. Her use is to forestall contingencies; but in Being nothing is contingent. It shall be what it always was; whether for weal or woe its inmost equality or meaning *is* already, nor can all our complacent recognition confirm or clinch it, "or all our tears wash out a

word of it." This utterance of practical sense has helped to bring the metaphysical craving into disrepute, as being a morbid overgrowth of intellectual activity; whilst more subtle reasons still are making some minds condemn it as an essentially hopeless passion. Among these latter stands Mr. Blood, who, however, frees himself from philosophy only as many others have done, by wading deeply through, and thereby exposing himself to the scornful eyes of the sound-minded and practical crew as one of the other visionary sort. More indeed than visionary, — crack-brained, will be the verdict of most readers, when they hear that he has found a mystical substitute for the answer which philosophy seeks; and that this substitute is the sort of ontological intuition, beyond the power of words to tell of, which one experiences while taking nitrous oxide gas and other anæsthetics. "After experiments ranging over nearly fourteen years, I affirm what any man may prove at will, that there is an invariable and reliable condition (or uncondition) ensuing about the instant of recall from anæsthetic stupor to sensible observation, or 'coming to,' in which the *genius of being is revealed*; but because it cannot be remembered in the normal condition, it is lost altogether through the infrequency of anæsthetic treatment in any individual's case ordinarily, and buried amid the hum of returning common-sense, under that epitaph of all illumination, This is a queer world! . . . To minds of sanguine imagination, there will be a sadness in the tenor of the mystery, as if the key-note of the universe were low, — for no poetry, no emotion known to the normal sanity of man, can furnish a hint of its primeval prestige and its all but appalling solemnity; but for such as have felt sadly the instability of temporal things, there is a comfort of serenity and ancient peace; while for the resolved and imperious spirit there are majesty and supremacy unspeakable." So glorious does this solution of the world's mystery seem to him, that he rises to this flight of rhetoric, which will seem grand or funny according to the disposition of the reader: "My worldly tribulation reclines on its divine composure; and though not in haste to die, I care not to be dead, but look into the future with serene and changeless cheer. This world is no more that alien terror which was taught me. Spurning the cloud-grimed and still sultry battlements whence so lately Jehovan thunders boomed, my gray gull lifts her

wing against the night-fall and takes the dim leagues with a fearless eye."

Now, although we are more than sceptical of the importance of Mr. Blood's so-called discovery, we shall not howl with the wolves or join the multitude in jeering at it. *Nirwana*, whether called by that name or not, has been conceived and represented as the consummation of life too often not to have some meaning; and the state without discrimination, the "informal consciousness," the "being in a meaning prior to and deeper than manifestation in form" of our author seems to be the same as *nirwana*. Every one has felt the proverb, "*In vino veritas*," to have a deeper meaning than the common interpretation, that the mask falls from the drinker's character. Ontological emotion, however stumbled on, has something authoritative for the individual who feels it. But the worst of all mystical or simply personal knowledge is its incommunicability. To the mere affirmation, "I *know* that this is truth, therefore believe it!" the still more simple reply, "I won't!" is legitimate and conclusive for the time. The intellect, with its classifications and roundabout substitutions, must after all be clung to as the only organ of agreement between men. But when a man comes forward with a mystical experience of his own, the duty of the intellect towards it is not suppression but interpretation. Interpretation of the phenomenon Mr. Blood describes is yet deficient. But we may be sure of one thing now: that even on the hypothesis of its containing all the "revelation" he asserts, laughing-gas intoxication would not be the final way of getting at that revelation. What blunts the mind and weakens the will is no full channel for truth, even if it assist us to a view of a certain aspect of it; and mysticism *versus* mysticism, the faith that comes of willing, the intoxication of moral volition, has a million times better credentials.

The greater part of the pamphlet, in which he ratiocinatively explains the gist of all philosophy to be its own insufficiency to comprehend or in any way state the All, is marked by acuteness of thought and often great felicity of style; though it sins by obscurity through a quaint density of expression, and by such verbal monsters as *spacical* instead of spatial. We can enter into it no further than to say that the common run of believers in the "relativity" of knowledge, who feel as if the imbecility of the latter were due to its bounds and not to its es-

sence (which is to duplicate Being in an Other, namely, Thought), will find here the view argued interestingly that the trouble all comes of a gratuitous guest; that the mystery we feel challenged to resolve, and baffled at not resolving, is no mystery if we decline the challenge; in other words, that fullness of life (unreflected on) forestalls the need of philosophy by being in itself "what we must confess as practical somewhere, namely, an apodal sufficiency; to which sufficiency a wonder or fear of why it is sufficient cannot pertain, and could be attributed to it only as an impossible disease or lack." The secret of Being, in short, is not in the dark immensity beyond knowledge, but at home, this side, beneath the feet, and overlooked by knowledge. We sincerely advise real students of philosophy to write for the pamphlet to its author. It is by no means as important as he probably believes it, but still thoroughly original and very suggestive.

—Dr. Marvin says he has had a good deal of intercourse with "Spiritualistic" mediums and the phenomena they exhibit. Of these he says one half are spurious, the other half—surely a large allowance—genuine. This latter half he subdivides into those more or less explicable by physical and pathological laws, and those as yet wholly inexplicable. He quotes with approbation the Report of the London Dialectical Society, which testifies to tables having been moved without contact, and goes on to say that while the phenomena are one thing, the hypothesis that Spiritualists endeavor to build on them is altogether another thing. The religion of Spiritualism seems to him "the most mournful calamity that has ever happened to the human race; it is a revival of the dark ages in the noonday of the nineteenth century." Accordingly his first lecture is philosophical, and intended to show that the so-called Spiritualism is materialism, and would prove the immortality of the old clothes that apparitions wear quite as well as that of the forms within them. In the second lecture he describes the pathological condition, called by him *mediomania*, with which, no doubt, a majority of the trance and other mediums who infest our cities are afflicted. "Hysteria or *mediomania* in the first generation may become chorea or melancholia in the second, open insanity in the third, and idiocy in the fourth: the merciful laws of nature usually forbid that there should be a fifth generation." One

of the characteristics of these unfortunates is the tendency to automatic imitation. Hence the danger of the creed, which spreads like any other virulent epidemic, and degrades alike the body and the mind of its hierophants. A number of cases are described of the usual mournful-comic order. "Moses" communicated with Dr. Marvin once through a medium. On his objecting that the *soi-disant* lawgiver wrote sham Hebrew, he got the following message in English: "*Moses wants a drink. Mos s + his mark.*" Some final remarks on the connection of religious emotion with the sexual system are no doubt true enough pathology, but rather unpleasantly marked by the vulgar joy of trampling on other people's idols.

On the whole, we doubt if Dr. Marvin's lectures will do much good. Their own philosophy is vague; their rhetoric, though clever, is somewhat shrill; and their facts, though true, are not of a sort to alarm the benighted multitudes who habitually worship in "seances," follow spirits' advice in practical affairs, and read no other literature than what the Spiritualist papers supply. Besides, his candid admission that there remains something in the phenomena which he does "not pretend to understand" weakens his position logically, and deprives his book of any value for those readers who are in no danger of becoming Spiritualists, but who wish to have the whole matter sifted to the bottom.

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FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

Madame Carey has edited a new edition of an interesting book, *Madame d'Aulnoy's Relation du Voyage d'Espagne*, which is full of very entertaining chat, such as goes through the mind of a historian to come out dry detail, or to be quickly referred to in a modest foot-note. Madame d'Aulnoy is remembered now as a writer of fairy tales, and in this volume there is a great deal of proof that she was not averse to practicing her gift of invention, even when she was chronicling the ordinary incidents of her journey. The editor, however, has taken the precaution to set in quotation-marks those episodes—which are always romantic stories—that are to be distinguished from unimpeachable truth. They could hardly deceive any one; it is only fair to say their subject and the manner of treatment are sufficiently marked to show that they were intended for nothing but an agreeable diversion in the letters. The space they occupy is small; much more room is given to more important narration.

The Countess d'Aulnoy entered Spain nearly two hundred years ago—to be exact, in the year 1679—and it is curious to observe how closely a great deal of her description applies to what may now be observed in that country. It is true that time has had considerable effect in softening the ways and manners of the Spanish people, but Spain still remains, as it then was, the least civilized of the old coun-

tries of Europe. She enters the country from France at Irun, where the railroad to Madrid now connects with that from Paris, and her misadventures begin at once. Her rascally banker admires her watch and asks to see it; she hands it to him and he slips it into his pocket, pretending to think it is a gift. She is naturally vexed, but she reflects that if she were to anger him he could revenge himself in a thousand ways that would be very annoying to her, and she decides to let him keep it. This is the beginning of her troubles, but she is of a very cheery disposition, and although she sees through very many gross attempts at imposition, she is able to resign herself without grumbling to what is unavoidable. At Burgos she was shown, with her child and maid-servant, into a chamber full of beds; she told them it was ridiculous to give her thirty when she only wanted three, but they said they could do nothing better, and left her. In a few minutes the landlady made her appearance again, followed by a large crowd of people, and Madame d'Aulnoy was obliged to pay for all the rest of the beds to keep the room to herself. The next day she was amused to find out that these pretended travelers were merely neighbors brought in for the purpose of extorting money from the countess. At the custom-house they told her a passport from the King of Spain was of no service, unless the king accompanied it to guarantee its genuineness, and that the Spaniard had to thrive on the ignorance of the foreigner. She describes very vividly the discomforts of the inns, with the bedclothes no larger than towels, and the towels no larger than small pocket-handkerchiefs; with almost nothing to eat, for the mutton was fried in oil, and the pigeons burned to a crisp, etc., etc. Those who have traveled in Spain outside of the beaten paths will think they are reading some modern book of travels. She bore up wonderfully well amid all these privations and inconveniences, always making the best of everything, and enjoying the scenery and the architecture very keenly. She has put down all the stories told her of the magical powers of the various shrines, but with very skeptical comments. Such are the anecdotes of the tomb of the Castilian knight, whence proceeded groans and lamentations before the

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

La Cour et la Ville de Madrid vers la fin du

XVII^e Siècle. Relation du Voyage d'Espagne par la COMTESSE D'AULNOY. Édition nouvelle, revue et annotée par MME. B. CAREY. Paris: Plon. 1874.

death of one of his family, and of the bell at Villilla which, her informant assured her, rang of itself before the death of Charles V., Philip II., and many others.

There is an account of Charles II., whose portrait by Carreño is among the pictures in the Spanish collection in this city. That most melancholy man had most delicate health from his birth. At the age of ten he had hardly set foot to the ground, and he had been so often reproved for trifling faults by the women who brought him up, that when older he always kept out of their way. But he fell very romantically in love with the picture of Marie Louise of Orléans. All the peculiarities of the court are set before us by Madame d'Aulnoy. The women dressed abominably, in her opinion. They rouged themselves to excess; their eyebrows, ears, cheeks, chin, lips, shoulders, arms, hands, and back were redder, according to our informant, than any boiled lobster. One can see in some of the Spanish pictures how this fashion affected the painters' representation of angels. The women ate Moorish fashion, sitting on the ground, a method which the countess could not acquire, but from which she was rescued by some considerate friends who saw her uneasiness, which her hostess had failed to detect, for she imagined it was also the French fashion. The countess had her revenge, however, when that lady tried to sit in a chair, for she confessed she had never even thought of sitting in one before. The Spanish women lived in great seclusion, having with them as companions young girls of good family, who busied themselves with needle-work. "But," the countess says, "if they are left to follow their own devices, they work very little and chatter a great deal." She mentions their curious fancy for dwarfs, so many of which appear in Velasquez' pictures. They were hideous creatures, extravagantly dressed, in the confidence of their mistresses and so all-powerful in the household. The women were intelligent, she says, in spite of the way they lived, reading so little, and with nothing to make them think. Much of their time they spent in eating sweetmeats and drinking chocolate. They had, too, a singular fashion of eating clay, which made their skin yellow, besides disfiguring them otherwise; they thought it a safeguard against poison. Their lovers they saw only by stealth. Both men and women wore spectacles, not for use, but to appear dignified; and the Marquis of Astorga, when

Viceroy of Naples, has his bust carved in marble, spectacles and all. The higher one's birth, the larger the glasses. "A man or woman of quality would rather die than bargain about the price of any goods, or than take their change; they give it to the shopkeeper to recompense him for his trouble in selling them for ten pistoles what is not worth five." These men led idle, dissipated lives; when young they were not compelled to study anything except a certain quantity of mathematics, riding, and fencing. The young men spent their whole time in idly walking up and down, and in making love. They were brave soldiers, as is well known, but in time of peace their only thought was about their numerous mistresses. One singular example of affectation becoming etiquette is the case of the *embericados*, the name given to the men so distraught with love that they willfully kept on their hats in the presence of the king and queen, as if in ignorance of the impoliteness they were committing. It was pardoned in them, as it would have been in an irresponsible man.

The description is given of the preparations to receive Mademoiselle d'Orléans, the wife of Charles II. She says they generally had an *auto-da-fé* at a coronation, and now they were preparing one against the marriage of the king. A complicated theatre was arranged, with seats for the council of the Inquisition and for the royal party, and with an appropriate place for the criminals. Balconies and scaffoldings were put up for the court and the populace. The ceremony was to begin with a procession to start from one of the churches. This was to consist of an armed guard carrying the wood for the stakes at which the criminals were to be burned. Then were to come the Dominican monks. Then followed the Duke of Medinaceli, carrying by hereditary privilege the banner of the Inquisition. This was of red damask, on one side a drawn sword with a laurel wreath, on the other the arms of Spain. Then was to come a green cross folded in black crape, and inquisitors and guards. This procession was to go to the place of execution, where the banner and the cross were to be set up; the Dominican monks were to pass the night in religious exercises. The next day the sentences were to be read and the criminals executed. Whether this took place or not is not stated; the implication is, however, that it did.

There is a good deal of amusing gossip about the rigid etiquette of the Spanish court. This had arranged, for instance, that the Queen of Spain was to go to bed at ten in summer and at nine in winter. When the queen arrived she had a notion that this was a matter she would arrange herself, according to her drowsiness, but very often, even while she was at her supper, her maids of honor would begin to take down her hair, and to prepare her for her night's rest. The exact date was also fixed at which the king was to go to his different palaces; every preparation was made, the carriage brought to the door, and he had to go, without any regard to his wishes; when the day came for him to go back, go he must. Indeed, it is curious to trace the influence in Spanish manners of the Moorish dominion, as well

as to observe how little some of the Spanish peculiarities have altered in the last two centuries. The history of the country is a painful one, but from such aids as this book and others of the sort, one may get a very good idea of it at certain periods. At this time Spain was in an era of decline; it had not sunk so low as it has since; there was a brighter gilding about the glories of the country, but in fact there was but little to rejoice the heart. We have only pointed out the merit of this volume, without by any means exhausting its richness as a store-house of gossip anecdotes; it deserves to be read. The countess has a very easy pen, and when she becomes statistical she has the art to put the facts and figures in the mouths of Spaniards whom she meets. The gossiping she does herself.

ART.

If we are to believe some of the newspapers, Boston has witnessed during the past month an artistic event of unprecedented magnitude. The Duke of Montpensier's pictures have arrived, been placed on exhibition, visited by great numbers of people, and by this time, we suppose, judged according to their merits. Roughly considered, the coming of these works was certainly something of an event, for the importation of authentic old masters by the dozen is as yet, for the American public, an unfamiliar fashion.

It is a question, however, whether the general magnitude of the event is not a good deal curtailed by particular considerations, and whether the Duke of Montpensier's generosity has been on the whole very profitable to the cause of the fine arts. Our readers have probably not forgotten the circumstances under which this generosity was exercised. The Duke of Montpensier, reflecting presumably on the volcanic condition, as we may call it, of Spanish soil, and wishing to put his property on a safer footing, had sent his best pictures to Gibraltar, with the expectation that they might be conveyed to London for exhibition. The authorities in London declined his offer, but as we of this country in such matters are not proud, we proffered a claim to the rejected entertainment.

The Duke of Montpensier made his own terms (very handsome ones by the way), and his paintings are now installed in the Boston Athenæum. We know not what, between Carlists and Republicans, might have befallen them at Seville, but we can answer for it that in their present refuge they are supremely safe from the breath of injury. On the day on which we visited them (it was one of the first), we were struck by the almost reverential demeanor of the spectators. The gentlemen were all uncovered, several were going about on tiptoe, and the room was pervaded by a kind of submissive hush. A person near us proclaimed with religious unction that this was indeed a treat. The pictures are hung with a more than Old-World allowance of light and space. The gem of the collection, the Murillo, has a magnificent margin of maroon-colored wall, and the work next in value, the head by Velasquez, may be examined in commodious isolation. We confess that, after a glance at the pictures, our attention wandered to some of the indirect characteristics of the scene. We seemed to find in it a mild but irresistible pathos—and we were reminded once more that we are a singularly good-natured people. We take what is given us, and we submit, with inexhaustible docility, to being treated as children and simple persons. We are vast,

rich, and mighty, but where certain ideas are concerned we sit as helpless in the presence of Old-World tradition, dim and ghostly though it may be, as Hercules at the feet of Omphale. This is so true that it implies almost a want of integrity in those who, intellectually, have charge of us to give us anything but the best. Our good-nature places us at their mercy, and they should in fairness sow none but chosen seed in such very grateful soil.

The Duke of Montpensier's pictures are some thirty in number, and with three or four exceptions they belong to the Spanish school. If they possess collectively a greater merit than individually, it is that they give one an approximate measure of a distinct department of painting. It happens unfortunately that the Spanish school is of all schools the least valuable; but it is very well nevertheless to make an approach to definite historical notions. Of the only two Spanish names of the first rank the collection contains four specimens. One of these, Murillo's *Virgin of the Swaddling Clothes*, is a most agreeable and satisfactory example of the master, and a picture certainly worth a journey to see. We have seen, out of Spain, several better Murillos, but we have also seen a great many worse. The picture in Boston has been awkwardly repainted in places, and the consequence is a spotty deadness of color, here and there; but much the larger portion is intact, and full of the mild, mellow harmony characteristic of the painter. Few painters strike us as being so little proper subjects of criticism, for few in proportion to their talent are so modest, so unpretending, so purely natural. Murillo has an indefinable, self-taught air which always reminds us of a painter superior to him in refinement of genius, but marked by this same personal naturalness of manner—we mean Correggio. We should be inclined to cite these artists together as the best examples of unacademical art, for if genius in each of them made its way unguided and unhelped, it was saved by a happy inward rule from fatal eccentricities. Correggio, indeed, made up in a measure for inheriting no mannerism, by founding one; but Correggio passed his life in almost complete ignorance of the æsthetic movement of his time. Murillo had better opportunities, though he never went to Italy. He came up, however, from Seville to Madrid, which was almost as good, for he found there Titians enough to form in themselves an Academy. But he

returned early to Seville, and spent the rest of his life in the happy condition of an artist largely using his talent, but never forcing it.

There is in Murillo an almost excessive want of tension—an undue humbleness of inspiration. It increases one's kindness for him, but in the manner of an inaggressive weakness in a dear friend. He reminds us a trifle of a person with some slight physical infirmity,—a lisp or a stoop,—which at any time might have been corrected by a little resolution. The leading characteristic of the Spanish school is its downright realism; and Murillo, though he has more lightness and grace than any of the company, abides as closely as any of them by the testimony of his senses. He is as little of an intellectual painter as the brutal Ribera himself, and this not because he is harsh, but because he is so sincerely tender. One feels that his tenderness is never theory—though it may in a great measure have become habit; it is all immediate sentiment. For this reason he seems to us a better Catholic in painting than any other artist subsequent to the fourteenth century. There are painters whose works adapt themselves more strikingly to the formal and ceremonial side of religion, but there are none whose Virgins and infants and saints are more suggestive of the piety that has passed into daily life, and sits down at the board, and goes out into the streets with the believer.

Murillo believes as women do, with never a dream of doubt; and the fact that his Virgins are hard-handed peasant women makes his inspiration seem much more sacred, rather than less so. He had to make no effort of the fancy to believe that the Queen of Heaven was originally a poor girl; he had always been told so, and when he came to paint her, his idea of the celestial mildness embodied itself naturally in the sweet, tired face, the half-smoothed hair, and the unbuttoned bodice of some sunburnt daughter of the Andalusian soil. These reflections are not amiss as one stands before the *Virgin at the Athenæum*. She sits with her baby in her lap, lying flat at his chubby length, while she binds him about with strips of linen. On the table near her is a linen bandage, and a couple of angelic choristers stand on either side. These boyish angels are charming, especially the one that plays the violin, against which he lays his cheek, as he looks down at the infant, with inimitable friendliness. The other, somewhat older, is drawing the

bow across a violoncello; and, winged and haloed as they are, they are no nearer to being angels than a couple of innocent lads borrowed from a neighbor. The face of the Virgin, as well as that of the child, has apparently escaped retouching, and there is something charming in both of them. The Virgin is none the less lovely for being a trifle plain, and if she looks a little weary and serious, one may be sure that now and then she has a beautiful, simple smile. The baby's head, with its big, blue eyes and its little helpless, backward fall, is delightfully painted; there are few divine infants in the range of sacred art on whom divinity sits so easily. This is a better specimen of Murillo's other gifts than of his color, but even of his color it offers an agreeable intimation. We find in him the mildest, quietest sort of pleasure that color gives. He never approaches splendor, and he rarely reaches pure brilliancy; but he works delightful harmonies of subdued and not especially various tones. His pictures have an air of being painted in the shade, as under a Spanish sun they well might be, and one may fancy that his cheerful duski-ness was a natural reaction against the garishness of surrounding nature.

It is a fact that there is a marked duski-ness in all Spanish coloring, and that when one hears of a typical Spanish picture one imagines something very sombre both in tone and in subject. Velasquez was certainly a great colorist, but we mean nothing invidious when we say that he was a cold one. In the Doria Palace in Rome is a superb portrait, by this artist, of the Pope Innocent Tenth, clad all in red. His face is red, his cap is red, his gown is red, the chair in which he sits is red, and, if we are not mistaken, the wall behind him is red. The tones are superb in their way, but they don't glow, and one retires with as distinct a memory of the few spots of cool gray white in the picture as of all this pontifical crimson. The small head of Velasquez at the Athenæum is not an Innocent Tenth, but it is an admirable sketch, and in itself, we should say, offers a liberal education to a young American portrait painter. It is the head of a very young man, said to be the painter's own, and the head simply, for the chin almost rests on the frame. It is impossible to imagine a greater *maestria* of brush, or a better example of the way in which a genius of the calibre of Velasquez has all his powers in hand at any moment, and never needs to step backwards to take

his jump. A sketch by an artist as complete as Velasquez is not materially less valuable than a finished picture, for the simple reason that he is constitutionally incapable of painting small, and that all his force passes into it, limited only by outward accident. About Velasquez there are innumerable things to be said, and no artist is more tempting as a text for discussion of the familiar grounds of difference between the realists and the idealists. He ought properly, it seems to us, to be the very apple of a pugnacious idealist's eye, for certainly on no sturdier *cheval de bataille* could the combat possibly be waged. The idealists may treat themselves to the luxury of surrendering him bodily to the foe, in order to snatch him back again in the midst of the latter's exultation. To painters who advocate pure imitation, nothing more and nothing less, he seems at a superficial glance a tower of strength for their cause, and they flatter themselves that he has absolutely no comfort for the other faction, who dream of conferring on the subject an added grace, begotten in their own minds. Velasquez certainly is mighty in imitation, but to those who do him full justice it seems that imitation is not the limit of his power, and that his men and women have a style which belongs to his conception of them quite as much as to their real appearance. Of course there is style and style. That which looks out upon us from the canvases of Velasquez is a noble gravity and solidity; added to his magnificent handling it makes him one of the most powerful of painters. The little head we speak of is an invaluable reminder of the merit of being deep in one's own line; for if Velasquez is a dramatic painter, he is before all things a painter and a painter only, a painter who stands or falls by the stroke of his brush.

These observations are strictly pertinent only if applied to the head at the Athenæum; the other two small sketches (portraits of Philip IV. and the Duke of Olivarez) seem to us of very questionable authenticity. The larger portraits were painted and may be seen in all their magnificence at Madrid; but these little sketches strike us much less as Velasquez reported by himself than as Velasquez repeated by a thinner brush. If they are copies, however, they are interesting copies.

Next in interest are four immense pictures by that profoundly Spanish genius, Francisco Zurbaran. We are not sure that

the interest of these works is proportionate to the space they cover, but they nevertheless afford a good deal of simple entertainment. They contain a large amount of genial, honest, and masculine painting, and if a Zurbaran is not a Paul Veronese, one must remember that in the palace of art there are many chambers. The trouble is that if one has seen the colonnades and brocades, the sweeping contours and silver tones, of the great Venetian decorator, one's eyes have been dazzled forever, and the shadow of mediocrity seems to rest upon such dusky Adorations and Presentations as these. Another Adoration and an Annunciation complete the group. Zurbaran is not a colorist, though he is a clever master of light and shade. His tones, moreover, have faded and darkened capriciously, and the quality now chiefly enjoyable is the striking verity and homeliness of many of his types. They are full of nature and *bonhomie*, and have an especial truthfulness of gesture. Excellent are the shepherds and peasants in the first Adoration, excellent the movement of the half-pleased, half-frightened infant to whom the pompous old magus is kneeling. In the way in which he makes a hard opposition of lights and darks the vehicle of a sort of masculine directness, Zurbaran reminds us singularly of our own Copley. There are passages in each of these four works which, if shown us without the context, we should have unhesitatingly attributed to Copley.

We have mentioned the only pictures which deserve individual notice, and speaking frankly and without human respect, we may add that the less said about the others the better. There is a Ribera of absolutely no value save as a disagreeable curiosity — a Cato of Utica tearing out his entrails. Happy thought! as Mr. Burnand would say. Artists nowadays complain of being at loss for subjects, but it seems as if the perplexity had begun in Ribera's time. This Neapolitan Cato is after all but half in earnest, and looks simply as if he had excoriated himself in the pursuit of a parasitic insect common at Naples. Ribera at his best is never agreeable, though he was handsomely endowed with the painter's temperament, and it is rather an unkindly trick of fortune to confront the aspiring New England mind thus rudely with Ribera at his worst.

Of the remaining Spanish pictures, one only, a small Pieta by the early master Morales, is of measurable importance. It

has a certain dry, hard power, both of intention and of treatment. There is a Juan Valdes Leal, several Herreras, elder and younger, a Ribalta, and — Heaven save the mark — a Boccanegra. There is a so-called Sebastian del Piombo, a Salvator Rosa, a couple of Bassanos, a Snyder, a François Granet, and two or three modern trifles. These pictures are all poor specimens of indifferent painters. Our remark implies no reproach to Sebastian del Piombo, for the canvas bearing his name on a scroll in the corner is but a ghastly simulacrum of his manner. Trusting to our memory we should say it was a copy of a replica of an impressive Sebastian in the Naples Museum. Its companions are the sort of ware that forms the rough padding of large European collections and is generally consigned to the friendly twilight of corridors and staircases. The exhibition has been supplemented by an oddly promiscuous group of pictures borrowed from native amateurs. Imagine side by side a colossal cartoon by Kaulbach, a Hannibal Caracci, a Cristoforo Allori and a Cima da Conegliano! These are all very creditable specimens of the masters. The Kaulbach is an Era of the Reformation (it has of course to be at the least an "era"), and it contains an incredible amount of science and skill. As for the charm of companionableness, that, of course, is another matter, and for this purpose we prefer the lovely little Cima. But the Luther in the cartoon, standing up on his pedestal and holding aloft the Scriptures, is an admirable plastic figure.

We have ventured, we may say in conclusion, while speaking of the Duke of Montpensier's pictures to close our eyes to the adage that a gift horse should absolutely not be looked at in the mouth. We are the Duke of Montpensier's debtors, and we cordially acknowledge it. This obligation is weighty, but it is of still more importance that people in general in this part of the world should not form an untruthful estimate of the works now at the Athenæum. Immaturity and provincialism are incontestable facts, but people should never freely assent to being treated as children and provincials. We do not in the least regret the acceptance of the Duke of Montpensier's loan; there are too many reasons for being happy in it. It is chiefly the first step that costs, and we may now claim that, formally, at least, the spell of our disjunction from Europe in the enjoyment of collections has

been broken. It has been proved that there is no reason in the essence of things why a room full of old masters should not be walked into from an American street and appear to proper advantage in spite of what in harmonious phrase we suppose we should call its location. There is something we like, moreover, in our sending out at a venture for half a million of dollars' worth of pictorial entertainment; we may say that

if the Duke of Montpensier's liberality was princely, our response to it was, in detail, imperial. A kindly welcome therefore to the Ribaltas and Herreras, so long as we take them easily. We wish simply to protest against the assumption that we are greatly privileged in beholding them. We are simple as yet, in our appreciation of the arts, but we are not so simple as that comes to.

EDUCATION.

SINCE the inauguration of the Educational Department of The Atlantic, the Superintendents of Public Instruction of thirty States and four Territories have courteously sent us their latest reports. Most of them are bulky volumes, one third of each being taken up with county and town educational statistics, another third with the reports of county and town superintendents and school committees, while the remaining third consists of the report of the State superintendent, or secretary, himself.

Beginning with those from New England, of which we have all but that from New Hampshire, one is surprised to find within this smallest group of the Union, in area, almost the two extremes of our American Common-School System; Massachusetts leading not only New England, but nearly all the country, in the privileges she freely affords to her children, and Vermont coming in this regard behind many of her Northern, and even some of her Southern sisters. Such is the apathy of her citizens on the subject, that, as one of them remarks in the report before us, her schools are just where they were twenty-five and fifty years ago. The number of school-houses reported as "unfit for their purposes" is seven hundred and six, which is nearly one third of the whole. In her chief city, Burlington, out of forty-one teachers only two were graduates of a normal school, and only six had certificates from a teachers' institute. The town examinations for *teachers* do not equal in difficulty those for the admission of grammar-school children into the leading high schools of other New England States. There is no high-school system in Vermont. The report represents the "cheap teacher" as everywhere sought

after with avidity. Ordinary "wages," as they are called, range from \$1.50 to \$4.00 a week for women, and from \$4.00 a week and upward for men. No wonder, then, that one committee-man reports it as almost impossible to procure teachers for the district schools, and says that young women only take charge of them to "accommodate" their neighbors. The Superintendent of Maine reproaches his State for paying less to her teachers than any other State in the Union, but when we turn to the last published report of the National Educational Bureau (1872), we find that Vermont had discreetly sent no average at all. She seems to be the only New England State whose report does not bear witness to increased interest and liberality on the part of her citizens toward the public schools, and it is to her a deep disgrace, not yet wiped off, that some years ago she appropriated her educational fund to pay her outstanding debts!

The topics touched upon by the State superintendents and secretaries are various, but relate rather to what we should call the externals—the form—of education, than to its substance. They speak much, for example, of the ways and means of compassing the school attendance of all school children of school age; they draw up the most careful totals and averages from their statistics; they lay great stress on normal schools and teachers' institutes, and on the attendance by inexperienced teachers upon the latter when held in their vicinity. They discuss the pros and cons of free text-books and of uniformity of text-books, and suggest ways and means of increasing and regulating the school moneys of their respective States. They

are anxious for the proper ventilation of school-rooms, and two of them give plans and portraits of school-houses of every grade, from the rustic to the grandiose. They magnify the office of town and county superintendent, and believe the efficiency of the public-school system to depend more on the way in which it is carried out than on any other agency. Singing and drawing have been introduced by law into the schools of Massachusetts, and are taught to some extent in the urban schools of Rhode Island, Maine, and Connecticut. In view of the importance of one of these arts in industrial education, all the New England superintendents more or less desire legislation regarding them similar to that of Massachusetts. A free Kindergarten is in experimental operation in the city of Boston, and sewing has been made a part of the course in the girls' schools of that city,—the former having been brought about by the disinterested ardor and effort of Miss Elizabeth Peabody, and the latter by the quiet perseverance for many years of a small knot of Boston ladies, — though neither fact is alluded to in the report. Sewing, singing, and drawing are also taught in the new and important undertaking of "vacation schools" lately started in the summer season in Providence, Rhode Island, which were attended voluntarily by over one thousand children for more or less of the six weeks during which they were kept. The teaching in these schools is "mostly conversational," and "daily lessons are given in morals, and in the courtesies and amenities of life." Evening schools are a regular feature of the educational system in the larger towns of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and half-time schools are being tried in the manufacturing districts with satisfactory results. From Rhode Island comes an official protest against the overcrowding in primary schools, and from Connecticut a timely article on the "declining towns" of that State, with excellent suggestions borrowed from the experience of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, as to the ways and means of their recuperation. The admirable essay of its author, Hon. B. G. Northrop, in a previous report, *Should American Youth be Educated Abroad?* ought to be placed in the hand of every rich parent in our land. All the State superintendents favor the placing of women on the school committees, and one of the town superintendents in Vermont is a woman. In Maine and Ver-

mont the town and the district systems for the regulation of the schools are still contending for the supremacy, though the obvious advantages of the former must give it the victory in the end. The fact that the educational interests of Vermont were long "in the keeping of from thirty to one hundred local officials for each district" would alone account for the backwardness of education in that State. By law the Vermont Board of Education prescribes the text-books for the schools once in five years, and the secretary gives the list of the last changes. They are not cheerful. Maine has had a long discussion on the question of uniform text-books, but never a law on the subject; and now the towns are sagely settling the matter for themselves by conferring the use of text-books free upon all scholars. The system was first introduced in Bristol, Rhode Island, but there it has not as yet had the effect of inducing the children to go to school any more than they did before. The reverse is the result in Maine. Some space is given in the Maine Report to suggested courses of study for the various grades of public schools, and from Rhode Island we have the courses followed in the high schools of Providence and Newport. Other than these, the State superintendents hint very little as to what the children are really getting from our educational system; yet one would think that the discussion of the objects that were being attained by all this stupendous machinery was of more importance than the display of the machinery itself.

The truth must be told. If there is such a thing as a balance of the faculties, and also a natural order for their unfolding, and if it be a consummation devoutly to be wished that such education as we have should observe this order and preserve this balance as far as it goes, then we are obliged regretfully to state that the indications we glean from these reports are nothing at all of this, but are rather of a public-school system strangely unsymmetrical, and calculated to develop a warped and ill-proportioned national mind and character. The great question of what to teach—the vital question, of course, in planning a scheme of education for the masses, and the one before which all others pale—is but little dwelt upon by those highest in authority over our own. They seem the administrative officers of a system established and settled beyond peradventure, rather than the

gradual reformers of one which now for a long time has been going contrary to the dictates alike of common-sense and of enlightened experience. When five-year-old tots are taught in the city of Boston that "the letter E is composed of one perpendicular and three horizontal lines," American pedagogy must be far on the road to absurdity. Such are its obvious defects, indeed, that to our thinking it is much to say for it that it has given the people intelligence enough to be dissatisfied with it, — and of this we find abundant evidence when we turn to that portion of the reports furnished by the school committees and town superintendents.

To these local officers and their constituents, the mere fact of having a liberally supported public-school system is getting to be no longer a sufficient source of pride and satisfaction. And all through their reports, the increase of crime, the lowered tone of political and other morality that has of late become so conspicuous among us, and the prevailing scarcity of skilled and conscientious labor are alluded to as reasons for scrutinizing the national education more closely than hitherto. Of the seven million two hundred thousand pupils in the schools of the country, seven millions go no further than the grammar schools; and parents are finding out that after six or seven years spent in the dry and narrow curriculum of the grammar classes, namely, reading, writing, spelling, grammar, arithmetic, and geography, the majority of their offspring leave school at fourteen knowing very little of even these few poor studies, and nothing of all the worlds of nature, of humanity, or of skill. "Too much grammar and arithmetic" is rapidly getting to be a popular cry, and it is one that the universities will echo; for so far as we can gather, the leading mathematicians and philologists of the country maintain that these studies are not only overtaught in the public schools, but are taught in the worst possible way. There is a growing desire that the natural sciences, at least, shall be introduced into the grammar schools, and we are glad to say that in Prattville, Connecticut, and in Springfield, Massachusetts, botany is now being taught in such schools, while Hooker's interesting *Child's Book of Nature* is helping on the cause in the city grammar schools of Eastern Massachusetts. More frequent and more serious are the complaints of the want of instruction in morals and manners. Says

a Maine gentleman, "They are *entirely neglected* in our schools." Another remarks that "crime in our country is due more to moral than to intellectual blindness;" a statement that is borne out by statistics, since only twenty-two per cent. of our criminals are illiterate. The radical separation which the jealousies of our foreign population, chiefly, have made between the so-called secular and religious instruction, was certainly not anticipated by the original founders of the American school system, and is a question that will some day be met more earnestly than has hitherto been the case, — not in the way of contest, probably, but of supplementary agencies. To suppose that the inexperienced youths and young girls who mostly teach in our Sunday-schools can train up a vigorous and enlightened national *morale*, and to leave, as is now too much the custom, this solemn duty to them, is trifling with the gravest interest of the State indeed.

With the above exceptions, the main complaints of the school committees seem to be the absenteeism of children, the indifference of parents, and the inefficiency of teachers.

In regard to the first, the superintendents and committees generally favor a law making school attendance compulsory, as is the case in Connecticut, which, consequently, has a higher percentage of attendance than any other New England State. Massachusetts has a truant law, and the returns from the city of Boston show that where it is energetically carried out, it proves as efficacious as a compulsory one. Where all children are compelled to go to school, however, and corporal punishment is abolished beside, the protection of the teacher and of the orderly pupils alike requires special schools for the truants and the unmanageable, and these now exist in several of the counties of Massachusetts. As for the parents, very many of the school committees are urgent and almost pathetic in their appeals to them to visit the schools and see what is going on there for themselves. In Maine it is said to be the fact that while the population is stationary the school children decrease, and a Vermonter remarks that on account of children "being so few now in families, they are so petted and spoiled that the teachers can do nothing with them." Throughout the reports, parents are more blamed for any insubordination in the schools than the teachers; apparently they often fail to uphold the teach-

ers, and to cause them to be respected by the children. And finally, as to these same beleaguered teachers, we find no end to the complaints, and no stint to the demands, though sometimes, too, there is very generous praise. To us it would seem that a uniform system of State examinations and graded certificates is simply indispensable, unless it is *expected* that many of the schools of a State are to fall below its desired standard. But after all, as is the pay, so must the work be. There is no vocation that calls for such mental, moral, and emotional expenditure as that of the teacher; none which requires a longer or more thorough training before ease and mastery can be attained in it; yet there is nothing in the pay or the position of the mass of our teachers (that is to say, the women teachers) to warrant them in bringing any more to it than they do. The drudgery of the profession, only, is freely open to them, not its prizes. For instance, Massachusetts is put down as spending \$19.38 *per capita* on her school children, Rhode Island \$13.59, and Connecticut \$11.60. Part of the excess in Massachusetts is owing to the very high average of the salaries paid to her male teachers, this being \$93.50 a month, while in Rhode Island it is but \$75.72, and in Connecticut but \$69.03. Her female teachers, on the contrary, are at a disadvantage, their average monthly salaries being but \$34.14, against \$41.97 in Rhode Island, and \$36.05 in Connecticut. Moreover, the average salaries of male teachers in Massachusetts have risen \$8.56 a month within the past year, while those of female teachers have only gained \$1.75 a month in the same time. And yet we learn from the Massachusetts Report that, beside their regular duties, the *female* teachers of the State are expected to qualify themselves out of school hours to teach singing and drawing, without any promise (that we can discover) of increased salaries; and this, too, when it is admitted that the new system of constant written examinations for children has im-

mensely increased their labors! The average salary of the principals of the high schools of the State is \$1400.00 per annum, and that of the school superintendents is probably still higher. The number of the latter is not given, but of the former there are in the State one hundred and ninety-four, scarcely any of whom are women, though the female teachers are as seven to one. Of course the best women educators, therefore, must continually be driven to private teaching for pecuniary success, since there can be few private schools which do not clear for their principals ten or fifteen hundred a year over school expenses. In short, there is no such effectual bar to effort and progress as the shutting of the door of hope to all advancement. There are indications in the reports that women teachers are tending to be more permanent in their places than men, and the people apparently prefer them where their preparation is equal. Many of them are the self-appointed janitors of the school-rooms without extra pay, and are interested in their cheerfulness and adornment. The committee in Medford, Massachusetts, say they are "satisfied that our teachers are much wiser than the system they feel constrained to follow, and that the text-books in common use are a delusion and a snare to all concerned." And a Taunton critic most justly remarks, "There is danger of *too much legislation* for teachers." This is a far more enlightened spirit than that of the Boston school committee, which two years ago stigmatized the petition of some of their women teachers against the introduction of a certain text-book, as an "indecorum." If school committees want slaves for their teachers, they can easily have them, but good slaves can never be good masters. Were the emoluments and dignities of the profession thrown open to all teachers alike, and could the best and most experienced of them be made members of the school committees *ex officio*, there would probably be a marked and rapid rise in the qualifications of the whole class.